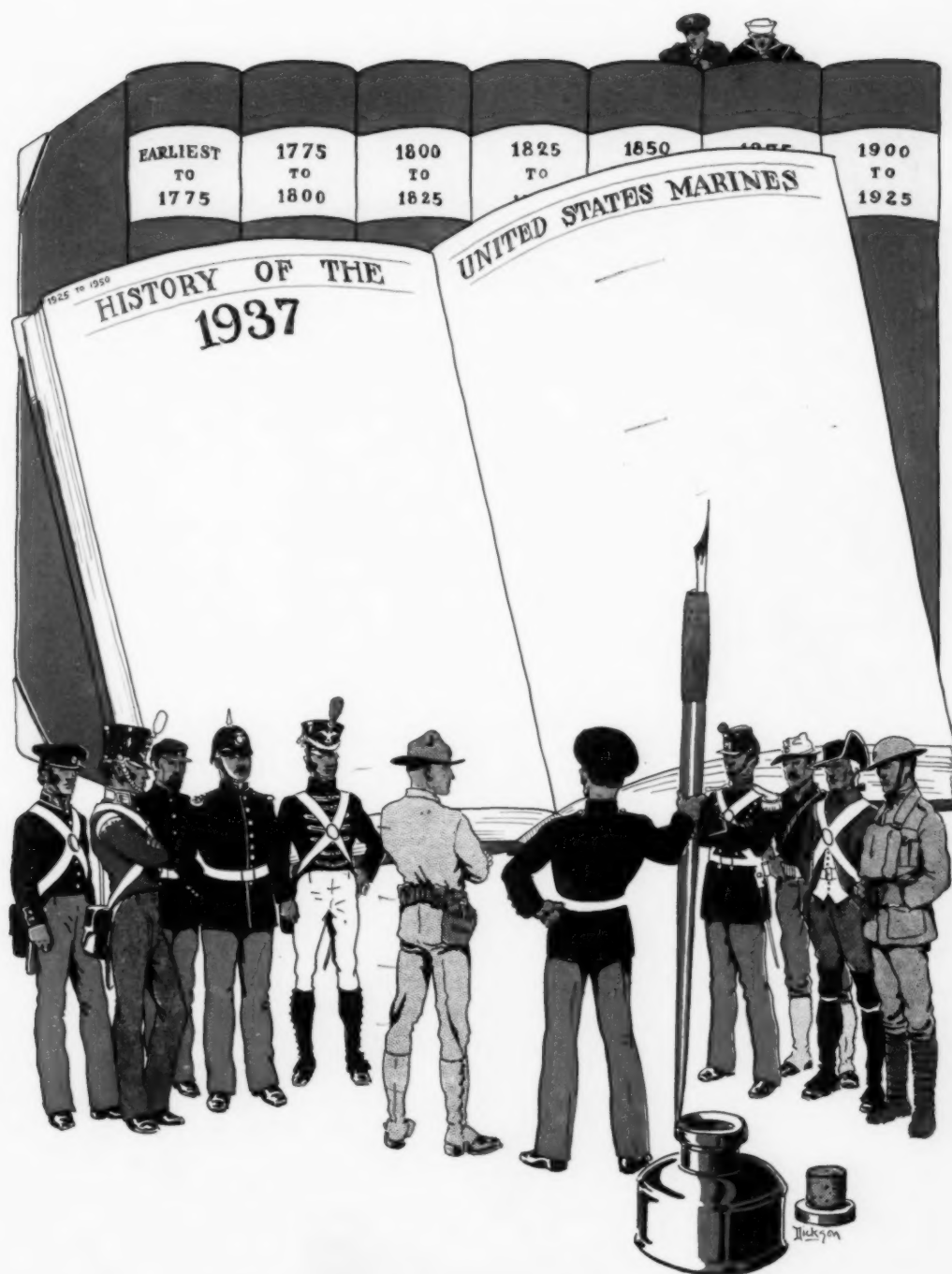


# THE LEATHERNECK

January, 1937

Single Copy, 25c

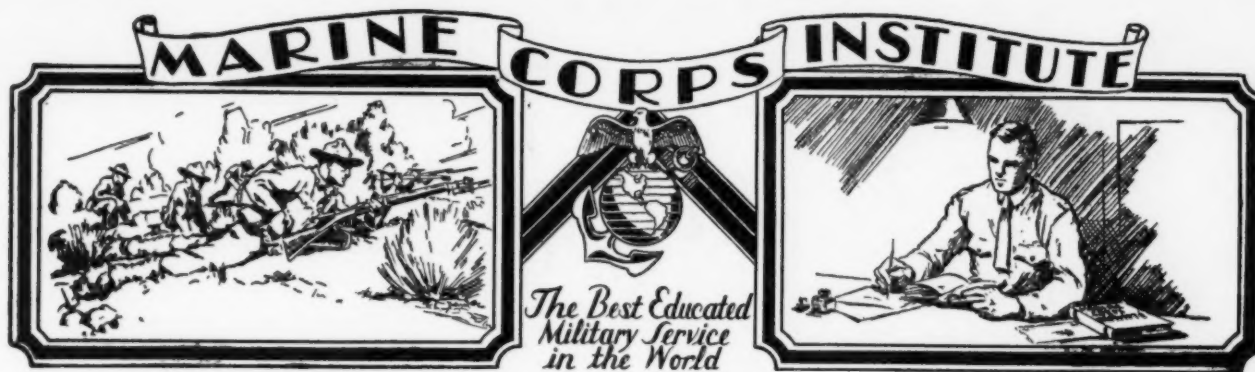




Chesterfield  
Wins



*they're Milder  
and they Satisfy*



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Name..... Rank.....

Organization.....

Station.....

Hear me  
all ye saints and sinners



-it's Chockfull  
of Pipe Cheer



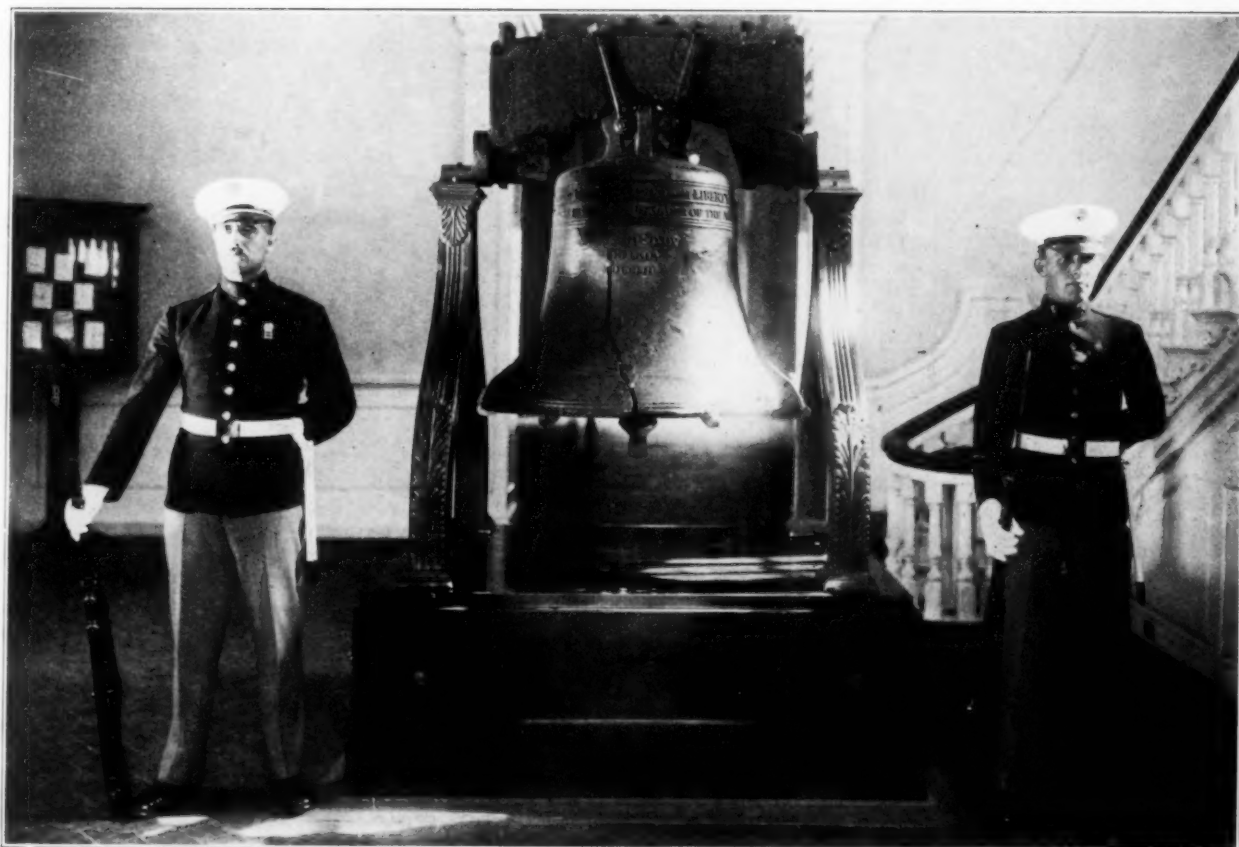
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*HAPPY NEW YEAR  
TO ALL MARINES*



THE LEATHERNECK

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

## POLYNESIAN PIPE

I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS

FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR

SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT

PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?

CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE

THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING-LIKED IT - AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN

HERE IT IS - A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE

NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW

IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH **PRINCE ALBERT** EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE

OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH

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MEN, TAKE UP P.A.'S 'GET-ACQUAINTED' OFFER

### PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

YOU CAN'T BEAT PRINCE ALBERT FOR TASTY SMOKIN'

BEING 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. GIVES ME A COOLER, Milder SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT'S MY TOBACCO. IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE



50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

-AND PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL "MAKIN'S" TOO!

THE LEATHERNECK

# The LEATHERNECK

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## Bucking the Breeze

**L**ADY ASQUITH tells of a queer character she encountered during her rambles through Scotland. He was what we would call a "tramp." She shared her lunch with him while both were seeking shelter from the rain. He refused to talk much about himself except to say that he spent his days wandering about from place to place apparently with neither purpose nor destination in view.

"But if you don't care which way you go," she persisted, "how do you decide which course to take when you start out in the morning?"

"I always keep my back to the wind," he replied.

There are many such drifters in the world—accomplishing nothing, creating nothing, rendering no man a service—their only thought to keep their backs to the wind—to follow the line of least resistance.

They stick to a job simply because it is easy. If it becomes too hard they leave it and the wind blows them hither and thither until they meet up with another job that is "soft."

They are unwilling to accept responsibility, to really work, to buck the wind and fight their way forward to a predetermined goal. Eventually they are either blown over the precipice of utter failure or mired in some swamp of mediocrity where they remain all the rest of their lives.

The person who is loafing, fooling away his leisure hours, wasting his mental and physical energies in non-

sense, frivolities and dissipation is keeping his back to the wind. Opportunities are always ahead of him—and getting farther ahead of him all the time.

But the person who is reading, studying, improving and preparing himself to seize the coveted opportunity when it comes has his face to the wind. His opportunities are before him, coming toward him on the wings of the wind and he has but to reach out his hand and grasp them.

Sailing craft are judged by how well they can point into the breeze—not by their ability to run free with it. Steamships are built with ventilators which are trimmed into the head wind and create the draft which fans the fires to speed the vessel through all opposing currents. An eagle faces the gale, and by spreading its wings is lifted above the storm which blows drifting things to destruction. Likewise men who are going places are speeded on their way by the winds of chance, adversity, and resistance which they overcome.—*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

## Fidelity

**B**ACK in the latter part of the seventeenth century when the English were invading Ireland there was a stubborn Irish general named Patrick Sarsfield. Around him were gathered a small band of fiery patriots who caused the English no end of trouble.

After valiantly resisting their enemy to a standstill, they were finally forced to surrender—literally starved out; yet keeping their arms and standards on the condition that they would leave Ireland forever.

Such was the mettle of this hard fighting company, known as "The Wild Geese of Limerick," who dared defy a foe many times more powerful than they and who proudly took for their motto the Latin phrase: SEMPER ET UBIQUE FIDELIS—Always and Everywhere Faithful.

Similar to the motto of The Wild Geese of Limerick is our own; that of the United States Marine Corps—SEMPER FIDELIS. Likewise, is this time-honored device of ours held aloft by a fine body of spirited men. One hundred sixty-one years of fighting men who have engraved in the perpetual pages of history and vitalized with their own blood and traditions two living words—Always Faithful.

Always faithful!

There are two simple words that carry more meaning; that have more courage in them than any others.

They mean sacrifice; they mean truth, sincerity, steadfastness, but above all—service. Service that is unselfish. Service that never falters. All this engenders the pride that is power; that makes for greatness; that stands for Marine Corps.

We must be resolute in our accepted trust of being faithful at all times. Giving generously of that service to our country because there can never be too much of it. It is the indispensable element in the foundation of a co-operative organization. It insures the unity of the whole.

Let us strengthen our purpose; and remember a determined soldier and his followers whose deeds were the deeds of men inspired by duty, fighting traditions and the pride of fidelity.

For this has been; will be our glory and honor.

To be men where men are needed.

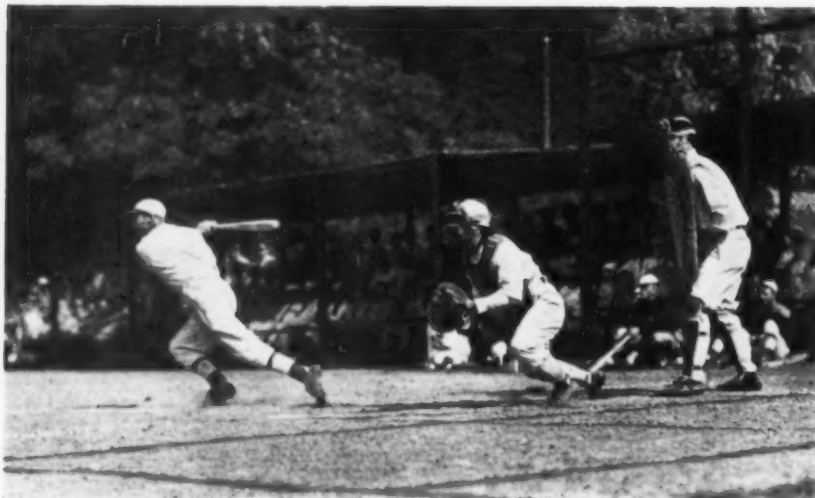
To be fighters where fighters are needed.

To be Marines—always—faithful.

A. H. A.

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"It's a Hit!"

## FIELD DAY ACTIVITIES—

QUANTICO

(Photos by Dalton)



"The Obstacle Race Proved to be Tough"

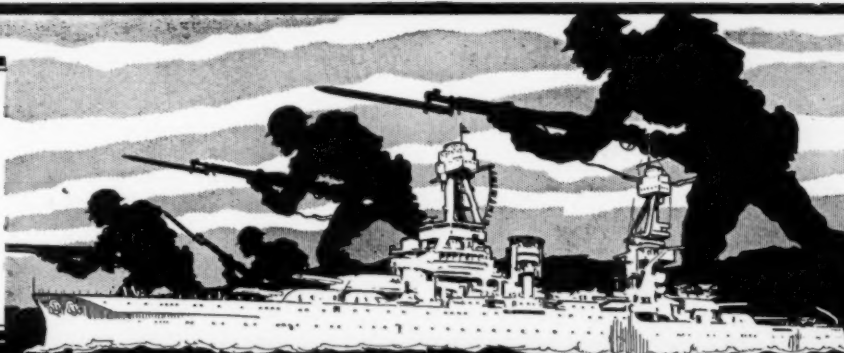


Depizol, Co. B, 1st Bn., winner of Obstacle Race



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Hudson, Jr.  
U. S. M. C.

# THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 20

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY, 1937

NUMBER 1

## "IT'S HELL TO BE A SOLDIER!"

By GAYNOR PEARSON



**M**ILITARY life today is no bed of roses, and, if we are to believe the historians, it has always been, as Kipling says, "double drill and no canteen."

Think of serving under Hannibal, the old Carthaginian general, in his campaign against Flaminius: you would have marched through water for four days and three nights where only the wagons, dead animals, or abandoned packs afforded any rest. If you had set out with him across the Pyrenees, you would have been one among 50,000 men, 9,000 horses, and 30 elephants—you would or

among the 26,000 men and few elephants who reached the Po alive. You would have slept upon the ground in zero weather without bedding; you would have engaged in the most daring enterprise ever undertaken on foot; you would have endured trials and hardships beyond comparison.

But if you think that Hannibal had a disregard for human life, think of Caesar who, in the Battle of Bibraete, ordered the reliefs of his army of 368,000 men to obey his mandate, and of the entire body, but 110,000 lived to tell of it. Evidently Caesar did not believe as Pericles that "trees, when they are lopped and cut, grow again in a short time, but men, being once lost, cannot easily be recovered." It was Caesar who performed the most colossal example of cruelty ever recorded by civilized man—an exhibition of mass murder more horrible than Alexander's

destruction of the Hellenic city of Thebes. In a campaign against two German tribes, Usipetes and Tencheteri, Caesar was met by a plea for peace and armistice; but, Caesar, unexpectedly and without reason, charged upon them and completely annihilated the tribes, men, women, and children—430,000 souls. This made even the calloused citizens of Rome indignant, and Cato openly suggested that Caesar's head be sent to the few survivors as atonement.

Caesar's legionnaires were versatile: they not only knew how to murder, they knew how to use a pick and shovel. Like the American revolutionary troops, they often dug themselves to victory. As this is a discussion of hardships faced by soldiers of bygone days, let us go from Rome to America.

Speaking of picks and shovels, consider the instance of the fifteen hundred men detailed by Gen. George Washington to throw up an entrenchment on the sedge-hidden brow of Bunker Hill. The men didn't begin digging until midnight, but such was their enthusiasm that by daybreak the entrenchment surrounded the hill. The astonishment of the British sentinels was unbounded. Whence had arisen these earth-

works? It was in the battle which issued that Gen. Israel Putnam, to save the ammunition of the poorly supplied American army, gave the immortal command: "Do not fire till you can see the whites of their eyes."

In was hell in Washington's army when very few of the regiments had a blanket  
(Continued on page 64)





**B**EFORE Clint Boyce reached the ridge from which he could look down upon the huddled streets of Redcliff, darkness had flowed over the hills and filled the valley with a lake of mist that magically softened the garish rawness of the frontier town. From out of the pool lights twinkled, rows of them, like stars strung on an invisible thread.

He descended, without haste and without delay, letting the bay gelding he rode pick his own path down the steep and rocky trail. The business he had come to do would not take long. It could be started and finished between two beats of the heart. For he had come to kill a man. Word had reached him three days since that Ed Kent was at Redcliff. He had set out at once.

By the time he left the footpath for the upper end of the dusty street the night life of the camp rose to him from saloon and hurdy-gurdy. He could hear the sawing of the



fiddles and the thud of feet shifting in a quadrille. The whoop of a drunken reveler lifted itself above the dull hum from the gambling houses.

Clint stopped at the hitch rack in front of Pete's Place, because he guessed it to be the largest and liveliest center of entertainment on the street. He swung out of the saddle and tied the bay by a slip knot. A hand moved to his hip, closed on the butt of a revolver, and eased it slightly in the holster to make sure that the draw would be sure. In his motions there was an ominous certainty. They were the reactions of a trained and disciplined mind.

Through the swing doors he pushed into the gambling hall.

A red-headed bartender stopped polishing the counter to nod at him. Fogarty saw a man of about thirty, beautifully built, who walked with an almost pantherish lightness. The eyes in the

brown hard face were a steel-gray and very steady.

"Stranger?" the bartender asked lightly. He was not seeking information, but making a customer welcome.

"Stranger," the newcomer answered.

His cool gaze ranged over the establishment. He had been in a score of gambling houses as like Pete's Place as one pea in a pod is like another. A long bar was on the right, near the front door. In the rear a partition had been knocked out, to give more space for the faro and chuckaluck outfits, for the keno table, and for the stud and draw poker players. These same loungers he had seen before, or their blood brothers—miners, cowboys, cattlemen, drummers, tinhorn gamblers, Mexicans, Chinese, and an occasional tenderfoot.

"What'll it be?" Fogarty inquired.

Boyce ordered a beer.

"Good rain last night." This observation from the bartender.

"Yes."

"Reckon the cattlemen won't complain. Help the range grass a lot."

"Yes."

From the tightlipped stranger came a question. "Know a man named Ed Kent?"

"Sure do. He's back there now." Fogarty tossed his red head toward the rear of the house.

"Point him out to me."

The tone of the grey-eyed man had the curt crisp

## A FRIEND

note of command. The bartender's mind was busy appraising him in that second of steady regard before his gaze moved to pick up Kent. For what had this man come? Was he a sheriff? He carried an air of authority. Kent was a wild enough young devil. In his buried past there might be a crime. If so, that was his affair. Fogarty had lived long enough on the frontier to accept its code.

"Officer?" asked the bartender gently.

"No. Want to see him on personal business."

It was all right then. Fogarty leaned a forearm on the bar and looked toward the rear of the hall.

"See the thick-set fellow with the bald head at the poker table, the one facing us?"

Boyce observed him. He had a furtive, ugly face. If the owner of that face had not sold himself to evil, Boyce knew nothing about judging men. He was dealing, and his eyes slid around to rest for a moment on a youth sitting two places from him. It was a malevolent look, but guarded. The man at the bar, seeing him for the first time, had a curious sense of drama working itself out at that poker table.

"So that's Kent?" Boyce said quietly.

"No. That's Lou Moss. The slim young fellow—"

The bartender never finished his sentence. A voice of one of the poker players lifted itself above the blended noise of the room. It held the shrill note of excitement.

"You can't pull that on me, Moss. I been watching you. That last card you dealt yourself was from the bottom of the deck."

Illustrated by  
D. L. DICKSON

It was as though the speaker had rung a bell for silence. One could hear the ticking of eternity.

Moss did not speak. He did not move. His hands were still above the table holding the deck. A film covered the shallow eyes fastened upon the challenger.

For at that time and place the words were a challenge. The man who had spoken them, the one with the flushed, reckless, boyish face, knew that in another moment Moss would declare himself. Every man in the room knew it. He would reach for his gun, or he would dodge the issue. That he chose to swallow the insult was a surprise to most of those present. Moss was reputedly a killer.

"You're drunk, Ed," he said huskily. "I'm not looking for trouble with you. Go home and sleep it off. Afterward, if you're still crazy—"

Moss left his concluding sentence suspended in air, but its meaning was clear.

"I'm not drunk. What I say goes. I've had a-plenty of you. I'm serving notice right now I'm playing my own hand. We're through. I've finished with your whole dirty gang. Understand?"

"Don't make a mistake, Ed," the heavy voice warned.

"Not none. I've been making 'em, but I'm through."

Another player interrupted, a big man with a sullen, heavy face. "You're headed for hell on a shutter, young fellow."

"You in on this, Lafe?" demanded the one who had been called Ed. "Might have known you'd hear the voice of your boss. Listen. Keep out. I'm telling Moss he cheated. That's where it stands right now."

Moss spoke again, his expressionless eyes meeting for an

title for a plugged quarter. He ought to know he can't talk thataway to Lou Moss and get away with it."

Boyce made a comment designed to draw forth some information. "Seems to me he did get away with it. Mr. Moss took it like Mary's little lamb."

Fogarty looked at him, started to speak, and changed his mind. He was garrulous by nature, but there were times when talk was dangerous. Therefore he turned to his own personal grievance.

"It certainly beats the Dutch," he complained. "There are seven saloons in this burg, yet whenever anyone wants to start something he comes here. Fellow standing right where you are took poison last week. Two punchers came all the way down from Colorado to shoot it out across the faro table here recently. Gives the place a bad name. We aim to run a quiet decent house where gents will enjoy coming."

## OF ED KENT

By William MacLeod Raine

He stood, crouched, gun in hand, above the prone figure.



instant the blazing ones of the younger man.

"You can't devil me into drawing while you're drunk, Ed," he replied. "This country would say I took advantage. If you're still of the same opinion when you're sober I'll accommodate you. But not now. I'm cashing in my chips."

**T**HE game broke up. Ed cashed what few chips he had left and walked past the bar out of the room. The swing doors fanned violently behind him.

Boyce lifted a shoulder toward him. "Name of the gent?" he asked, drawing out the words.

"The bird you asked about—Ed Kent," answered the bartender.

After a moment of silence the stranger said gently, "So that's Ed Kent."

"That's him—darned fool. If I owned him I'd sell my

He stopped his monologue, to get busy serving customers. Moss and two or three of his companions had ranged themselves in front of the bar. They ordered, and drank. Boyce drew back from the group, busied himself with his beer, and watched them. His unfavorable impression of Moss was confirmed. He liked no better the heavy, musclebound fellow called Lafe.

"After all I've done for that boy," Moss said, his crafty eyes sidling around to the drinking men. "I've been what you might call a father to him. Looked after him when he ran on the rope. Tried to keep him out of trouble. Yanked him out when he butted into it. That's gratitude for you. I got no hard feeling, understand, but I wash my hands of him. Here's luck, boys."

There was a note of falsity about the man. The whine of his ingratiating voice set the stranger against him. Yet logically he should have been (Continued on page 62)



### PAPER UNITS

Visiting Officer: "Hello, Julian, I see you're detailed with the Reserves and you're Chief of Staff of a Division."

Colonel J. G.: "Sure, but close that door; a brigade just blew off my desk and out the window a moment ago."—*Our Army*.

Legionnaire Herb Stoops of New York is relating one about a social worker calling at a house in response to a call for relief. She was met at the door by a backward-looking boy.

"Is your father at home?" she asked.

"Ain't got none."

"Well, where is your mother?"

"Don't know," answered the boy.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Got a brother."

"Where is he?"

"In Harvard."

"In Harvard!" exclaimed the social worker. "You have a brother in Harvard, and your family asking for relief?"

"Yes'm."

"What is he doing there?"

"I don't know, 'cepting they put him in a glass jar—you see, he's got two heads."—*Dan Sowers in The American Legion*.

First Goldbrick: "Why is it that in the mornings you shove that pushcart in front of you, and in the afternoons you drag it behind?"

Second Goldbrick: "I'll tell you. By the time afternoon comes I'm darn sick of looking at it."

A painter slipped off a roof into a barrel of turpentine. Another painter was telling of the accident.

"Did it hurt him much?" asked a carpenter.

"Dunno," the painter replied, "they ain't caught him yet."—*National Motorist*.

"Mother," said little Alec, "I believe our ashman is a real good Christian."

"What makes you think that, son?"

"Well, yesterday, when he was about to dump the ash barrel into his cart, the bottom of the barrel dropped out and the ashes went all over him. He was a mess, but instead of getting mad, he brushed himself off, and then sat right down on the curb and told God all about it."—*Family Circle*

### NO HORSE'S NECK?

A business man was showing his farmer friend the city. During the course of the day's excursion they entered a cafe, one of the exclusive sort with bar. As the pair approached, the bartender uttered the usual, "What'll you have, gents?"

To the amazement of the farmer his friend said: "Make mine a side-car, buddy."

"How about you, mister?" The bartender pointed at the farmer.

"Oh!" exclaimed the hayseed triumphantly, "I'll have just a plain horse and buggy."—*Punch Bowl*.

The medical officer was inspecting the post exchange. It was one of those which operated a lunch counter. The officer approached, sniffing suspiciously.

"Something smells over-ripe around here."

"Yes, sir," the steward responded snappily. "It must be this hamburger. It went bad on us about a week ago."

"Good Lord, man, why don't you throw it out?"

"Can't sir," explained the steward, "we've got to keep it for inventory."



First Marine: "I used to be in the movies. Just before I came in the Service I had my good looks insured for ten thousand dollars."

Second Marine: "Well, well! And what did you do with all that money?"

### ALL MEN ARE PIONEERS

By Lionel Wiggam

All men are pioneers inside their hearts. They are forever seeking wilderness. Behind strong teams they ride in hooded carts, Avid for life, and masterless.

They would take their women west or north, They would invade a country terrible with peril, They would eternally be riding forth Out of the cities they have found so sterile.

In their hearts they are forever cutting clover, They are forever drawing water from a well. In their dreams they are observing, over and over, The ground they would clear, the forests they would fell.

They are dreaming of lands uncivilized that sprawl Unfound, or unimagined, or forgot . . . Knowing they will not leave the town at all, As like as not.

A Marine with a reputation of being slightly Asiatic dashed into the sergeant major's office:

"Where's the C.O.?" he asked. "I've got an idea that will make a regular post out of this dump."

"Don't tell me," smiled the sergeant major sweetly, "that you're figuring on putting in for a transfer."

Ye Editor was interviewing a budding genius who was looking for a job on the staff. He had written things for the school paper, and all his friends told him he was a second Shakespeare.

"Sure," said Ye Editor, who hears the same yarn from every applicant, "but have you ever read proof?"

"No, I haven't," the genius admitted. Then as an afterthought, added, "who wrote it?"

Sgt. Putnam: "Jake was held up on the way home last night."

Sgt. Mobley: "Yeah, that's the only way he could have got home."—*Diamond Head News*.

### THE LEATHERNECK



# LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE-

DEDICATED TO ALL SEA-GOING LEATHERNECKS-

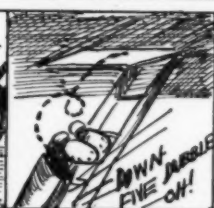
By FELLOWES -  
- 855 Colorado -



HELP- GIRLS- A HAND-  
I'M FAINTIN'- AH- HERE  
AT LAST.



SAY MARINE- THAT  
WASNT BATTLE STATIONS-  
THEY WERE JUST  
CALLING AWAY THE  
OFFICERS' MOTOR BOAT.



DOWN-  
FIVE JARBLE  
OH!



S'NO USE- I  
CAN'T MAKE IT- THEY  
KIN SHOOT ME IF  
THEY WANT.



GOOD NIGHT- SEND A  
GUY UP THIS PLACE  
AND THEN ASPHYRIATE  
HIM ON THE WAY UP-  
THEM- THIS IS  
TERRIBLE!



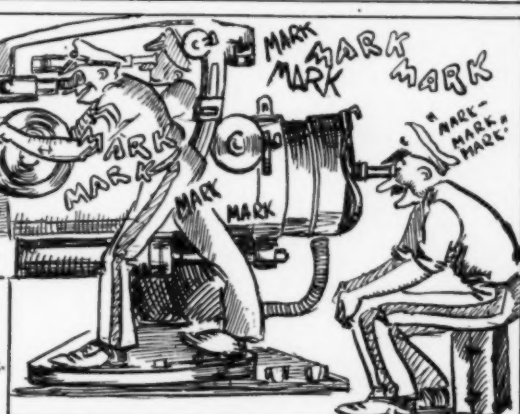
THERE GOES  
BATTLE STATIONS- I  
WISH THIS MAINMAST  
WASNT SO HIGH- ITS  
A LONG CLIMB UP TO  
THAT TOP!

TRAGEDY IN  
THE MAINTOP-

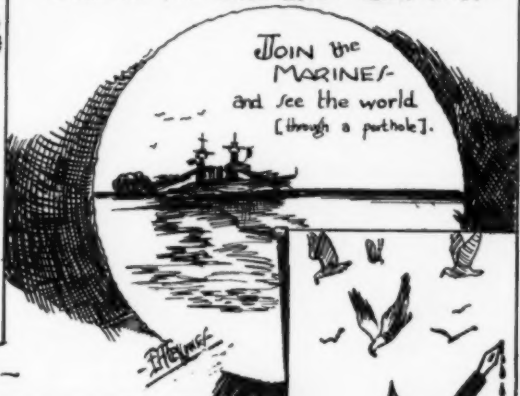


SAY LOOKIT- IS THIS  
HALF BUCKET O' WATER  
TO BRUSH MY TEETH  
WITH- OR WHAT???

YEAH- THEN YOU  
TAKE YOUR BATH  
IN IT, AND AFTER  
THAT, YOU BETTER  
SCRUB YOUR CLOTHES-  
IF YOU HAVE TIME.  
AFTER THAT,  
WHAT'S LEFT TO  
DOWN THIS  
COMPARTMENT.



SONG OF THE FIVE INCH BATTERY-



JOIN THE  
MARINES-  
and see the world  
[through a porthole].

THEN THERE'S ALWAYS THE WATER PROBLEM-



OH- SAY CAN  
YOU SEE?

HEY! ONE OF YOU GUYS  
IS SOUR!

THE MARCOT ASSISTS AT COLORS.



AFTER MATURE THOUGHT  
AND RESEARCH- YE ARTIST  
HAS DECIDED THAT THE  
ABOVE DEPICTED TYPE OF  
HEADGEAR IS THE ONLY KIND  
SUITABLE FOR WEAR  
ABOARD SHIP.



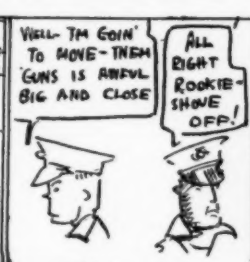
SAY- DONT THOSE  
TURRET GUNS MAKE  
AN ANFUL NOISE  
WHEN THEY GO OFF?

AH- LAW-  
WE OLD THERES  
DONT MIND  
IT.



BUT DONT YUH  
THINK WE BETTER  
MOVE AWAY FROM  
HERE? OR TO THE  
OTHER SIDE OF  
THE SHIP?

SURE- YUH KIN  
IF YUH AHEAD  
I RECKON I'LL  
STAY RIGHT  
HERE-



WELL- IM GOIN'  
TO MOVE- THEN  
GUNS IS ABEVL  
BIG AND CLOSE

ALL  
RIGHT  
ROOKIE-  
SHOVE  
OFF!



WHAM!  
BANG!



CUCKOO!



## THE CRUISE OF THE BLACK REVENGE

Author Unknown

*Hawkes, the Pirate, Commanding*

A stormy night and a sullen sea,  
A cutlass, dirk, and pistols three,  
Blunderbuss and snickersnee;  
*Hawkes, the pirate, thus sailed he!*  
(The trouble begins right here)  
Thirty-four were the pirate crew,  
But the mugs and plate were *Short by two*,  
So Hawkes, the captain, up and slew  
Tiger Jim and peg-leg Jew.  
(Jim was getting deaf anyway)  
A shriek, a thud, a muffled vow,  
And Pew knifed Ike abaft the bow,  
Hawkes shot 'em both to stop the row;  
*Peace, it ain't no good, nohow.*  
(*"Abaft the bow"* is a vital spot)  
The Bos'n fell in a vat o' lye,  
His mates at mess, they heard him cry  
*But they were eating o' jam and pie*  
And couldn't come. So they let him die.  
(There were more bos'ns than jam aboard)  
Now Pie-Eyed Pete was a low-lived bum,  
But he wouldn't drink, so they slit his gum  
And made him swill nine quarts o' rum  
Then walk the plank to Kingdom Come.  
(Many a man would drink for less)  
The cook and the mate were a tidy pair;  
They stole their soap, from God knows  
where  
*And brushed their teeth, and combed their  
hair!*  
So they strung 'em up and left 'em there.  
(And the gulls ate out their eyes like  
grapes)  
Now Bung-hole Bill was a book-learned  
cuss,  
Which same made Hawkes censorious;  
So they made him dead with a blunderbuss.  
*His brains they made an awful muss!*  
(One should be neat, even in little things.)

An *honest* man was Caleb Jones,  
So they smashed his feet with holystones,  
And split his skull with his own cross-  
bones,  
And cracked his nails to hear his groans.  
(This practically ruined Caleb.)  
With mushy love the crew got rife,  
Poor Joe got took and *loved his wife*,  
And God and Such! A butcher knife  
Was used to end his amorous life.  
(The love interest ended here.)  
On Easter morn a ship they spied.  
Hawkes, he bade her crew 'longside,  
To join mass (but Hawkes, he lied).  
And *three-score came*. And three-score died.  
(This was a bitter, bitter lesson to the  
Christians).  
With eighteen henchmen, one-eyed Ben  
Dug up the gold o' Morgan's men;  
Then he and Hawkes knifed eight or ten  
They guessed they *wouldn't need again*.  
(A simple lesson in arithmetic.)  
Hawkes poisoned Ben and copped the chest  
Then got the headman's job at Brest,  
Where, acting as such, he hanged the rest.  
*Home-Loving Hearts Are Happiest!*  
(Thus does a busy life bring its reward.)

## VALEDICTION

By Hair-Trigger Hop

When you, my love, have gone from me  
To curse men with the charms  
That now beguile my memory  
Of former clinging arms,  
Remember, when the rose blows red  
The honey bees draw nigh;  
But when the bloom of youth has fled,  
The rose is left to die.

## THE ANCHOR AND GLOBE

*"Per Mare, Per Terram"*

By Col. C. M. Perkins, USMC, Ret.

Beyond horizon's hazy rim,  
Adventuring where none has trod  
Into dense jungles, dank and dim,  
As pathfinders and riot squad—  
Wherever trouble rears its head,  
When danger lurk'd and 'round them  
swirl'd,  
The Pioneers of Empire tread  
Around the World, around the World.

Their sphere, *"Per mare, per terram."*  
Who won their spurs at Tripoli—  
At Peiping, Panama or Guam—  
Their valor and their *jeu d'esprit*;  
Proud Montezuma's Halls they stormed,  
'Gainst Mexico's battlements were  
hurled.  
At grips with death where foemen  
swarmed—  
Around the World, around the World.

Far, far beyond the Golden Gate,  
Beneath Alaska's Northern Lights;  
From Southern Cross to Bering Strait,  
O'er frozen wastes, through tropic nights  
On some far coral reef'd atoll  
Or emerald isle that lies impearled  
In silvery surf where billows roll—  
Around the World, around the World.

Far-flung, beyond the barrier bars  
They, ceaselessly, their vigils keep;  
Above them wanly gleam the stars,  
Beneath—the bosom of the deep;  
Afloat, ashore on barren plain,  
Alert and ready—watch and ward;  
Around the World and back again,  
Our sentinels, at home, abroad!

Around the World, and back again  
The Ultimate and far beyond:  
From Caribbean and Spanish Main  
To Samarkand and Trebizond—  
East to the Golden Chersonese,

There to greet day's rising orb,  
Westward o'er the seven seas—  
The Eagle, Anchor and the Globe!

By sea, by land; and through the skies,  
All elements alike to them.  
While *Aeolus* forever sighs  
Their lullaby and requiem.  
By ship to Sidney, Singapore—  
With Byrd to Anarectica whirled.  
North, South and West their airplanes roar  
Around the World, around the World.

You'll find them there and everywhere,  
These Gladiators' archetypes;  
On East and Western Hemisphere;  
Wherever wave the Stars and Stripes.  
The Hwang-Ho, the Philippines,  
Where boatswains' silver pipes have  
skirled,  
There, always, will be found Marines,  
Around the World, around the World.

*"Semper Fidelis"*—"First to Fight!"  
Both mottoes proud belong to them;  
Who dare deny their ancient right—  
The oldest Corps, the U. S. M.—?  
First to embark and first to land,  
Their Globe and Anchor flag unfurled,  
*"The situation well in hand"*—  
Around the World, around the World.

## DECEMBER IN THE TROPICS

By James Norman Hall

The palm-trees slope against the sky  
As still as they were painted so . . .  
Very strange it is that I  
Stand under them, knee-deep in snow.  
In other lands as green as this  
Are other men, perhaps, like me,  
Listening to the seething hiss  
Of snowflakes falling endlessly.  
Oh, kindly hills of home! that keep  
For us who left them years ago  
A wintry silence, muffled deep  
In newly fallen, immortal snow.

## FACE THE SUN

By Dr. David S. Jickling

Don't hunt for trouble, look for success!  
You'll find what you look for—don't look  
for distress!  
If you see but your shadow, remember, I  
pray,  
That the sun is still shining but you're in  
the way!  
Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream  
and don't shirk,  
Don't think of your worries but think of  
your work.  
The worries will vanish, the work will be  
done—  
No man sees his shadow who faces the sun.

## OUTWARD BOUND

By C. R. S.

I leave behind me the elm-shadowed square  
And carved portals of the silent street,  
And wander on with listless, vagrant feet  
Through seaward-leading alleys, till the air  
Smells of the sea, and straightway then the  
care  
Slips from my heart, and life once more is  
sweet.  
At the lane's ending lie the white-winged  
fleet.  
O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou  
fare?  
Here are brave pinions that shall take thee  
far—  
Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red  
Ceylon;  
Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores!  
'Tis but an instant hence to Zanzibar,  
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;  
Ionian isles are thine, and all the fairy  
shores!

## THE LEATHERNECK



## THE LOOKOUT

Any book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE—and we especially recommend the following



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"My Library was Dukedom Large Enough"—Shakespeare

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**CAMEL TREK.** By Rex Regan (Speller). One of the most unusual publications of the season. It is the story of Captain Beal and others who introduced camels to our western deserts during the California gold rush. Highly recommended. \$2.50

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**THE INFANTRY BATTALION IN WAR.** By Lt.-Col. Walter R. Wheeler (Infantry Journal). A text on the employment of the infantry battalion in all its phases. Supported by examples from the World War. Marines interested in their profession will find this useful. \$3.00

**THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE.** By Maj.-Gen. James G. Harbord (Little, Brown). Not only what the title implies, but one of the most splendid records of the Marines in France. No Leatherneck should miss this one. \$5.00

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1937

THE LEATHERNECK,  
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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PLAINLY



Photo by Tager

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb shown as he was sworn in as Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, Dec. 1, 1936. Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson stands by his side as Lt. Col. Leo D. Hermle, USMC, administers the oath of office. In the rear, left to right, are Brig. Gen. H. C. Reisinger, Paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps; Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont, USMC; Capt. Clyde H. Hartsel, USMC, Aide to the Commandant, and Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations. Major General Holcomb succeeds Maj. Gen. John H. Russell and is the seventeenth Commandant in the history of the Marine Corps.

## GENERAL HOLCOMB SWORN IN AS COMMANDANT

Maj. Gen. Thomas C. Holcomb, taking office this week as Commandant of the Marine Corps, looks forward during his forthcoming four-year term, he states, to a "larger and more efficient Marine Corps."

He was sworn in Dec. 1, in Secretary of the Navy Swanson's office, in ceremonies attended by the Secretary, Mrs. Holcomb, and a group of ranking Navy and Marine Corps officers including Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations.

"I hope to see a Marine Corps that is more and more useful to the Navy, to which it belongs and which is the reason for its existence," the new Major General Commandant said.

General Holcomb declared that an increase in personnel, both officer and enlisted, is necessary if the Fleet Marine Force is to be properly officered and manned. He said that he did not contemplate making any changes in the existing set-up, either as to organization or personnel, at present.

"I'm rather conservative and slow about making changes," he added, "I always

like to look over the machine and see how it is working before making any innovations."

With the passage of legislation at the last session of Congress revising the basic Marine Corps personnel law of 1934, in several particulars, General Holcomb says that he is satisfied with the present system of officer promotion. Selection has "worked remarkably well" and has improved the efficiency of the Service, in his opinion, he said.

"The Fleet Marine Force," General Holcomb stated, "is the visible and outward sign of what we do for the Navy. I want to see it become more and more an active arm of the Fleet. It is pretty small at present, being considerably under strength. More officers and more men are necessary."

"Another thing I would like to see is further development and expansion of the Marine Corps School system. There is nothing more important. I would like to see every officer go through the schools. Because we are limited in personnel, however, it is not now possible to fill all of our needs and still send all the officers

we would like to the schools. If we can get an increase in personnel this could be done.

"The schools, you know, are to prepare officers for duty with the Fleet Marine Force. They are essentially practical courses. Every officer going into the Fleet Marine Force should be a graduate."

In expanding the school system, General Holcomb would confine changes to enlargement of the annual classes, as he believes it is now running on sound lines.

"I have just been in charge of the schools, you know," he said, "and I consider that they are established on a good stable basis—the result of the efforts of my predecessor. I see no reason for any radical changes, although of course, there must be small changes from time to time, as like everything else, the schools cannot stand still, they must grow."

Admiral William H. Standley, chief of naval operations, led the list of officers present to greet the new Marine Corps chief. Capt. John R. Beardall, aide to Secretary Swanson, was likewise present, as were Brig. Gen. Hugh Mathews, quartermaster of the Marine Corps; Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, paymaster of the Marine Corps; Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, in charge of Reserves; Col. Julian C. Smith, director of operations and training; Col. John Marston, Col. Ross E. Rowell, director of Marine Corps aviation; Col. Ralph S. Keyser and Maj. John W. Thomason, former aide to the late Assistant Secretary Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, now a student at the Army War College here.—A & N Journal.

## MR. CHARLES EDISON NAMED ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF NAVY

By J. Russell Young

Charles Edison, son of the late Thomas A. Edison, famous inventor, today was appointed by President Roosevelt to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy to succeed Col. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, who died last Winter.

Mr. Edison, a resident of West Orange, N. J., is president and chief operating executive of Thomas A. Edison, Inc. He will assume his new duties as soon as he can drop his personal affairs.

In announcing the selection of the 46-year-old executive President Roosevelt said Mr. Edison has a certain familiarity with the Navy set-up, having been closely identified with his father when the latter was a member of the Naval Consulting Board during the World War.

A native of West Orange, Mr. Edison was graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1913. He was closely associated with his father in experimental work and also in an executive capacity.

During the war he directed the manufacture of a variety of war materials and was chairman of the West Orange Liberty Loan Organization. He is a director of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce and the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce and was a director in the Executive Council of the N.R.A., as well as being New Jersey director of that agency.

Mr. Edison is a member of Delta Psi Fraternity and has been married for 18 years.—Washington (D. C.) Post.

THE LEATHERNECK

# BROADCAST

in which  
THE LEATHERNECK  
publishes news from all posts



## TOM TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

By Flash

Someone asked the other day: "Flash, what're you going to put in THE LEATHERNECK for next month, going to say anything about the dance?" Well, something was said last month, but it was merely a prediction that later turned out better than was anticipated. So, sure there's going to be something said. There should be a couple of fellows up in Philadelphia and some en route to China, Guam, etc., that would be interested to know just how the affair came off.

Frankly, for the talk-talk that hit town the next morning, everyone must have had an awfully nice time.

The Lackey High School auditorium was gaily decorated in contrasting red and gold streamers, with U. S. flags suspended from the overhead, and colorful autumn leaves to give the place a woodsy atmosphere. The stage was occupied by Jarboe's Rambler Nighthawks who threw out some hot swing music and kept the crowd continually on their toes. Sergeant Pearl at one time, when the bass fiddler got warmed up and really thumped his "dog house," turned loose and gave the people of Indian Head an idea of just how to swing it. Cockamn reminded one of Harpo Marx by the way he madly chased a certain blonde around and around. Flash Merriek, as one of the committee, all white cuffed and collared, took his job seriously and tried his best to make everyone as congenial as possible—however, that wasn't necessary, for once they tasted the delicious punch they suddenly became chummy as one visiting Elk to another. The Volunteers from Dahlgren made the trip by boat via truck to attend the dance and were returned the next morning.

It is believed we owe a debt of gratitude to the refreshment gang who labored all afternoon to prepare the five varieties of delicious sandwiches. During intermission people were heard to exclaim: "My, what good cooks they must have down there!" So you see, evidently, and from the short time in which they were consumed, they must have been tasty. Who couldn't go for a combination like this: strawberry jam with mixed nuts and a generous spread of cream cheese? Well, that was only one, but the other four were equally good or bet-

ter. That was just to make your mouth water.

The Dance Committee was practically snowed under by the barrage of compliments which showered down as the affair began to come to a close. With all sincerity it is said that everyone who attended personally saw some one of the Committee and extended his or her thanks for the perfectly swell time. The only trouble seemed to be that the dance just didn't last long enough. It was one o'clock before we knew it. And as the last tinkle of gay laughter left the hall, the Committee gave a big sigh which seemed to express: Well, I'm certainly happy that everyone had such a nice time; I feel well repaid for all the effort put forth in decoration and fixing the place up."

Let us give a snappy salute of appreciation to Major T. H. Cartwright and Marine Gunner Walter M. Henderson, who made the dance possible, and, let us take our hats off to the Committee whose work made it possible for us to enjoy ourselves for a very, very few short hours. Dance Committee: Sergeant Harry H. Pearl, Private First Class, Privates Cockman, Merriek and McRae; Refreshment Committee: Chief Cook Raymond M. Tarlton and Private James W. Haleroft.

On the strength of a very nicely written invitation, eight of us braved a bitter cold night to accept the hospitality of the Hughesville High School for an Armistice Day program. It was comprised of group singing by the audience, followed by a resume of doings of the Hughesville Woman's Club, and an excellent talk by James Stevenson Smith, War Correspondent for Associated Press, who boasted that he had "adopted" that section of the country in which to settle down. Lastly, was a Minstrellette put on by an all-girl cast from La Plata, Maryland; the audience was delighted by their jokes and songs, and particularly by the presence of a generously proportioned "Mammy" who trembled the

(Continued on page 54)



Sgt. Alfred J. Smith, Jr., FMCR, is presented with a medal by Mrs. Noble Newport Potts, representative of "Daughters of the War of 1812." Major Knowlan and Capt. Keiting, FMCR, attend the ceremony.





## HONORS RENDERED TO GENERAL MEADE AND COLONEL GEIGER ON THEIR PROMOTIONS

**I**n honor of Brigadier General James J. Meade, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding General of the First Marine Brigade, Fleet Marine Force, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, and Colonel Roy S. Geiger, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding Officer of Aircraft One, First Marine Brigade, all units of the Brigade participated in a parade and review on Lyman Field at 11:00 a.m., Tuesday, December 1st, at which time Major General Charles H. Lyman delivered a commission as Brigadier General to General Meade and a full Colonel's commission to Colonel Geiger; pinning the stars on General Meade and the eagles on Colonel Geiger.

Following the presentation of his commission to General Meade, the Post rendered him an eleven-gun salute while the troops presented arms. On the echo of the first gun a Brigadier General's flag was raised over the main entrance to Brigade Headquarters. The pleasure of the command with the honors of the occasion was fully expressed by the manner in which they executed each command and movement. The review of the air forces and the spectacular maneuvering of

the planes added much to the celebration.

Following the ceremony on the field all officers of the First Marine Brigade, some 150 in number, entertained at a stag luncheon at the Officers' Mess at noon in honor of General Meade and Colonel Geiger, as an expression of their great pleasure on the occasion of the promotion of their two brother officers.

### General Holcomb Reviews Brigade

In honor of Brigadier General Thomas Holcomb, who was appointed by the President to succeed Major General John H. Russell as Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, the First Marine Brigade, Fleet Marine Force, commanded by Colonel James J. Meade, staged a parade and review at Lyman Field the afternoon of Friday, November 13th.

The parade of the ground troops, consisting of the Fifth Marines; First Battalion, Tenth Marines; and the Combined Bands and Drum and Bugle Corps, commenced at exactly four o'clock. Immediately following this part of the ceremony, the squadrons of Aircraft One passed in review and dipped to their future Commandant.

The snap and precision with which all participants went through with the affair bespoke the efforts of the officers and men to impress the distinguished new Commandant with their pride at being extended the privilege of rendering first military honors to General Holcomb subsequent to the announcement of his appointment.

Major General Charles H. Lyman, Commanding General of the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, congratulated the Brigade Commander on the splendid appearance of the troops with the remark that this was the best parade of the year.

Following the parade, the officers and ladies of the First Marine Brigade, FMF, gave a reception to General and Mrs. Holcomb at the Officers' club, to which were invited all officers and ladies of the Post.

### Brigade Officers Attend Lectures on Chemical Warfare

The officers of the 1st Brigade and Aircraft One are attending a series of lectures during November and December on Chemical Warfare given by the Brigade Chemical Officer, 1st Lt. R. H. Williams. The Brigade Commander feels that this important phase of warfare has not in the past received enough attention, and he is particularly desirous that the First Brigade become more familiar with the uses of chemicals from an offensive standpoint, and with the methods of training in individual and tactical protection from the defensive viewpoint.

The lectures comprise a general survey of the whole subject of Chemical Warfare beginning with agents and munitions



The Major General Commandant, General Holcomb, (in center, front rank), Brigadier General James J. Meade, Colonel C. J. Miller, and staff officers at the Parade and Review given subsequent to the announcement that General Holcomb would succeed General Russell as Major General Commandant.



Major General Charles H. Lyman pins the Stars on Brigadier General James J. Meade and . . .

through protection and tactical uses. One period was devoted to the gas chamber and grenade throwing. All officers who had not previously done so this year, were taken through the gas chamber. During one of the periods a movie lent by the Chemical Warfare Service of the Army was shown.

This series of lectures is only the beginning of a program of instruction and training which will include later on schools for the company gas N.C.O.'s, and tactical exercises involving protection against gas for small units. The ever present possibility that Marines may be called out on riot duty also is not being overlooked. The use of non-lethal gases in controlling mobs provides a quicker and more humane method of dispersing them than bayonets and clubs. It is felt that the Brigade will reach a still higher state of efficiency through a greater appreciation of the problems of chemical warfare with reference to protection, and a better knowledge of the offensive possibilities of gas.

#### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

The Marines won their annual football game with the Baltimore Firemen the past weekend and are preparing to tackle something bigger, the coming week, "A&I." The quartermaster just "came across" with some new medals and are we ready to show ourself off, you're telling I!

Pfe, "Philbert" Hulse is getting tired of the "tattle tale" which has been getting into his clothes and leaving that Oh, . . . which makes embarrassing moments at inspections. "Philbert" has purchased a washing machine with the cooperation of the rest of the company personnel, you know, a dollar down and here's hoping "Philbert" collects the rest.

Pure and sweet Butch Gates with his "E" flat property room is getting to be quite an impersonator. Maybe Hollywood holds a seat for you, keep up the good work, "Butch."

It gives me great pleasure to announce that H.Q. Co. has a talented electrician, "Pop Singletary." When it comes to wir-

ing a radio he sure knows his stuff. Did he get Cuba when he tuned the receiver for N. Y., better luck next time.

We have quite a few liberty hounds and am very sorry to say that one private came in from last week-end with an enlarged ear. Swinging doors perhaps.

The Company clerk is getting good in teaching the boys to write their names, or it looks that way. It takes from two to three times on the SMR. However, it was Friday the Thirteenth.

We are glad to announce the joining of First Sergeant Christian. 1st Sgt. Christian will take over the duties of Sergeant Major of this Battalion. Sergeant Stoner, a Signal Trooper, another recruit in H. Q. Co. is proving to be a swell fellow.

#### A COMPANY NEWS

Company A is desperately trying to clean the mud (accumulated on their shoes on recent "expeditions" to Camp Perry, Bristow, and Featherstone) off their footgear in preparation for the A & I, which has haunted us for months, and is finally going to make an appearance here next week. Cheer up, fellows, it can't be as bad as they say.

Smoke from give-away, promotion cigars, again filled the company area. The lucky ones this time were "Slippery" Wyrick, who added a third chevron to his sleeves, and Harold Abbott, our police sergeant who deservingly received his corporal's warrant. Congratulations, men.

With the passing of each month, we see the slow but sure passing of "Old Timers," out of the company line-up. The last month saw Corporals Louis, Wesley, and Beatty, "paid off," from the active service of the Marine Corps. Cpl. Lewis after sixteen years in the Marine Corps, enlisted in the F.M.C.R., class II-B. Beatty saw eleven years' service and Wesley, who served four years, joined the Southern Area of the Voluntary Marine Corps Reserve.

After long and faithful service in the F.M.F., we find Pfc. Tolbert transferred to Annapolis, Md., and Pvt. Cowart and Seagle doing duty at Newport, Rhode Island. In their place we see new, smiling faces, in the persons of Prts. Bigelow, Cole, Crawford, Gormley, Cline and Vinters, all joining the organization from P. I. Cpls. Morash, Woods, Kemp, Osborne, Besemer, Dmr. 1cl. Wilson, Pfc. Davis, and Pvt. Velders may also be found on the company roster. These men came from various posts along the East Coast.

Upon his arrival here, Sgt. "Coco River" Gregg, immediately started saving his pennies for a potato farm, which he expects to purchase on his retirement from the service, but, as rumors have it, every time the "Sarge" saves ten off these hard earned coppers, he makes a donation toward the new bar at the Post Grill. While Prts. Mugford and Artymowicz can be found, almost any night, faithfully attending a session at the bowling alleys. Pvt. Cooley, who hails from the Florida Everglades, is trying to set a new sleeping record for enlisted men. He can now boast a remarkable average of twenty-three hours, sixteen minutes of horizontal exercise each day.

In recent weeks A Company claimed an organization of "tall story" tellers that would make the "Liars Club" look like a bunch of amateurs. They would congregate daily in the N.C.O. room and bid for

highest honors. Up to this date Cpl. "Smoke Bird" Debnam, with his carribous and smokebirds is slightly ahead of Sgt. "Coco River" Gregg and his Congo monkey. Cpls. Beatty and Wesley were among those sharing a high position in this circle, until discharge papers cut them short. Gy Sgt. Wolfgang and Pl-Sgt. Fox are other high ranking members.

The hallways and squadrooms of A Company will seem like a haunted house, in the near future, when Pl-Sgt. "Matey" Fox goes on "shipping over" furlough. Records show that Sgt. Fox is one of the loudest singers in the country, the "blues" being his specialty. The older men of the Company well remember the time at Panama when "Matey" sang "The Road to Mandalay" at Colon, on the Atlantic Coast, everybody at Balboa, which lies on the Pacific, stopped to listen to the voice that echoed through the hills like a thunderstorm. "Sing 'em Matey." If you don't the boys'll miss you.

With lots of luck to the men who are seeking transfers to the West Coast, upon completion of maneuvers, we bid you all CHEERIO.

#### COMPANY B NEWS

Christmas comes but once a year—but oh!—so does A&I. Equipment on the bunk, clothing on the bunk, troop in blues, troop in greens, regulation haircuts and all the preparation that goes with it. For the past week B Company has been a whirlwind of blanceing packs, shining mess gear, pressing blues, the author even canvassing the whole Battalion for a dime for that extra pair of shoelaces needed for—lord help me—equipment on the bunk. Well, we'll just hold our breath until it's over and then lay back with the satisfaction that our lockers are in good shape and all our equipment is clean. For how long? We won't go into that. We had a big "Field Day" here last week. Contestants entered from the whole post. It was a great success and first prize in each event was a 5 spot. Oh would that I were a mighty athlete. How I could have used one of those 5 buck notes. Private Gardner and Depizol came through for first place in two events. Gardner winning the Potato Race and Depizol the Obstacle Race. They either didn't get their money or sent it home because I couldn't borrow a cent. My pals. To be really honest B Company placed in most



. . . the Eagles on Colonel Roy S. Geiger





Private Schluep Winning B. A. R. Race

Photo by Dalton

of the events of the day giving them more points of any company in the Post.

It won't be long before the Holidays are here. Those who don't go home will probably catch guard, and now tell me what is worse than a guard on Christmas? Oh well what's the difference? A good chow, a smoke and a letter from home will sort of take off the edges again.

We'll quote from old Bill Shakespeare: "This rough magic I here adjure and deeper than did plummet sound I'll drown my pen." G'by.

### C COMPANY

Howdy, Folks! Well, we promised you in the last Broadcast, or should we say threatened you, that we would be back in print again in the next issue, so here we are, my kind hearted friends, making a noble attempt at news gathering, which is pretty hard to do at times when all the boys stay in and snap in for A&I. 'Tis a pity but that is just exactly what is happening at the present time. From morn till night you can hear such remarks as; where does this gadget go? Where does this have to be marked? etc., up until taps and then they start talking in their sleep. But after all it is a great and wonderful life and it all counts on thirty, or so I have heard.

By the time most of you people are reading this literary attempt the Brigade will all be underway for California, for the winter maneuvers. Boy, just think of those warm tropical scenes that are in treat for the whole gang on the way around. The old timers are thinking about all those places what use to be and the youngsters who are going on their first cruise are eagerly anticipating the places to be seen and the liberties they are going to make.

During the past month C Company crashed through with three promotions as follows: Private First Class Odo and Pennington sewed on another stripe and Private Koch sewed on a brand new one piecey stripe. Here's hoping that the stripes keep coming as there are plenty of the boys here who are doing their stuff and hoping that authority will be coming through very soon for more promotions.

There were very few changes in the company during the past month. We are slowly but surely filling the company up for the maneuvers. Corporal Kemp and Lair joined us, and then came Private Carroll and Smith. The 6th of November we were presented with five brand new Marines from Parris Island, who are now snapping in and getting squared away for a tour in the Fleet Marine Force. They are Privates Grooms, Rickerson, Ruggiero, Sherard and Snyder.

First Lieutenant Peter A. McDonald joined the company from Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Virginia,

the 30th of October, and we all hope he will be with us for some time and will enjoy his tour of duty with this company.

Battalion Headquarters Company took three of our men for clerical work on the 1st of November as follows: Corporal Knight and Private Rudziewicz for the Battalion Sergeant Major's Office, and Private Nolan went to work in the Battalion Quartermaster's Office to hold down the chair vacated by Corporal Smith, who was transferred. Best of luck to you fellows in your new jobs.

The company mourns the passing of Private "B" Faye Wasdin, who died in the Post Sick Quarters at 4:07 P. M., 3 November. Private Wasdin was a good Marine and wall well liked by all who knew him. Funeral services were held in the Post Chapel by Chaplain Vogler the 4th of November, and his body was then sent to his home in Screven, Georgia.

Well, gang, we will take this opportunity to wish all our buddies in the Marine Corps a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We will do our very best to be giving you more dope from the dope in the next Broadcast of THE LEATHERNECK. So until then, So Long.

### D COMPANY

Last month we mentioned that we were scheduled for a trip to Washington, D. C., and would participate in the Navy Day celebration there. However, the schedule was changed, and H Company of the Second Battalion took our place in view of the fact that we were due for the Post Guard on November 9th. They went through their drills in fine shape and were a credit to the entire F.M.F. However, some of that pep, vim and vigor may have been due to the fact that they

were also celebrating the fact that their Top, Charlie Sorensen, has finely settled down to married life.

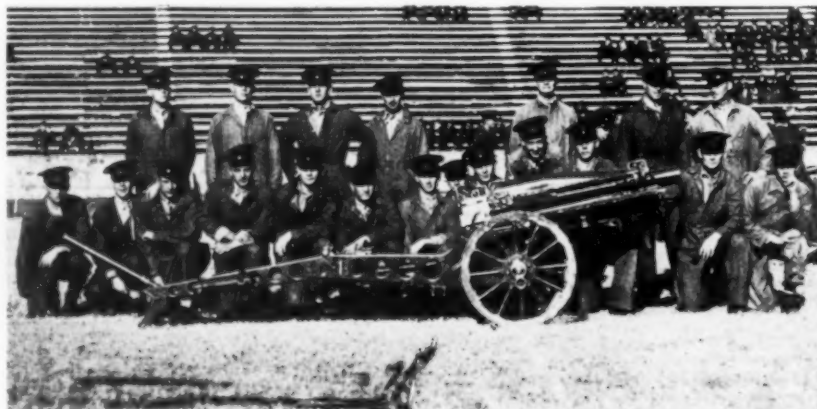
We have heard that the new anti-aircraft company will not be formed till next Spring and, in the meantime, Captain McFarland has been transferred to duty as commanding officer of Headquarters Company, and temporarily at least is filling the shoes of B-1, 2, and 3, of the First Battalion, Fifth Marines.

During the month just passed, Lieutenant Howard Kirgis left for the Basic School in Philadelphia, and Private first-class Marcus H. Muncy was transferred to the Marine Barracks at Eighth and Eye Streets, S. E., in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant August Larson, and Marine Gunner Peter M. Braden were both on short leaves of absence during the month, but are now back with the Howitzer Platoon. Platoon Sergeant John W. Hull is back in charge of the First Platoon, and Platoon Sergeant Zack T. Handley, who recently joined from Parris Island, has taken charge of the Second Platoon, relieving Sergeant Bernard Marcus for other duties. In the meantime, Corporal Robert F. Buckley joined us from the USS *Reina Mercedes* and has been assigned to duty as Section Leader of the Second Section, First Platoon.

The three promotions in the company went to Private first-class Clarence J. Stines, and Privates Edmund H. Fiske and Conley R. Milligan, so, from now on, our rolls will show Corporal Stines, and Privates first-class Fiske and Milligan. Since then, Corporals Fred L. Turner, Anthony V. Clark and Alvin E. Johnson have passed one of the most severe examinations for promotion that have ever been taken, and are now anxiously waiting word as to when they will be promoted.

Our annual A&I inspection is scheduled to start next week, and, after that all we will have to look forward to is a few days' liberty over Christmas; liberty on January 25th in San Diego, a few days drill ashore, a parade at the Marine Corps Base in San Diego on January 29th, then problems on or near San Clements, with life under canvas from about March 1st to 8th either at the Marine Corps Base in San Diego, or nearby, and then back to Quantico. We have received word, however, that probably quite a few of our men will be left in San Diego to help fill up West Coast and Asiatic complements. Who these men are, and where they will go, we will leave for the future, as, too much of looking into the future is good for no one.



"A" Battery, 10th Marines, Winner of Howitzer Race

Photo by Dalton

## DOPE ON THE SECOND

W. C. Wall

By the time that THE LEATHERNECK goes to press and reaches the street the Second will be at sea, bound for the West Coast and warmer climes. To many this trip will be something never to be forgotten—and to others, another milestone passed in their service career. For many, it will be their first trip outside the limits of the States—and who has ever forgotten that first liberty on foreign soil? Strange sights, a bewilderment of sound, glamorous clashing colors all new and strange. The mental comparison of the old and the new. Shopping for souvenirs—the old gag—“Five bucks for that? Boy, they must have see you comin’.” Remember your first trip South? The hot, sticky ride from the ship to the beach—Colon with its Bottle Alley, its odd little horse-drawn taxis. The Washington Hotel and its avenue of palms—Sloppy Joe’s on the water front—the Wanderer’s Club—the “Tropic Bar” and the ice cold beer—the old woman selling lottery tickets—that picture you had taken with your buddy—the post cards offered for sale. That first trip—who can forget it?

Maneuvers—and the work, the hours of drill preparing for them, the anticipation of a change of duty finally realized and that realization brought home by standing in line for fresh water. A bath in a bucket. Perhaps a rough sea and someone talking about pork chops. Life in the raw? No! Just maneuvers.

Since going to press last, many changes have taken place in the Second. Cigars have been passed out—Corporal Milton H. Egger, Privates First Class Harry E. Houston, Tillman A. Branch and John F. Byers finally made it! Men have gone on furlough—Captain Saville T. Clark joined the Battalion, the gang from the Texas Centennial Exposition are back with us once again while Joe Bladykas still goes fishing. Can we omit the examination for promotion—how the boys shined, hour after hour, only to be foiled—how they sat themselves down with pencil and paper and wrote for four straight hours on the mystery of MCO No. 41. The publication of the results and the loud mutterings—and cheers. The standing of A & I Inspection by all hands—including the Sergeant Major and his hard working office hands. The dances and the conquests made thereat. In all, the Second has done quite well by itself.

Done well by itself? Yes, even to the taking of second place in the Field Day held at the Post Stadium on the Marine Corps’ Birthday. While the boys did not take the meet, they came in for a large share of the prize money (see smiling faces of winners elsewhere in this issue). An orchid to Brother Dalton of the Photographer’s gang.

While Christmas will be over and the New Year well on its way when this finally reaches print, the Second Battalion takes this opportunity to wish all organizations throughout the Marine Corps a Merry Christmas and a very prosperous New Year.

## HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Clements

As was, as is. That’s the story of our battery in a nutshell. Of course, being composed of such personalities as one would find ordinarily in no other place, our battery activities are varied to the nth

degree. Therefore, changes have been effected and events have occurred which may or may not be worthy of mention, depending entirely upon your viewpoints. After all, variety is the spice of life, according to some wit of by-gone days, and from we can gather he was not far from landing squarely in the center of the bull’s eye.

In our last article we left you about the 20th of October to await more scuttlebutt, and to have everything in readiness for the A&I whose visit was not too far distant at that time. After having painted everything in the squadroom except the deck and bulkheads, drawn on our limited clothing allowances for shortages in our “wardrobes,” blanched equipment to the neat shade so desired, polished shoe, cap visors, belts, buckles, and anything else resembling leather—we even broke out our pieces which had been stored, cleaned them with loving care, and stood by finally for the arrival of the A&I. Furloughs having been reduced to a minimum, we turned out on the morning of the 16th practically full strength, and ready for anything from inspection of haircuts to that of extended order in blues. There followed for five days a succession of detailed inspections: greens, blues, clothing on the bunk, equipment on the bunk, quarters, record books, and men in person. For dessert there was a parade in which we did not participate due to our lack of available personnel. After all the preparation for the A&I inspection, and contrary to the beliefs of some of us, the inspection turned out to be nothing we had not had or done before.

There was no “bust” as was some years ago when Pfc. Gettle upon being questioned as to where a tourniquet should be placed to stop the flow of blood a wound on a man’s head replied, “around his neck.” Gettle, as well as his running mate, Hudson, was observed several afternoons leaving the barracks with his hand book under his arm. Several of the boys, I am sure, must have slept on their hand books, for how else could they learn so much about how, when, and where a Marine would act under given conditions? To sum up the whole inspection, we must have done very well or we’d have been told why we didn’t make a favorable impression. The men were pleased because it was finished. The CO was pleased (same reason), and the A&I was pleased, first, because frankly we made a darned good showing, and second, because he too, must have been glad that it was finished for another year.

And now to get into a lighter vein. There is a story of the strange Marine who walked down the street in front of our barracks, and seeing the long line of sleek speedy automobiles, wanted to know if he were at the Biltmore in Coral Gables. And small wonder. Gettle broke out with a new Terraplane, Debiski with a new Ford, and Grafton has been visiting various automobile dealers looking for something with a motor on four wheels with which to venture out of the Reservation, possibly just for the pleasure of riding, and possibly because the young lady has moved to a place that is not so easily accessible via the all too popular mode of Quantico Marine travel, the walk. Dillard, so long addicted to a certain territory in upper Virginia, cast off his lines and is now on his way to Georgia.

Jeffrey, our little reticent corporal, is becoming even more like Sullivan when one asks him where he spends his liberty hours, and with whom. Perhaps we who are not quite so salty would do well to take the cue. A comical and yet touching scene is often reenacted in our humble little



Photo by Dalton

Schluep, Co. G, 2nd Bn., Winner of B. A. R. Race

squadroom, which, as most squadrooms, seem to grow when the problem of policing it faces us. One may see, certainly hear, Misiak elaborating on his personal attributes. But when two thirds of the boys leave for the first show, leaving only a few who are writing letters or studying, Misiak hovers around the radio and as the hot dulcet music flows from the box Mike’s face takes on that “why am I here expression” which says much more than words may.

Having been assured, more or less, that we are not to go to the West Coast to participate in Fleet Landing Exercise No. 3, the majority of us are all set to toughen our muscles this coming winter either by hanging on to the ends of shovels as we put up the annual fight against the snow king or by taking turns at Post guard.

I wonder how those seadogs, Acord, and Joe Lasky, are liking the Orient; and I wonder too if Acord still leaves a trail of bruised female hearts as he did during the eight hectic months he spent in Philadelphia. Ah! The good old days.

To tell everything would leave nothing for the imagination, so until next time, adios.



## BATTERY A, TENTH MARINES

By George

What ho, folks!

At last we can rest more easily for awhile. A & I has come and gone, and needless to say, the "cannoneers with the hariest ears" came through with flying colors.

Our basketball team has been clicking as of old. Let me refresh your memories a bit. For three years the Artillery Teams have been champions of the post. I may as well warn all comers that we're out to repeat. So far we have two games tucked safely under our belts. The first game was with the Service Battalion, the Artillery winning with a score of 18-14. The second game was against Brigade Special Troops, won also by the Artillery with a score of 27-6. You may perhaps wonder why ye scribe is writing artillery news. Well, after all, 100% of the players, participating so far, are members of Battery A. At center we have Egan—out of play just now with an infected toe but whose position is very capably taken care of by our coach, Lt. Damke. Forward berths are held down by Brown and Dykes; a team that works with mechanical precision. We have our only veteran, Amacker, at guard—the best in the post—very ably assisted by Britton. Keep up the good work, team!

What with furloughs and Christmas leaves in the making, bedlam reigns supreme.

What is that old saying about "way down South in Dixie"? If this is South here at Quantico, I guess they've forgotten to turn on the steam. Many a worried car owner has rushed out to see if his radiator has frozen up lately.

We are sorry to lose two of our members, in the persons of 1st Lt. Alpha L. Bowser and Pvt. Bogler: Lt. Bowser to Battery B and Pvt. Bogler to Engineers. Good luck.

Lo and behold! The main upset of the season almost slipped my mind. In the field day held November 10, the Artillery, represented by a platoon from A Battery,

won the close order drill competition for the post. Pretty good, says I, considering that our rifles have been in storage for ten months of the last year. Our first places were the tent pitching, won by Pvts. H. J. Amacker, and R. H. Bell in nothing flat; and the 75mm Pack Howitzer race between A and B Batteries. Here's to more field days.

So until next issue, Adieu.

## BATTERY B

By Old Faithful (Geiser)

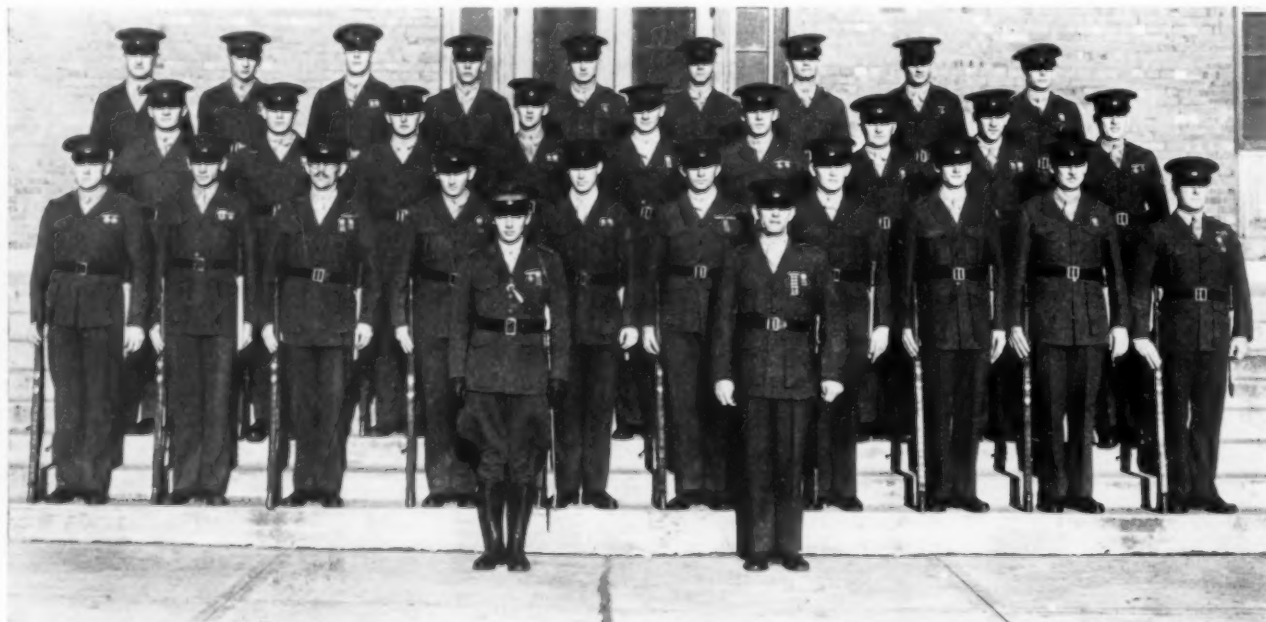
The crowded month of November is on the wane, and the many events rush to memory like a cavalry charge, only to register in a mob—and the outcome is a perfect blank. On the 10th of this memorable month Battery B entered all its stalwarts in competition in the Fleet Marine Force, Field Meet. The Tug-of-war team which consisted of about twenty-eight hundred pounds of man power, overpowered two of its opponents, but on the third try it seems that (this is what the team says) they were framed. They insist that they were forced to take up their position on a plot of ground where a previous event had been held, namely the catching of the greased pig, and the ground was so slippery that they couldn't get a foothold. That alibi ought to hold water, it's well greased. The next event was the Pack Howitzer race, and here again we have the same old story, yes, that's right, if that so-and-so had done what he was supposed to we would have won hands down. At that we ran a close second, there being only two entrants, and second paid twelve bucks. So what! Private Bailey came through with a second in the hand grenade throwing and Pfc. Ferguson and Loftin also ran in the tent pitching event. All in all we didn't do so bad, of course all the boys on the side lines, had they been entered could have done a whole lot better than the palooka that was giving his best for dear old Siwash, and instead of cheers, receiving jeers from the mighty men of the Grandstand. Had all that power, speed and fighting spirit that was safely tucked away in the grandstand been

in the place of the men who actually entered the various events, I wonder how those grandstand champions would have conducted themselves.

The A & I Inspection came with a rush of autumn leaves, and the chilly breeze from the Potomac, as we stood there at attention whistled throughout winter greens and penetrated the paling sunburn that was acquired only a few short months ago. The Battery fared well, and I believe (whether that means anything or not) that our showing was consistent with the best traditions of this glorious corps. The climax of this inspection was a two hour interview on MCO No. 41 (now No. 113) and do you believe it, the inspectors picked out the most excitable boys of the outfit. All of you have heard the old timers gather round and tell of the story about the recruit, who when asked where the balance of his rifle was, answered, "Sir, that's all the Quartermaster gave me." Well I don't suppose that an A & I inspection goes by but what someone doesn't pull just the same kind of boner that the recruit did, in fact we had a few this time too, but we won't embarrass the boys by making them public at this time.

After the strain of the A & I inspection the boys were pretty well tired out so they decided to try and forget the inspection by throwing a beer party, which they proceeded to do with the money won at the field meet. The party went over in great style and everyone had plenty of beer to drink. The reason for everyone getting their fill of the amber fluid was obvious, when it was discovered that the guzzler of guzzlers, the number one man of the funnel gang was among the missing due to a very painful toothache. Yes, you guessed it, none other than His Nibs, Pfc. John Francis Hurley, HMABF (Honorary Member of American Bar Flies).

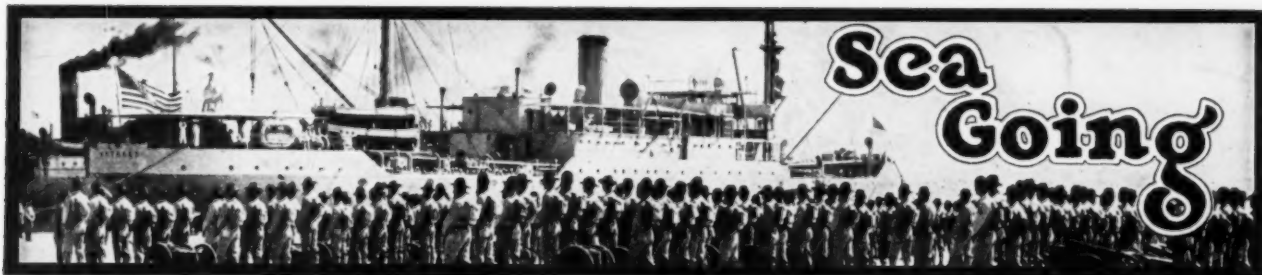
Now that the A & I Inspection and the Thanksgiving are mere memories, we are looking forward to Xmas and the leave that always comes with it. We hope to have a very merry Xmas and a happy New Year and we wish all you readers the same. So long.



"A" Battery, 10th Marines, in Command of Lieut. A. L. Bowser, Jr.

Photo by Berger





## THE AT 'EM MARINES U.S.S. Arizona

Since last writing, the old battlewagon has been to the Paris of America (San Francisco) to help open their bridge to Oakland. As usual for that port liberty call and abandon ship mean the same thing and so a good time was had by all. Thus with all the thousands of visitors who came to see the eight and one-half mile wonder bridge, Market Street was as crowded as the passageways at pipe down chow. While we are congratulating the Friscoites on their wonderful achievement orchids are also in order for the following men who attained their present rank during our stay in the Bay City. Sgt. Sam Solomon, who has done his duty at about every post in the Marine Corps; Cpl. Walter Mauldin, another Chinasider; and Privates First Class Warren, Jordan, Perkins, Glass and Lohning.

On our return to the Long Beach area our oarsmen promptly took to water in preparation for the race for the Fleet Marine Challenge Trophy. These men: Cpl. Klimas, coxswain; Cpl. Yoder, stroke; Pfc. Perry, off-stroke; Pfc. Lloyd, No. 3; Pvt. Walker, No. 4; Pvt. Johnson, No. 5; Pvt. McFadden, No. 6; Pfc. Warren, No. 7; Pfc. Youngs, No. 8; Pvt. Shealy, No. 9; Pfc. Moss, No. 10, worked long and hard getting in shape. Captain True and 2nd Lt. Harrison gave the crew their personal support, as did the following subs: Pfc. Arnold, Pfc. Jordan, Pvt. Conley, Pvt. Howes and Pvt. Kosovich. Every man not actually participating in the rowing did his part by standing extra watches so that all members of the crew could attend every workout. The result of eighty-five men striving for a single cause was the splendid victory of our crew.

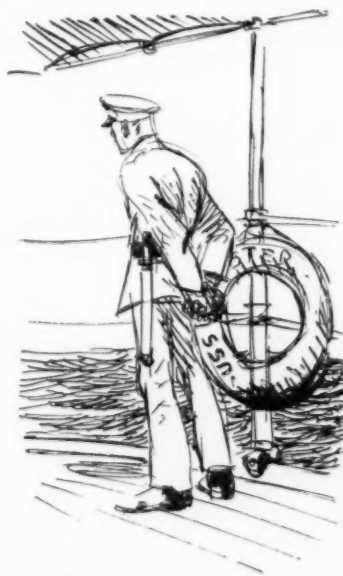
During our stay in San Francisco we received a visit from our old friend, Pat Kavanaugh. For the information of those who have departed from us during the last two years Pat has traded his chevrons for civies and is living in Frisco. Cpl. "Ollie" Morton has done the same and Cpl. "Where's my muscles" George ditto. Cpl. Ed Peirson swapped his blues for those of the strong arms of the law. Cpl. "Chicken" Rimmer is counting the days till E of E up at Sand Point. Sgt. "Boats" Hathorn went out on sixteen and now makes his home in Seattle. Gy-Sgt. Holzworth now favors the FMF at Quantico with his presence. Sgt. L. P. Murphy is on the cold outside and expects to live in Honolulu. Sgt. "Inky" Ingersoll, who left us at Bremerton, is now one of the one-two-three-four boys at the recruit depot at San Diego. Our former police-sergeant "Swayback" Everetts, is same place, same thing. Cpl. "Marv" Jones is also at San Diego as a member of the FMF. First Sergeant Farley is also there filling a sergeant major's

shoes. First Sergeant Daniels has retired on sixteen and is now somewhere in the midwest. Sgt. "Sandbag" Corbin deserted us for a platoon sergeant's billet on the USS. *Ranger*. A whole host of the others have gone as is testified by the fact that there are more men aboard who know Everetts as "that D I" than as police sergeant. So with Best Wishes for the New Year to all, the *Arizona* Marines sign off till next month.

## ARKANSAS TRAVELERS

By Mizell

This column has been missing from THE LEATHERNECK for the last few months. I know that this illustrious Detachment must have many fans, who, on receiving their copy, look in vain for the news of the *Arkansas* Travelers. I, being a real Arkansas



Traveler both by birth and choice, have sworn that this deplorable condition should not exist. If the worse came to worse I would even take over the column myself. Now that has happened and I only hope that the readers do not suffer in consequence.

Since the last account many changes have been made in the personnel of this Detachment and there have been several advancements in rating. Pfc. Ardoin and Privts. Nelson and Jaquest were transferred to St. Julien's Creek, instead of the banks of the Hudson as they had hoped. Now they are talking of buying a canoe and some steel-traps in the hope of swelling their incomes by catching fur-bearing animals that haunt the swamps nearby. Pfc.

Hansen was more successful in getting the post of his choice, he is now at Iona Island, N. Y. We congratulate him. Privts. Shedaker and Shugert were transferred to the Naval Academy Prep School at Hampton Roads, but we hear that Shugert has resigned from the School and is now with the FMF at Quantico. It would be a good one on him should he have to make the Marine Cruise as a Fleet Marine on board the *Arky*. Shedaker is still doing well, we hope.

We have two rated cooks now, Field Cook Mallard and Assistant Cook Keegan, who were lately Pfc. and Private, respectively.

Cpl. Kucharzyk is now a short timer on the ship and by the time this is printed he will have been transferred. I think we shall miss his picturesque vocabulary, which he uses in summoning his relief on the day's guard.

Cpl. "Limey" Knox has been all over the Marine Corps for nearly sixteen years, but has lately been informed that he must be an American Citizen to be a U. S. Marine. "Whadda ya know about that?" Pvt. "Bill" Squires, my erstwhile sidekick, has recently made a trip into Missouri. It was his first time west of Pittsburgh, but he liked the state of mules so well that now his favorite expression is "You gotta show me."

When Pvt. Hood returned from a leave at his home down in Selma, Alabama, he had to go to the hospital for "interior redecoration." An appendicitis operation is no more to Hood than pulling a tooth, so he is already back on duty and as good as ever. Hood is an adept performer in the "Squared circle."

Pvt. Hiers, the mighty "Bull" Hiers, has returned from leave at his home in Florida. I wonder why he always has that "far away look" in his eyes. He never explains.

One company clown, Pfc. Hoye Knight, has just returned from a leave trip through the middle west. He spent five days with the "One and Only" down in the grand old state of Arkansas. Those five days, he says, were too soon passed. I know exactly what he means.

Pfc. John Thatcher is even now on leave in Philadelphia. He had better stay away from a certain little red-head. She is the owner of thirty-five dogs and surely some of them must bite.

Our newest Pfc. were formerly Privts. P. J. Nelson, W. C. Wooddell, White and Hogan. Their new chevrons have been thoroughly "pasted on" and have acquired that proper degree of Saltiness.

A certain quartet of Privates First Class are said to stop at Howard's very frequently for sandwiches, there must be something very interesting there. Pfc. Ling, our popular presser, likes a milk-shake after an evening of exercise, but I wonder why he always gets it at Howard's. I noticed him singing this state's song with alterations

("Carry me back to Virginia"). Perhaps that explains it.

To Cpl. "Chick" Clements should go the latest reward for valor, he has bravely embarked on the turbulent sea of matrimony. We fellows from Dixie especially congratulate him on his good judgment in choosing one of our beautiful Southern Belles. All of us hope, for "Chick" and Ann, lasting happiness and exceeding prosperity.

Sgt. Glover, the "Goon" himself, has lately made a motoring trip to his home in Indiana; one spot he passed through was extremely mountainous. On inquiring, he found that the place was called West Virginia, and upon remembering that the hills of West Virginia is reported to be the hang-out of the well known Wooddell clan he made all possible haste to more distant points. Two of the original Wooddells of West Virginia are members of this detachment and in spite of all argument to the contrary they maintain that their home state is really fairly well civilized.

I often wonder where Cpl. Pender got so many nicknames, he is called "Spuds," "Peanuts," "Crackers" (why not "Cheese," too?) and one, I have lately discovered after a bit of diligent detective work, is "Tovarisch Pendervitehskoffskiwitz." There is an interesting story, connected with his acquisition of that nickname, which I shall set below. As for the truthfulness of the story, I am really in no position to judge, but I confess that the source of the information is to me questionable.

When Pender was a boy in high school he was a young man of high ideals. The famous Five Year Plan in Russia was just beginning and many glowing accounts of it were written by journalists on the scene. "Spuds" read them and was inspired by his high ideals to go to Russia and become a Comrade with the others who believed that Russia could be made, by their sincere efforts, into Utopia. On arriving in Moscow, "Peanuts" decided to change his name and title into the Russian, so Comrade Pender became "Tovarisch Pendervitehskoffskiwitz of Moskva." Soon though, "Crackers" became disillusioned by the inherent poverty and tyranny of Russia, so returning to the

land of his birth, he enlisted in the U. S. Marines and is now Cpl. Pender (If this story sounds like a "fish tale" to you remember that I have warned you to take it with a grain of salt). Next month I shall give you a short biographical sketch about some other Non Com, so stand by.

Pfe. Willis Gladding, our laundryman, has bought himself a motor car and has driven it home on leave to Chicago. That place is called the Windy City. We wonder if he will be able to hold his own in "shooting the breeze" in a gusty place like that.

Who are the three Marines who, together with three local girls, pooled their resources and spent an evening and a grand total of thirty cents at Irwins' Pharmacy recently?

Pfe. "Chief" Stowers has been transferred to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Fla. We hope he will enjoy the balmy tropical breezes and the bright moonlight nights under the palm trees along Pensacola Bay this winter.

Latest additions to this ship's guard are Pfe. True and Privts. Blasingame, Nemeth, Hanson, Winer, Myers, Tinklepaugh, Casey, Stanley, Sherburne and Lee. Besides those, there is Tpr. Topley and Radioman Korunych.

It seems that Pvt. Curt Wilson has the situation well in hand at Woodrow Wilson High School; maybe it is on account of his name.

Pfe. Wooddell and Pvt. Gross have just recovered from bad cases of "hitch-hikers' thumb," having lately toured West Virginia and Kentucky by "air." "Air you going my way?"

This seems to be a pretty good old ship after all. Pvt. Tagmyer has just extended for six more months. Pvt. C. M. "Claude Marie" Shaw is visiting his folks down on Mobile Bay, and Pvt. "Red" Kicklighter is visiting down in Tattnall County, Georgia. He says they raise "peaches" down there. Do you know any Georgia peaches?

A charming bit of the Windy City has been visiting Pfe. Sam Jenkins for several days. Wonder what is Sam's secret for making such a "hit" with the girls?

## MISSISSIPPI MUSINGS

By Bill L. Parham

If you think grinding out this drivel day after day, month after month doesn't get on our nerves then you're farther gone than we are. It all seems pretty hopeless to us, and there are times, we admit, when we feel like throwing it all up and cringing off into some dark and gloomy crevice to suffer in comparative peace. . . . But then we realize that this is practically impossible, for our avid readers would never countenance our withdrawal. Besides they like to read us. And among them, Cpl. Lewis is one of our greatest sources of inspiration. But Cpl. Lewis, we're afraid, has too high an opinion of us. He thinks that we should edit our own news weekly or annually. "Anyway," says he, you should do something." Whether or not this would be profitable, we aren't prepared to say. Still we must confess that this pouring of oil upon our troubled waters, as it were, soothes us no end.

And that reminds us of our trip to Bremerton, which was and is, to some few of us, quite unpleasant. . . . Besides, what have we to be enthusiastic about? Our future, we're afraid, is going to be mighty bitter, with three months to have our ship in ship-shape condition. . . . Nor is that all. To use the words of another, we forgot who, "How can one be gay, when one's heart is elsewhere?" Ours, along with several others we could name, is in Los Angeles county. . . . Finally, no sooner had we put to sea, than she rose up and flung herself about with wanton abandon, so that the ship did roll and pitch and the wind howled with fiendish glee. . . . Well, a little thing like that didn't bother us, we're pretty salty, but we've been recipient of a vast number of recruits, these past few weeks and darn it the confusion was something to marvel at. . . . Sadly enough, when it becomes a question of either do or don't, for the most part they did. And the Cpl. of the guard carried a supply of dill pickles from post to post. Regardless, Privts. Boden, Bramlett, Brumfield, Burch, Delahunt, Dunnam, Fisher, Gregory, Guice, Hamburg, Hyder G. A., Hyder L. E., Odom, Solice H. J., Solice O. W. and Young, we're glad to have you.

It looks like a hard winter and Sgt. Payton has qualms. He's already made several dire prophecies and we're beginning to be a little nervous ourselves. In fact we're on the verge of breaking out our woollens. For we have to raise our voice to high heaven in order to get any steam. Anyway, we're trying to make an "E." So, they plead, a certain amount of self-sacrifice is necessary.

Sgt. Via, however, does not share this enthusiastic effort. Not that he has actually said anything. But we consider ourselves a fair judge of our fellow man and we've detected a gleam in his eye every time this subject is aired. So far, all we can get him to say is, "fine dope." And Sgt. Lange will say that for us any time.

Dmr. Cpl. Holcombe made merry with a young lady of our acquaintance, and now he is sorry. . . . "How was I to know that she was Cain's girl?" he explains, "Can I help it if this damned charm of mine is so fatal?" . . . Cpl. Cain has no comments to make, but he looks bad. And we did hear him say that this reputed charm might be fatal at that.

When a person is promoted, he isn't satisfied until the whole, or at least a large part of the world knows about it. We've been promoted a few (two) times ourselves so we speak with assurance. Con-



Landing Force of USS *Augusta's* Marine Det. going ashore for drill at Dumanquilas Bay, P. I.



sequently, to Pfc. Buschow, Barham, Bivins, Burnham, Attebery, Collins, Guss, Klucker, Schmidt, Steetzen, Rynerson, Niemela, Visser, Perkins and to Asst. cook Copelan, Dmr. 1st. Yoder, finally to Cpl. Parsons our heartiest congratulations. We hope that all of you prove to be deserving. If not, well that can be fixed too.

Our annual dance proved to us that all is fair in love and war. Figure it out for yourself. Everything was great. And only one casualty resulted, but that was enough. A tom turkey was loosed, galloped madly around the hall and the crowd converged. On deployment, a startling discovery was made, nobody had the turkey and no turkey was to be found. Just a few feathers floated accusingly in the air, while the orchestra played Love thy Neighbour. . . . Now with this little thought, we bid you a casual farewell until next month.

## WYOMING MUSINGS

By Doro

We hope you all had a Merry Christmas. From the plans that are going forward at this time, in the Detachment and in all of the Divisions in the Ship it's difficult to picture anything but happiness and good cheer to all. Happiness radiates like heat-waves or sound-waves. Even though you feel down and out you hope that no one else does, and soon you find yourself feeling just as happy and contended as the next fellow. That's the Christmas Spirit—I guess. The mellow afterglow tides us into the New Year and that's why the Marine Detachment of the USS. *Wyoming* confidently wishes all of the Marine Corps an exceptionally Happy New Year.

The season for furloughs made it a season for regular day-on and day-off Guard Duty. Each had his chance at both the duties and the furloughs. For that reason each willingly took what came his way, as also, took what he could get.

Again the roster shows a few changes. Cpl. John L. Northrop, Pfc. John P. Cook, Pfc. William H. George, have completed their sea duty. Arnold D. Ryles and John Mesko are our new Privates First Class. We have one replacement, Pvt. E. W. Ratliff.

"Bud" Shaw, our Carolina master of unusual dance steps, has a Protégé. The master is, at this writing, handicapped. He says that the crop of corns came as a result of Gangway Watches, but observers at the "Y" have another story. Be that as it may, his aforementioned protégé, our aspirant to fame via the grace line, is so enthused as to forego a Christmas Furlough. I'm afraid there's a girl involved. I don't want to sound like an adviser; but, my dear John, from the newspapers you should know that love and a career will not mix.

Little things like headaches and tasteless breakfasts, as well as losing liberty cards, must be included in the checkup of the month's activities. We have no daily newspaper column that picks apart the rough phases of our type of living. No Mary Robinson's nor Dorothy Dix's to diagnose our troubles, to tell us what to do. For one thing no conventional manner of presentation seems sufficiently convincing; besides this is a man's outfit. But just the same a lot of daily occurrences would make interesting reading.

A square gray sentry booth, with a window on each side, decorates the end of our Gangway. It took a lot of persuading to get it built—we couldn't beg, borrow, or steal one. The Ship's Carpenters did a "right smart" job of it. The Gangway Sentry, although he can be watched as well



Saratoga Marine Whaleboat Crew

as watch, now has a warm place to carry out orders, and to keep from freezing on these cold windy nights.

And I take back the comment (made in a recent issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*) about this Detachment being the same as marooned while the *Wyoming* remained in this section of the country. The Ship is confined to the Norfolk Navy Yard. Confined is the proper term because Navy Yards are Uncle Sam's ship clinics. If I may call that an analogy, and then broaden the comparisons, I could call the Yard Workmen the nurses. But that makes me start wondering how this ship managed this long to stay afloat. After all, it does concern us, we live in it.

That's all beside the issue, and to return to the subject of our assumed exile. We are NOT marooned. Perhaps it's a lonely coast and all that, but marooned people do not fall-in for Docking parties, for G.S.K. working parties, for battle station drills, nor do they have access to Taverns. That's why I admit that I was wrong.

## LEXINGTON LEATHER

By Nasif and "Gabby" Greene

The detachment looks like a new one with the seventeen recruits aboard. They consisted mostly of ex-plough jockeys, C.C.C. boys, and ex-army men.

All the old timers are smoking cigars around the quarters. The reason is that some of the chosen men have made PFC.

By the way, Police Sergeant "Soapy Water" Beardsly made Platoon Sergeant, C. D. "Honolulu" Wright and Pfc. "Man About Town" Farley have been transferred to the "garden spot of the world," Honolulu.

San Francisco was even better than we expected. It is almost impossible to exaggerate a story about the new bridge. It is truly a magnificent sight.

The angle irons have been painted white throughout the ship. The Marine compartment cleaner's hair is also turning white trying to keep them clean.

Although the whaleboat crew made a great showing, they missed out on first place. We know this was due to lack of workouts while the ship was at sea.

Some of the poetic fellows have found out to their sorrow that the Brig Log is not the place to expand their talent.

## SARATOGA SCANDAL

The highlight of the past month was the visit to San Francisco for the bridge opening ceremonies. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful or inspiring sight than the slender span stretching across the bay. The city must have entertained royally since regretful murmurs were plentiful as the ship got underway to return to Long Beach.

Our Marine whaleboat crew covered itself with glory by taking fourth place in Fleet Athletic event number seventeen. Consider the fact that the crew lost two men just before the race and it is evident that theirs was a creditable performance. The race was a thrilling one, being closely contested throughout, and the Sara crew was nosed out of third place by a very small margin.

It appears that a few of our number, who have been on board the *Saratoga* long enough to earn the name of "barnacle," are going to be forced to pick out a soft billet at some shore station in the near future. There is an apparently well-founded rumor going the rounds to the effect that McBurnie will shortly step into the shoes of the present police sergeant. And it seems that Sergeant Peterson was unanimously elected as the future coxswain of the whaleboat.

Tother morning at troop the inspecting officer noticed a rather straggly fuzz on the chin of Pfc. Zychal. "Did you shave this morning?" he asked. "I thought I did, sir," was the reply, "but there were ten of us using the same mirror in the washroom this morning, so I must have shaved someone else."

Our Honorable Gunnery Sergeant has been getting himself some publicity in the *Saratoga Plane Talk*. Mustn't let your fans down, Gunny!

## U.S.S. MINNEAPOLIS

Pearl Harbor, T. H.

By N. H. Spellman

On September twelfth, after junketing some 65,000 miles since her commissioning in 1934, the *Minneapolis* tied up to pier 18, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., for an overhaul lasting till 8 December. The ship had just completed firing SRBP in the San Pedro area, and ten members of the detachment



Royal Marine Band Parades for Erie Marines at the Royal Marine Barracks, Devonport, England

drew \$12.00 as prize money each for the first "E" gun on the *Minneapolis*.

Three days after the ship's arrival, twenty-two Marines crossed the Pearl River for the rifle range at Puuloa Point. Pfc. Scott's 319 was the only expert rifle qualification, although there were five experts with the BAR and two with the pistol. Fifteen Marines stayed on the range an extra two weeks to coach those members of the ship's company who could be spared from the overhaul work.

The *Minneapolis* Millers, with Sturgeon, Brumley, and Wallace in the van, have played and won five basketball games since our arrival. King and Greene have been working out with a baseball team which hasn't played a game this season. The most popular sport has been painting the ship's bottom, with tennis, swimming and golf running close seconds.

On the tenth of November, Captain Snedeker, Detachment Commander, and seven members of the detachment celebrated the birthday of the Marine Corps by presenting a skit over station KGU in Honolulu, depicting the recruiting of the first Marines.

Recent promotions are: Sgts. Gagner and Spellman, Cpls. King, Sturgeon, and Whiddon, Pfes. Spotts, Coahran, Shipley, and Dick, Trumpeter First Class Amerson, and Assistant Cook Price.

We lost Pvts. Yates and Lynn to the Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, and expect to lose two more. In return, Pvts. Hora, Eaton, Weits, and Leteiller will join the detachment from the Marine Barracks in the Yard.

#### U.S.S. ERIE MARINES WITH ROYAL MARINES, PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

Since our last write-up much water has passed under the bridge. Most important of all are the promotions of the following privates to Private First Class: Pfc. Friedman, Pfc. Harrington, Pfc. Chambers, Pfc. Cook, Pfc. Parker and Pfc. Tiller.

Navy Day at the Brooklyn Navy Yard was a busy day for this detachment. All guns of the service were laid out for inspection for the visitors' curiosity. Cook, Chambers and Januszewski were there to explain the workings of each gun. The rest of the men acted as guides and es-

corted the visitors around the ship. Our sea-plane was taken off the ship and flew around the Navy Yard for the visitors' benefit.

We rendered honors to the President of the United States on the celebration at the Statue of Liberty on that lady's fiftieth anniversary. Twenty-one guns were fired on the president's passes from Governors' Island to Bedloe's Island and 21 more when he passed by this ship and the USS *Indianapolis* going to New York City. The Marines rendered honors and the sailors manned the rail.

After a busy week loading the ship with provisions and ammunition we stood out to sea on October 31 for Plymouth, England, the first port on our European cruise. The voyage across was rough enough to find out who the old salts were and the ones that couldn't take it. It was a good crossing until we hit the Azores when we dispensed with the mess tables and ate off the deck. The ship rolled thirty-three degrees, so you can imagine how we had to hold on to keep from sliding from starboard to port or vice-versa. There were plenty of pale looking people walking around in circles. Corporal Wallace was being kidded about not being able to take it, but just to show them, he made an appearance at every mess and ate his share, but did he enjoy it? Did he keep it??? Hendrix stood by his mess duties like a veteran although he was pretty well shaken from the rolling, rocking, rhythm of the sea. The boys stood up under it though and took it like real soldiers of the sea.

Land Ho! Boy it looks good. After eleven days of sailing, land loomed up in front of us through the driving rain, and nothing could make us take our eyes off of it until we docked. Salutes of 21 and 17 guns were fired upon steaming into Plymouth Sound. The national salute and the salute to the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport (Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald Drax) were returned by the Eastern Kings Saluting Battery. We were docked at pier one in the Royal Naval Dockyards among the numerous ships of the Royal Navy.

The houses and grounds as seen from the dock were many years old but they looked substantial enough to last for centuries. Although it was raining in torrents nothing could keep the boys from

going on liberty. Just to set our feet on something solid and to be on *terra firma* once again. We certainly had a marvelous time during our stay in Plymouth. A sight-seeing tour was arranged for us and we saw the whole town and suburbs of Plymouth. We were taken to Dartmoor prison in Princetown. This prison was built by French and American prisoners of the War of 1812 and many Americans are buried within its walls. We are indebted to the Royal Marines of Plymouth for most of our good times during our stay in Plymouth. If anyone of the Royal Marines met one of us in a pub (beer garden) he wouldn't let us go unless we had a couple of drinks with him. Although we couldn't drink the town dry, it was sure great fun trying.

The boys that paid a visit to the Marine Barracks were cordially received. We were invited to see the Church Parade that made us tingle with emotion to watch so snappy an outfit go through their ceremony. We certainly felt honored when the band played and marched for our benefit for half an hour. We were bid welcome by the Commanding Officer, Brigadier General Grant and were shown around the grounds, barracks, kitchen. In the officers' mess there is a fine collection of medals, pictures and antiques of the old Royal Marines that would put any museum to shame. We were told the value, place from which it came, and the history of each article by a man who knew his stuff. In this interesting room was a chair used by Napoleon at St. Helena where he was guarded by the Royal Marines. We were invited to a party given by the Royal Marines that was a great success. Beer flowed freely and it was mighty hard for the boys to get to work the next morning. On the following night we were invited to drinks and a song feast at their barracks, and could that Marine play a bag-pipe! The fun that we had and the songs that we sang together will never be forgotten by us. We all have one or more souvenirs that was given us by the Royal Marines which will be cherished as a remembrance of the good will that exists between the two Marine Services.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks for a wonderful reception by the Royal Marines of Plymouth. The memories of the good times we had with them will always be recalled on any mention of Royal Marines. Cheerio.

#### THE QUINCY LANCERS

By "Squire" Wakefield

After a lapse of a couple of months the Lancers are making a bid to return to the columns of this periodical. Although this appearance will find us a bit tardy in Christmas Greetings to our brothers-in-arms, we will be on time, however, for tendering the sincere wishes for a bright and adventurous New Year, just as the past 161 years have been since our existence.

Although the Corps is smaller in numbers than the New York Police Department, we cover an expansive territory, and no matter where in this world you go you will run across one of us some time. Whether it be amongst Minnesota's snow banks or along the Promenade des Anglais in Nice, you will meet a Marine or an ex-Marine. It's the old adage, "Once a Marine always a Marine."

We Lancers consider ourselves a more or less privileged lot. Of the 17,500 some of the Corps, we, 43 of us, were on hand from the start of the Spanish Revolution and for two months took an active part in the evacuation of all Nationals, includ-

#### THE LEATHERNECK

ing 9 Spaniards, from the revolt-torn country to havens of safety. Our ship took aboard 500 refugees of which approximately 350 were American citizens. Among those Americans was one who is well known to Marines—Floyd Gibbons. He had come from the capitol, Madrid, where on the previous Sunday, he had made a radio broadcast to the States. He gave us the lowdown on the situation in terms that were censored in his broadcast. We took him to Marseilles where he was going to give another talk without the censorship. The only other Marines that may have been in the Old World at that time were officers attending the *Ecole de Guerre* in Paris or military observers on the staff of some foreign country.

As interesting as our foreign sojourn was, we were very thankful to find that on the 25th day of September our bow was turned for Boston. We met our relief, the *Raleigh*, at Cape Trafalgar, outside of Gibraltar, and after an exchange of official calls we started on our voyage across the trackless waters of the Atlantic. We arrived here on the 5th of October after one of the most hectic waters that many of us have seen, being buffeted by the tail end of the hurricane that swept up the Atlantic seaboard at that time. Our entry into this port climaxed a shake-down cruise that exceeded the ordinary 10,000 miles by 6,678 miles, besides hanging up new records for trans-Atlantic crossing, making the trip over at the highest rate of speed and the longest sustained speed on record for men-of-war. For a brand new ship it would be proper to say, "And this is only the beginning."

Our stay here will be until the first part of February when we will head for the Golden Sunshine State and join our Squadron, more than likely in time for maneuvers. In view of our brief but arduous service in the Mediterranean, we feel like we have something on them and we will not be novices in the employment of naval strategy.

In the course of our stay here we have made some changes in personnel, namely: Cpl. Jay W. McClarren to the FMF; Dmr. William B. Lawton to Eighth and Eye Streets, Washington; Pvts. Herbert D. Beasley and Thomas A. Fratus to the *Reina Mercedes*, Annapolis; and Pvt. Charles E. Burkin to the barracks here. For the vacancy created by the transfer of Cpl. McClarren, Byron Latimer was decorated with the two stripes, which is news that many of his friends from the Private's Club in Shanghai will be glad to know. In return for the above transfers we received the following from the Sea School: Dmr. Robert J. Walker; Pvts. John W. Bryson, who is an ex-Gob and an ex-Doughboy; George W. Johns, an ex-4th Regiment, who has paraded Bubbling Well Road quite often; Edward T. Kopczynski, fresh from PI; and Edward McCauley, another ex-Doughboy.

Armistice Day found this Detachment afoot in two details in separate parts of Boston as representatives of the regular service. Thanksgiving Day was really a day of thanksgiving, for we were thankful to be back in America where it means something. The 4th of December was the first date to mark as memorable since our date of commissioning, when the Ship's Ball was held at the Bradford, one of the better hotels in this city. It was an occasion that will long be remembered because of the lavish entertainment that was included with a top notch dance orchestra and refreshments in abundance. Incidentally there was a fan dancer in the pro-

gram that got the attention of everybody present, which is only natural to assume that a fan dancer would get all the undivided attention. All due credit for its success should be given to the Ball's Dance Committee, of which First Sergeant Curcey was a member. Of course the curfew bell rang at 1:00 a.m., but that was only a signal for the merry-makers to adjourn to their suites, which many had hired for the occasion, and continue their revelry, all of which was carried on in a most commendable manner. To show their appreciation for the venting of conserved energy, all hands are in anticipation of the next ship's ball.

Of course for the fact that our stay here has been for some time, and will be for a while longer, many of us have taken advantage of a few days leave. Many of the boys who went home came back with additional responsibilities, namely a wife, but that just goes to show you that the Marine's service makes its members consider life from a serious point of view, and upon discharge they will go home to their spouses and carry on their training in bringing up their children with discipline such as other married men are not familiar with. At this time it is considered appropriate that to those who are new in the ranks of matrimony, we, of the old school, give you our best and sincere wishes for health, happiness, and heirs, and may your names be carried on the rolls of some Marine post of the next generation.

## ROPE YARN NOTES

### U.S.S. Salt Lake City

By H. D. Bassett

With the new year we feel very old and forgotten in this seventeen thousand small family, so decide to send forth to a few of the old SLC shipmates a holiday howdyadoo. We wonder at this time how many will remember us and regret leaving the old "Sway Backed Maru." Our memory is not up to the occasion of recalling everyone, so copies of past muster rolls will be our honor list. Should anyone be missed, blame it not upon this bent head, but upon the worn carbon used in those past MRs.

To Captains Pollock, O'Shea, Biebush, and Monahan who have commanded in the past, and to Lieutenants Rottet, Wade, Car-

roll, and High-Sgts. Harrman, Smith, Anderson, Bogart, Maddox, and FMFing Shubert; we extend the best of good wishes for a long and successful cruise. To Swede Carlson, Kozlowsky, Gehring, Red Reavis, Nizer, the two good Ginrys Benedetti and Giamboni, Callaghan, Winterton, Donny Benga, the great Emery, Geary, Schleiger, Locke, McArron, Ellis, W. D. Jones, J. E. Lewis, Chick Rateliff, old Rippy Ripka himself, Felix Jones, Michael, Slats Swain, Patten, Bright, Von Hartmann, Wimpy Prinzen, Kazik, Willy Waters (who once faced this typewriter), Wilkinson, Garnett, J. J. Johnson, Hadley, Granade, Sparks, Davenport, Peronteau, Horvath, Landstrom, and the rest; a hearty "cheerio."

Going back further yet into the hitherland, we find the names of some who will be remembered by only six of the present detachment, but who deserve and herewith receive remembrance. To "Mama" Scott, Joy Hatcher, "Ma" Stowers, bugler Clarke, Pope, Porterfield, Shaw, Smith, Riggs, Newman and Sears, we send the best wishes of Al Stockdale, J. M. (Plat-Sgt now) Rogers, the Champ of Champs Ireland, Bassett, Cooney, and Smashey.

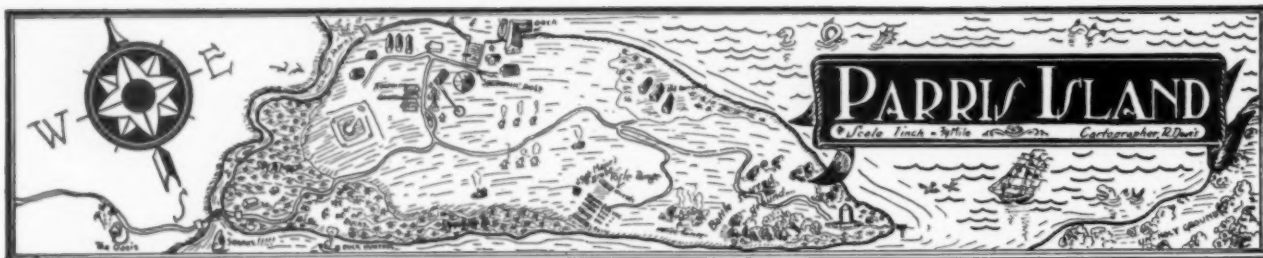
Just in case any of the above should happen to delve so far into the pages as to read this, we should mention, as a matter of policy, just who all these greetings are originating from. So, from the top-sgt.'s latest rolls we name: Captain C. W. Kail at the helm, 2nd Lt. D. M. Guillothe helping navigate, 1st-Sgt. Barnett Hughes, Platoon Sgt. J. M. Rogers, Sgts. Allen F. Stockdale, Aubrey LeB. Davies; Cpls. H. D. Bassett, Joe W. Cooney, W. P. "Memo" Ireland, T. P. "Hairy" Keenan, Jack Liddell; Pfes. Cotton, Griffith, Kimbrough, Kinney, Lewis, McGrath, Owens, Parkman, Price, Smashey, Thompson; Pvts. O'Neal, Cox, Dahlberg, Freitag, Garten, Gibb, Houk, Kalt, Malch, McElroy, Mehl, Munger, Overton, Rogers, Sharp, Shults, Thomas, Thompson, and Woods; Dmr. Willis Fairley and Tpr. G. J. Richmond. That's just the way they answer up at quarters at the start of nineteen thirty-seven.

And so, news being as scarce as Rogers' promotion cigars, we will close by admitting that the printing of everybody's name may not make a lot of good reading, but it is a good memo of those you have known and now live with. And—oh boy! how this list of names can fill the columns.



Great Wall Viewed by a Party from Peiping





**THE** writer spent part of a thirty-day furlough up in the hills of West Virginia. I met several old buddies of the Marine Corps and several other ex-Marines. When you meet one of those fellows, you can know that it will be only a matter of a few minutes until he will be telling you how much he regrets leaving the Corps. I was glad to see everything functioning well after my absence.

Quartermaster Sergeant V. A. Wilson was transferred from this post to Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California, for further transfer to Marine Barracks, Cavite, P. I. Wilson has been at Parris Island since his return from the Nicaraguan National Detachment, Managua, Nicaragua in 1929. We wish him a pleasant tour of duty in the Philippines. He was relieved as Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge of the Purchase Section by Quartermaster Sergeant Dewey Lydick, who recently returned from Shanghai.

Another loss to the Post Quartermaster's department is Corporal Harvey Atkins who was transferred to Norfolk, Va. Mess Corporal Carl Elliott was transferred to Iona Island, N. Y., and Angelo Cail of Signal Complement to Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

A dance sponsored by the Non-Commissioned officers of Aircraft Squadron One was held at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club on November 7th. This dance was well attended by the post

non-coms and civilian guests. We are looking forward to the return of the bird-men next year. They put lots of pep into the dances.

The old orchestra platform in the Non-Commissioned Officers' Club has been taken out and replaced with a new shell-like platform. In addition to enchanting the appearance of the ballroom, the beautiful new platform has brought about a great improvement in the music. The lighting effects arranged by Mr. Cappleman, chief electrician of the post, and the brass rail with fine tapestry combine to present an appearance that reflects the pride of its creators and all club members.

The population of the post increased considerably during the past month. Among the new arrivals are Francis Marion Emerson, Jr., son of Pharmacist Mate and Mrs. Francis M. Emerson; Anna Jean Chaney, daughter of Sergeant and Mrs. Raymond D. Chaney; Gail Patricia Fowler, daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. W. M. Fowler, U. S. N.; Jerry Ledon Strickland, son of Private First Class and Mrs. Henry F. Strickland, and Thomas Lee Ward, son of Sergeant and Mrs. A. A. Ward.

Sergeants Wade H. Lee and Bruce Wilson are standing by with Platoon Sergeant chevrons, waiting to sew those on their sleeves as soon as they get the word that is expected any day. Harvey Griffin, company clerk of Service Company, and John J. Honodel of the Signal Platoon are now wearing new Corporal chevrons.

Some of the boys in the Post Quartermaster's Office are also expecting promotion to Supply Sergeant—in the sweet bye and bye.

In the evening of November 10th, a Birthday Dance was held at the Post Lyceum. The center of the Lyceum was decorated with carmine and gold streamers, and the posts and sides were covered with natural greens. Over the stage was a sign "A HAPPY BIRTHDAY 1775-1936" in carmine and gold letters.

An amateur contest was held at 10:30 p. m. The first prize was awarded to the Marine Corps quartette which represented four periods of Marine Corps history, 1776-1898-1917-1936. These different periods were portrayed by Sergeant Frank Tyree, Private D. L. Fann, Gunnery Sergeant Angelo J. LoGuidice and Sergeant Jackson Rauhoff, respectively, each man wearing the uniform and singing a song appropriate to the period they represented. At the conclusion of the solos, the Quartette sang the Marines Hymn, with all guests joining in on the last verse. The second prize was awarded to a trio composed of Privates Carranza, Rothenberg and McCloskey of Recruit Platoon No. 23.

The feature of the dance was an Armistice Day Tableau. At 1:25 a. m., all lights were turned off; the roar of distant cannon could be heard with the bugler sounding "Recall." After the last shot from the cannon had been fired and the last note of "Recall" had been sounded, the



Scene from Marine Corps Birthday Dance, Parris Island



Platoon 22, Parris Island, Instructed by Plat. Sgt. Slusser and Cpls. Lewis and Metzger

curtains on the stage parted, revealing a Marine standing by the grave of a departed comrade. The words, "Lest We Forget" showed against a starry sky. The bugler sounded "Taps" while the Marine presented arms. At the conclusion of "Taps," he brought his rifle to

the order and stood meditating over the loss of his buddy while the pianist played "Memories."

At the conclusion of the Tableau, the orchestra played the National Anthem, bringing to a close one of the best dances held at this post for many years. Mr.

Fred Cappleman, Chief Electrician who conceived and arranged the Tableau is to be commended along with Master Technical Sergeant Joseph Steinsdoerffer and First Sergeant William A. Jordan for their fine work that made the dance such a success.

## West Coast News

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 2nd MARINE BRIGADE, FMF.

ON the 1st day of November, Corporal Kenneth W. Altfather, our "professional" photographer, returned from furlough. After hearing him tell of the things he had accomplished, we take it for granted he had a swell time.

Added to our already increased strength, comes Herbert C. Zabel, Jr., private from Battery F. Zabel relieved Sullivan, William J. J., private, who had been transferred sometime before to our company.

Paymaster Sergeant Charles B. Lundmark went on furlough and on his return was presented with a transfer to the FMCR Class (II) d. His temporary address will be General Delivery, Phoenix, Arizona. Good luck to you, "Happy."

Corporal Vincent Kleponis, one of the star football players on the Base team, was transferred to our Company, relieving Sgt. Leon Kohn, who was transferred to the Base Service Company.

Corporal Samuel I. Ming, who works in the Base Clothing Room, was discharged on the 6th of November and re-enlisted on the 7th. Corporal Ming was awarded the Good Conduct Medal Bar with an Honorable Discharge.

Major Jesse L. Perkins assumed command of Brigade Special Troops, relieving Major Edward A. Craig, who is Brigade Adjutant. Major Perkins joined on the 9th of November from Hq. Co., 1st Marine Brigade, Quantico, Virginia.

#### HEARD ABOUT THE SQUADROOM:

"I'm so darn tired, it's pitiful." Cpl. Coates.

Imitations of Sassafras' "Umm-O-o-h Waai."

Rhody Payne, being referred to as "Midas."

#### Shots at Random

Pfc. John Otis O'Sullivan Coe bucking. He shined his shoes.

Pfc. Henry Barksdale reading literature from every Engineering School in the country. Going to be an engineer, Henry?

Pfc. Beverly N. Stanaland "ejjeuatin" himself for the cruel "outside."

Pvt. Donald Hanson actually shaving close.

Pfc. Ernest Courtney strutting around like a "short timer."

Pvt. Ray Graham still holding bunk fatigue.

Found on the squadroom floor was a small piece of paper revealing the literary efforts of some future O. Henry. Contents of such were:

Destined to be an Engineer,  
His brain with fury wracked  
To find a way to C. T. C.,  
Oh Henry, take off your pack.

Pfc. Walter N. Dixon, Jr., was given a furlough transfer to the Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia. En route he will visit his family in New Bern, North Carolina.

### COMPANY "A" 1ST BATTALION

#### By Two Bits

P. Sgt. Andrew Bertko, Jr., is the owner of a copy of the last issue of the *Daily Citizen*, Vicksburg, Miss., dated Thursday, 2 July, 1863, which is printed on the back of wallpaper due to the shortage of news-printing paper in those hectic days. This one-page paper lists mostly war news and the high cost of living. In those days corn sold for \$10.00 a bushel, flour at \$5.00 a pound, molasses at \$5.00 a gallon, etc. Mention of President Lincoln, whom they called a mongrel, and the behavior of the local military (their own) which was not very complimentary, are some of the highlights printed in that last issue.

In the battalion miniature landscape (.22 caliber) firing competition, the company as a whole placed second while the best individual squad award went to Cpl. W. H. Johnson and his men, S. L. Srader, A. E. Russell, C. L. Davidson, L. B. Burkey, J. H. O. Griffin, L. L. Longino, and G. R. Taylor. Markings were based on the following: quality of orders issued by squad leader; control of fire; fire discipline maintained; time required to obtain effective fire; percentage of hits on the target. Two boxes of cigars were distributed among all the company contestants. The Umpires were: Captains C. C. Coffman and H. G. Newhart, and 1st Lt. C. E. Shepard, Jr. Nine problems, as similar as possible and involving distributed fire, were executed, one by each squad.

Extended liberty to all who went to Los Angeles for the Marine vs Loyola University football game. Fifty-nine A Co. men took advantage of this opportunity, traveling by bus, train, or what have you, Srader?

The following week at Lane Field, Marines vs U. S. C. Ramblers, who was it that could not find the gate and chose the hard over-the-fence-way to enter although he had a season ticket? Strand of barbed wire slightly disabled our pigskin hero. The

following week came the Big Game for the championship of San Diego with the largest number of rooters present. All sports writers agreed that this "home game" was the best of all. Our company trio, Lt. H. R. Amey, Jr., and Pvt. R. L. Roundtree, and G. R. Miller made headlines for their outstanding performance.

On Navy Day the base was open to the public from 0900 to 1600. Every organization had an appropriate display on the lawn in front of their barracks while the artillery and anti-aircraft units displayed their "wares" along the center of the parade ground. Company D had machine guns (.22 cal.) in position on the miniature landscape range where civilians were permitted to fire. The ladies were thrilled being machine gunners and Mother Underhill walked off with the highest honors having demolished a bridge and one entire village in short order. The "enemy" didn't have a chance. The A Company display consisted of two parts. In front of barracks No. 4 we had under canvas one complete field kitchen and store tent with supplies, water tanks, mess tables and all the utensils necessary to feed a company in the field. In front of our own barracks 6-W a rolling kitchen and water tank, a lyster bag, pile of wood for the kitchen. Four mess cooks in appropriate uniform were on duty throughout the day with each display.

On 7 November the entire battalion moved out to the Camp Kearney Combat Range. The camp is located at the foot of a mountain range which was used as a natural butt during the musketry and combat firing. There were installed stationary, moving, and suddenly appearing and disappearing targets representing the enemy in various positions and formations. Firing was done from various ranges all of which made the work more interesting, especially the invisible targets. The number of hits made, together with several other important facts were taken into consideration by the judges when awarding marks and percentages.

The weather man was kind, although for two weeks it was too hot for comfort, but the nights offset that considerably. A three day dust storm in the camp area made local griffins uncomfortable but old Peiping and Tientsin Marines were very much "at home." Only a few drops of rain fell in the camp while San Diego was blessed with

a near rain storm which flooded the streets.

The very first day of musketry firing (10 Nov.) the targets were practically made "unfit" for further war games by the first platoon. Plat. Sgt. L. S. Meeks of B Company was very much displeased because he was in charge of the target pasting detail and had to work overtime. The A gang went after the "enemy" with such a vengeance that Carl Doelker said "Gee, I can hear the bullets go through the targets." Pvt. W. H. Powell would very much like to know who "hit" him on the nose.

For three days Major General Breckinridge was an interested spectator during combat firing by riflemen, machine gunners and howitzer gang. Pvt. E. V. Foresman was a Yuma, Arizona, visitor. We were under the impression that California was the original orange blossom state. Cpl. B. P. Baldwin went to Tin Juana to spend the week-end with his sister.

P.-Sgt. Andrew Bertko, Jr., won a 15-pound turkey at the Fox Theatre. He had the lucky number, his lady friend now has the bird. Sgt. and Mrs. William Wallace, Jr., moved to the Bay-View district which has a million dollar view of the bay, Marine Base, North Island and Point Loma and considered the de-luxe home location. Sgt. R. W. Wilkins and Bertko have gas and oil trouble, they are never on the "camping ground" after liberty call, the latter in his spare time manipulates the moving and disappearing targets from a bomb-proof shelter somewhere out in the wilderness.

Warm weather and lots of sunshine has its disadvantages. The medical and quartermaster department had their hands full in the unscheduled "combat" against Mr. and Mrs. house fly; the former combatants gaining the upper hand on the fourth day of their engagement. Result: The most sanitary camp we had the pleasure of living in.

The camp acquired a goat as mascot, where he came from or who the owner is, no one knows. One sentry claims that the coyotes chased the goat into camp one night and ever since Mess Sgt. T. W. Wallace, Jr., has had a star boarder who takes care of all the left over green vegetables, thus gaining weight rapidly and for obvious reasons refusing to leave.

Overhauled at the Naval Hospital were Pts. James R. Ferguson, Frank Chliek,

and Kenneth McKenzie, Jr. The work well done they returned to the company just as good as new material shipped from the factory.

Set some extra plates, we're having guests for our party. The following joined the company who will participate in the "outing": Pvt. Golden B. Branch from the MD, USS *Chester*. Pfc. Richard H. Rixon, from MD, USS *California*. Pfc. Eugene M. Emge from MD, USS *Argonne*. The following trio from the MD, USS *Arizona*; Tpr. Iel Malcolm B. Campbell, Pts. Jack Gresham and Orian M. Henderson. From MD, USS *Chicago* came Ptes. Woodrow W. Baker and Floyd L. Groshong. Short time from the MD, USS *California* is Cpl. Ralph L. Minkler a civilian by New Year and at home at Point Loma. No corner bunks were available for the additional Asiatics so they took what was left which was much better than the "Hendy" whence they come: Pfc. Reider Carlsen, and Daniel J. Pitzel, Pts. Byron A. Anderson, Lamar A. Bryan, Hartwell W. Ballard, and Edward G. Dahlstrom. Company D was slightly crowded so Pts. James C. Salency and Charles W. Sheets took up quarters in the A dormitory. From the local RD came the one and only slightly underage Pvt. Elias D. Wotzak, give him time for we were all young and inexperienced once.

Promoted: Mess Cpl. W. T. Wallace, Jr., to the rank of mess sergeant. Congratulations.

Once upon a time a young princess lost her way on the Kearney Mesa. It was night time and seeing a light shine in the distance, she had hopes that it was some kindly rancho where she could obtain information of her whereabouts. Arriving at her destination she found it to be a canvas covered "building" with a lone lantern giving weak illumination but with not a soul in sight. In the distance she saw what appeared to be hundreds of tents, dark, quiet and forbidding. Then suddenly out of nowhere into the lantern light stepped a giant Marine sentry who was as much surprised as the poor lost princess. The latter with an ear splitting scream turned and disappeared in the darkness while the sentry's vocal chords gave forth the customary regulation call "Corporal of the guard, post number three."

HAPPY NEW YEAR 1937.

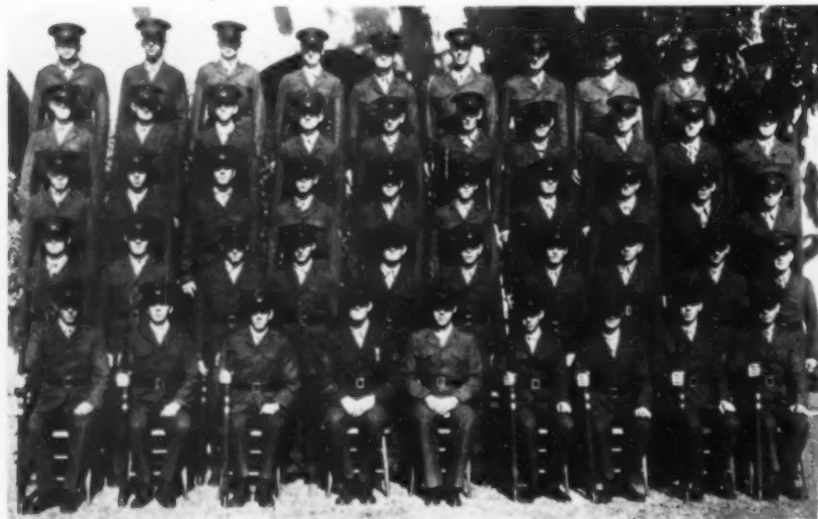
## RECRUIT DEPOT—MARINE CORPS BASE

By John A. Walters

The personnel of the Recruit Depot is suffering from a guilty conscience from the way turkey flesh was abused here on Thanksgiving. Many, many pounds of that All-American Bird were consumed here at a feast royal. Aside from the splendidly prepared and splendidly served dinner added color was evident in that most of the permanent personnel brought guests (their wives and sweethearts), and a good time was had by all.

Still, it is not all feasting here at the Depot these days. There are four recruit platoons under training to date, and a fifth filling, and near a hundred men are in Sea School, receiving training, awaiting transfer to sea.

The new barracks for the Recruit Depot are rapidly taking shape. The Depot at the present has only a finger hold on number one barracks; two NCO rooms, office space, and the receiving barracks. There was a time when the Depot filled barracks one,



Platoon 24, San Diego. Instructed by Corporals D. R. McGrew and P. S. Krisch



two, and three, but the post had enlarged until the Depot has been pushed out of the barracks into tent city. With the completion of the barracks now under construction the Depot will have a home of its own.

Within the past few months many new faces have appeared in the personnel of the Depot. The newcomers are: Sergeants George R. Ingersoll, Fred J. Iversen, Joseph J. Karynaske, George A. Shaffer, Darrel S. Staley, and Hubert F. Billingsley; Corporals: Edward R. Browne, Mervin H. Craig, Ernest Jessen, Raymond W. Mann, Ralph H. Newman, Lewis W. Voss, and Anderson C. Ware; and Private First Class Charles C. Russo.

Some of the more recent promotions in the Recruit Depot are: John A. Burns exchanged his Platoon-Sergeant chevrons recently for the stripes of a First Sergeant. Henry Kane is now a Mess Sergeant. Corporal John A. Walters, Pfc. Frank C. Regan, and Pfc. Maurice "C." Beal received their respective warrants recently.

Corporal Robert E. Schmidtman, Chief Clerk in the Sergeant Major's Office, is ordered to relieve Sergeant Charles J. Rose as recruiting sergeant here at the Recruit Depot, and will receive a recruiting sergeant's warrant for that duty. Sergeant Rose is sailing for Asiatic station on the next transport.

## BATTERY G (155-MM GUNS)

By E. W. Hepford

After traveling over three thousand miles by land and sea, G Battery seems to be entirely prepared for action, both military and otherwise. In fact, the only deficiency might come under the heading of journalism, which is unfortunate but not a part of artillery, technically speaking.

From the time of our arrival in the greatly overrated state of California (popular feeling of we eastern Marines), parade preparation has been the chief concern of the battery. However, all the anxiety, work, and effort was forgotten over the Thanksgiving Holidays. Even our first and only parade which marked the climax of our transcontinental maneuver in the way of an objective, passed with little difficulty. All the maintenance activity of the battery being completed, the organization is again functioning on a military plane with a new feature involving boating, serving as variety.

Socially, the orientation of the battery has not been successful or commendable. The chief reason for the failure is undoubtedly due to the vast differences between the West and East Coast Marine Bases, which further proves that the east is east and never the twain shall meet, or what have you? Fundamentally, money is scarce or easier to spend, and the Navy is really competition. As a direct result of these handicaps and unfamiliarity, we find Stanley Pytel, better known as "Bull," attending a taffy pull which is really funny. Even the great C. B. Coke finds that his technique was more appreciated in Norfolk and Baltimore. Yes, and many of us are not ashamed to admit that the East would look plenty good, especially for the Yuletide Season.

We are really not ready to admit defeat from this social angle for we realize that it takes awhile to become sun-kist with all the cold and fog prevailing. Consequently, time will tell if the traditions of G Battery will be maintained.

January, 1937

# SECOND BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

By G. H. B.

**B**EFORE we venture into the official activities of the Second Battalion it is only proper that we congratulate the Marine Corps Base football squad on smashing the City of San Diego football title into the "mug" chest for the year of 1936.

Armistice Day of 1918 has seen the termination of a great war; still in '36 it saw the start, finish and fall of an undefeated but tied team. San Diego State with the best outfit in years, fell before Marine Corps power to the tune of 14-0 lacing. It was the best game of the year (to us). Since that important fray, State seems to be "copping" a title for themselves, having recently conquered Santa Barbara State in a 9-8 thriller, and holding off Whittier at the last moment to assume the Conference Championship, by a 19-14 score. Congratulations, State!

The "voice in the wilderness" has been stilled. The entire Battalion was back on the Base in time for dinner on the eighth. It was very pleasant to stow mess-gear and get back to "China." For some reason or other food doesn't taste the same out of mess-gear as it does out of dishes. The "chow" at Camp Kearney was as good as could be expected under the circumstances. Variety wasn't exactly the key-note, but consider the fact that water had to be hauled five miles and you can easily understand the difficulties that the culinary staff encountered. It was a hard job well done.

Now we arrive at the part of this article for which all members of this command can be justly proud. Considering the terrain that was fired over, the inexperience of many in this type of firing and the total absence of mishaps of any kind, it reflects credit to teachers and students alike. The ground work of

safety was carefully laid down to the intelligence of all concerned. You may sew back on all buttons.

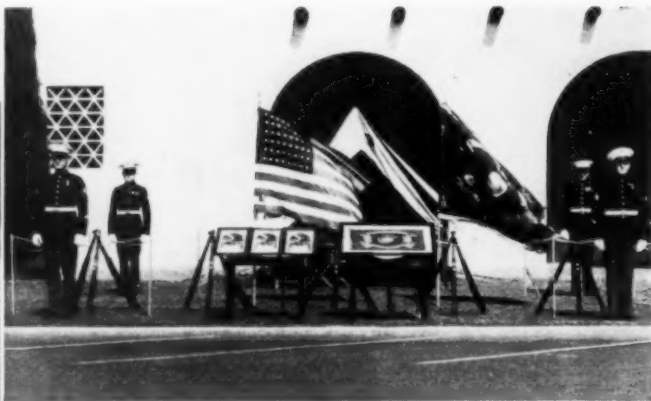
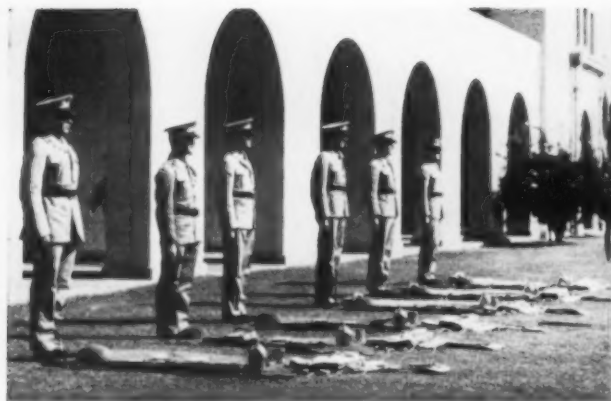
Thanksgiving! That delightful season of the year known to all as feasting time. The menu read like a political victory banquet's. And it was every bit as tasty. It is only fitting that Charlie "Masked Marvel" Nisson and his staff of cooks and messmen be heartily commended for a hard job well delivered. The beauty of it all was the time allowed for the necessary recuperation. Liberty commenced at 1530 on Wednesday, the 25th, and expired at 0645 on the 30th, a four day interlude.

During our stay at Camp Kearney, it was only natural that the cleanliness and proficiency of the Battalion become a little rusty due to inactivity. The first three days after our return were spent in getting everything ship-shape for Base and routine work. To prove our preparedness and to demonstrate just how easily lack of drill can be eliminated, we hit the annual Armistice Day parade in full stride. Full winterfield, combat packs and "tin hats" was the uniform of the day. All available units participated.

Battalion athletics, temporarily suspended by training, resumed their terrific clip toward a fast and final finish. Various whale-boat crews will be up on their stuff in no time at all, now that work has been combined with pleasure. There should be a law, because the crew that is defeated ought to have the consolation of watching the victorious coxswain battling the "waves" to the beach. The rancor of running second best is easily removed in this charming fashion. We aren't putting out any secrets, but one company has already welched. And were the losers disappointed? You should ask! I guess the salt of the water and the oil of his hair wouldn't mix very well. Or perhaps if a Coast Guard Cut-



Exhibit, Navy Day, MCB, San Diego



Exhibits, Navy Day, MCB, San Diego

ter happened along that way, they would immediately raise a hue and cry that a submarine had made its final and permanent descent. Imagine! In twenty feet of water.

Just because the present football season is so erratic is no good reason why the "dark-horse" in the soft ball race should so blow up. Company E having poured it to H who, if I'm not mistaken, manned the Battalion baseball team that walked off with the Base championship. Vallejo papers please copy! Company G still has the edge in the volley ball race and looks like a sure winner in that particular field of endeavor. Headquarters Company seems to have the tennis and handball titles sewn up. Time alone will reveal facts concerning the other branches of sports indulged in.

In a few days the Christmas season will be on us, full blast. Last year if I remember correctly, I urged all "youse guys" who are fortunate enough to have folks that you respect and love, to consider those unfortunates who have lost theirs in the years gone by. Those packages that flood the Base postoffice have just as much appeal for them as for you. "Share the wealth" may be a little communistic but it has its good points on the little things in life. You'll feel much better, mentally and physically if you do just that. Let's try to make this one of the happiest holidays of our lives, and the best way to accomplish this is through charity, which incidentally, begins at home.

So then in the name of the fellows of the Second Battalion, let me wish all Marines everywhere, buddies who haven't time to write, sweethearts that wonder why Johnny hasn't written, the very merriest Christmas and the happiest of New Years. I just can't forget the first Christmases that were spent at home. Vividly I recall that old Christmas poem that started like this:

"Twas the night before Xmas and all through the house." Still, I liked the last line best which if I remember correctly went like this:

"And to all a goodnight."

## FIRST BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

Headquarters Co., 1st Battalion, 6th

By R. A. Waage

Sgt. Maj. William "Old Faithful" Paul returned from an eighty-day furlough in time to transfer to class 2-d, FMCR. San Diego was chosen as his future home. Good

luck to you, the latch key is out on the main gate, do come and see us parade some Friday afternoon.

Life in this Camp Kearney (combat range) may not be what the medico ordered, what with cool nights, hot days and an occasional dust storm, but the Hq. Co. gang know how to take it. With all the facilities and equipment on hand it is no wonder that the chow is so good, especially the Italian spaghetti dinners put out by our chef C. H. Brady.

Our skipper, Captain C. C. Coffman left camp very suddenly. We hope that his stay at the U. S. Naval Hospital will be a short one. The coyotes now may again roam freely without fear in the vicinity of our camp.

The visual gang, Cpls. Travis Shaw and G. W. Johnson, and Pvt. Waage has been absorbed by the wire section, along with Pfc. J. I. "Ide" Henderson and Pvt. C. B. Morse of the message center. Cpl. Shaw, Pfc. Henderson, and Pvs. Morse and Waage are holding down the "Boondocks" as range guards.

The intelligence section has been invading the forest primeval around here, mapping each hill and dale for future battalions to play "hide and seek." The domain of the rabbits and coyotes are daily invaded by Sgt. H. J. Kummer, Cpl. J. G. Muir, Pfc. A. T. Sassiadek, and Pvs. C. F. Klug and R. A. Short. The sweat is even dropping from the manly brows of our office staff Pfc. A. B. Woodruff, and Pvt. S. J. Chiappetta in the battalion office. In the company office pounding the keys is Pvt. E. J. "Fighting" Orem with P-Sgt. J. Johnson supervising in the capacity of acting 1st Sergeant.

About the time this appears in print, Christmas furloughs may (?) be enjoyed by Pfc. G. S. Bursell who has a reserved seat for the big game in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena. Others hoping to be among those present are Cpl. C. F. Gentileore, Pfc. G. S. Bursell, J. I. Henderson, and A. B. Woodruff. Pvt. A. V. Dorgan is our mail orderly for the entire battalion and is the most popular male about camp when he delivers the "goods." Another famous Hq. Co. man is Pvt. S. J. Chiappetta, the one and only in the brigade who owns a plane (Taylor Cub). Traffic jams or distance never worry this flying Marine, who could if he chose go home every day on regular liberty pass. The landing field is within a stone's throw of the camp and when he is in the Base, the famous Lindbergh Field is practically in the front yard.

Two of our radio men, Pvs. R. T. Hill and J. P. Walters, have temporarily changed their ratings to electricians and are swap-

ping the night watches to keep the camp aglow. They are under the supervision of Sgt. Jerome "Eagle-eye" Hieronymus. Pvt. E. B. Sweeney is taking a much needed rest cure at the U. S. Naval Hospital along with Pvt. J. M. Hallman who is also amongst the fair nurses—which might be the reason that he doesn't want to get well. . . .

Sgt. Joseph Konapka has been answering to the call of "Orderly" during the recent visit of Major General Breckenridge from the Department of the Pacific. Pfc. L. E. Aleumbrack, G. S. Bursell, Pvs. G. A. Little, and R. A. Marvin expect to be very busy at the end of our three weeks "camping trip" here. Their work will consist of reeling in many miles of telephone wire, thirty miles to be exact, strung over the whole countryside, wires, wires everywhere—oh me oh my. Company ace of carpenters is Pfc. Gennero Deaiso who turned out to be a plumber par excellent—our error. Thanks to our company commander the camp is able to boast of an up to date "barrel shower," streamlined and so convenient in this state of perpetual sunshine.

## SECOND BATTALION, TENTH MARINES

Second Marine Brigade, F.M.F.

From out of the West comes the Cannoneers with the "fuzzy" ears, with greetings, salutations, and what have you to our friends and former cannoneers. Most of our vacationers are back from hither and yon, and the new routine with whaleboats and landings will be a pleasant change.

Among the "Newcomers" to our ranks are Private First Class Cutchin, who joins us from G Battery, and is now working as Battalion Clerk; Privates Morton, Lawson, and Eder joined us from the USS New York; Privates Abbott, Andrew and Judd from the aircraft carrier Lexington. We welcome all of them to our fold.

Let's shove off to firmer and smoother ground and see if we can scare up a small amount of what is commonly known as "scuttle butt." And now we have in this corner none other than "I'mforlandon Mercurio," whose famous expression is, "No book larnin for me." Is it because it's written in English, "Wop?"

This sure would be a cold and cruel world if it wasn't for some of our amorously inclined chaps, especially when they give up horse-racing and handball for such things as writing love poems and letters. I still don't believe that about Barton and Carpenter. But wasn't it that famous philosopher "Speedy Allen" who said "Actions speak plainer than words?"

THE LEATHERNECK

Our three "Must-get-theirs," "Reveille" Weldon, "Minute-Man" Murray and "Bouncer" Kennedy are gaining quite a reputation in certain circles as Casanovas of the sterner type.

And it is rumored that Cupid has found his way through this very hard outer crust of a certain "Casanova" in our midst but the writer does not feel it in due form to divulge his name in this writing, but will let you in on the secret some time soon.

Advance information is that D Battery will lose their genial skipper, Captain Eugene H. Price, who goes to the USS *Pensacola*. The Battalion will lose a Number One Battery Commander, and the men will lose a darned good Skipper. So is fate "Our loss and their gain."

Our Marine vocabulary is being increased to the extent of such words as "thwart," "fender," "stern sheets," and a dozen other puzzlers.

Still shoving off to still more firmer ground and incidentally more puzzling we ask you: "Why does a Marine after spending a week-end in Los Angeles, inquire as to the merits of the jewelry stores of our fair city? Is she a blonde, Wells? Or is it a new form of "High Finance?" If so please give the dope to Jason as he is badly in need of a new form of such, having used all the old methods.

After an elapse of a century, two near relatives of "Rip Van Winkle" have been found, none other than "Gabby" Franklin and "Twinkletoes" Hill. An interview will be sought if and when we can catch them awake (other than at chow time).

For "All-American Bow Man" we nominate none other than "Baby Face" Cruise, for that honor. Gossip has it that when said gentleman was told to "Kiss the oar" he proceeds to do so, but not in accordance with naval regulations, after much sputtering his comments were: "I never did like that variety of wood." Barton is still denying he started that rumor, but can we take him at his word?

"Now get those feet together with a bang" Isham is seen walking around with a pensive look; is it China, Isham?

The gold lined cuspidor goes to Sergeant Tinar this month. Sergeant Tinar is noted for three things, his humor, his criticism, and last but not least, his marksmanship (he shot 313). He has no alibi for his shooting, other than the fact that when he cleaned his rifle after firing for record he found that a bee had been making honey under the front sign cover.

It's amazing even to the scribe to see so many remarkable personalities in this battalion, but we'll save a few of them for our next installment.

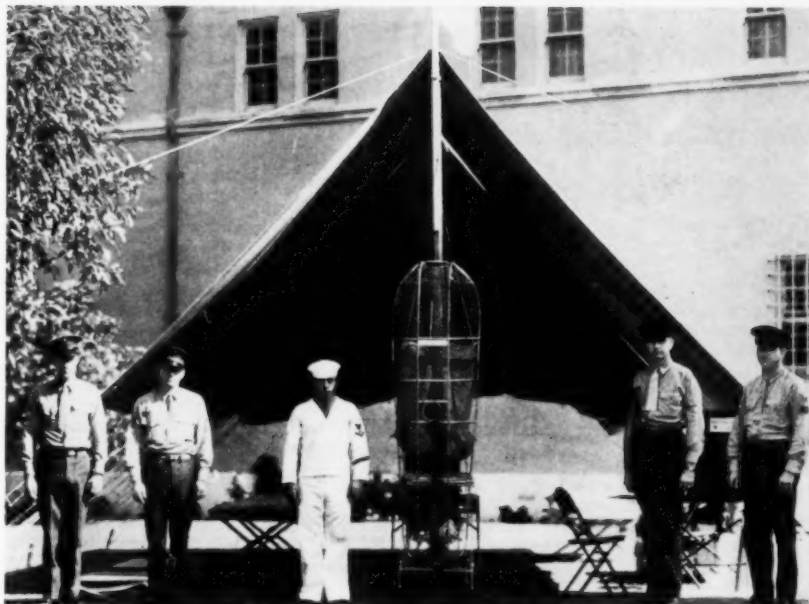
As per usual the battalion is in the best of spirits, and thus we'll sign off with the famous battalion hymnmmmm "Until the Roses Bloom Again On Old Camp Kearney."

## BATTERY F, SECOND MARINE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION Second Marine Brigade

By Duff and Jake

The pages of many books, magazines, and newspapers have been filled with the feats of famous Marine Corps characters, but the personnel of F Battery have been slighted. Realizing the disparity of this, the skipper turned two of the battery busy-bodies to, to dig up the dope on all the boys and bring it into public notice. After much cajoling and even bribery—many beers—we have gathered enough to keep a sleepy jury wide awake.

The battery leather-pushers have been on



Exhibit, Navy Day, MCB, San Diego

the go swinging for the Base smokers and doing a turn for the Elks smoker uptown. "Butch" Burgess the "Buckeye Battler" has taken the headlines in the last two smokers and swung into a decision in the main go at the Elks "Father and Son Night." "Dutch" Horn, who learned to "Hoist his dukes" on New York's East-side and Kid Koval, the Hoosier Hot Spot met at the Elks for a three round bout after a build-up at Base Smokers. Tony Gasper the Nebraska "Wild Cat" has proven a favorite with the fans because he will always give them a scrap. "Pug" Skelton, the Seattle "Slugger" has just joined the battery from Sea School to swell the ranks of our boys of the squared circle. He will show his wares in the next smoker. "Bud" Pensyl, the Bedford "Bad Man" has been at work on the track and on the boys to get back in shape. He used to belong to a stable of fast boys in Pennsylvania.

Corporal Simosko, a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., where wintry winds blow thought he'd skip to Mission Beach and have his picture snapped while in swimming togs, so he could show the folks back home what wonderful weather California offers during the winter months. That task completed, he thought a nice swim would climax the afternoon so in he went. Certainly would liked to have witnessed his embarrassment. He was swept out to sea by a rip-tide. Alert life guards rescued him from his peril, and he clipped a write up out of the San Diego *Union* the following day.

Our high paid specialists are working with the Engineers and a Navy dredge. They have dredged enough bay bottom out to let the FMF Fleet in to the new dock. Corporal Bob Gilbert, the guiding light of the crew, took charge of the pump motor. Chick Dannler, latest promoted specialist, Little Fred Hefley, Allan Steed, and the grand old man, Dad Loden, did the dirty work. It was only the best of motives that occasioned the only mishap in the dredging operation. Dad Loden was so engrossed with the task before him that he walked off the dredge into a boat that wasn't there and subsequently went into the drink. He

was saved by his ability to dispel the water that he had taken in. We have Corporal Gilbert's word for it—he was spouting like a whale when he came up.

The Good Ship USS *Chaumont* deposited on our shores the personnel and the big guns of our colleagues in misery, G Battery. The "Big Bad Wolf," "Popeye" and "Mae West" have been given a new coat of paint and also new names and put on parades. Several test runs were made on the "Quadrangle" before it was deemed strong enough to hold them up.

The personnel of F Battery welcomes G Battery with great enthusiasm, because it's less guards and working details for us.

Promotions were made in the upper brackets of our organization recently. Gunnery Sergeant Harter reached out and grasped a set of bursting bombs, while Platoon Sergeant Klein made Top Kick. Sergeant Bradley joined the ranks of the third pay grade, making platoon sergeant. Congratulations, Mr. Harter, First Sergeant Klein, and Platoon Sergeant Bradley. The cigars were good to the last puff.

Boat drill is on the schedule every week. During the first drill, we were as skillful with the oar as Donald Duck is with the typewriter, but we showed promise. During the later drills improvement has been shown, and by spring we will be able to qualify as real oarsmen. The second lieutenants, Kilmartin, Murray, and Roll are instructors and the non-coms coxswains. Its crew is composed of PFC's and privates who growl about being galley slaves. But after it is all over and blisters are healed they don't mind it at all. Crews are being organized within the battery just in case we receive a friendly challenge from some of our brother Marines.

A man never grows old as long as he remains a Marine. Take for example our gunnery sergeants and sergeants who are seen often garbed in sporty clothes, taking off for a round of wine, women, and song. Next day finds them as spry as the proverbial youngsters.

John Hylas and Sergeant Ruona were turned back on their picking of grid win-



ners when Northwestern dropped Minnesota, but plenty of the boys who had the dope straight are still paying for that 26-6 victory of Notre Dame over Northwestern.

Privates Lewis Smith, Autry, Skodopole, and Woy are back with us after spending the summer at Optical School in Washington. They have some interesting reports on things you can locate through a range finder.

Dan Sadler has gone to the home town, Bowie, Texas, on a thirty day furlough. It is whispered about that they have installed a new sheriff there.

Corporal Wallace Smith trekked to the Pelican State for a visit with the home folks over the Christmas Holidays.

Upon our arrival at Barracks 3, June 10, 1936, everyone complained about the double deck bunks. Now that we've been settled for several months, we find that the double deckers are really handy. During the Army and Navy game, space for foot lockers was at a premium around the radio. Those not fortunate enough to get a foot locker climbed to the top side of the double deckers where they could holler and bounce around putting more reality into the affair.

#### Stray thoughts of a Dope:

Corporal Coleman in an oriental costume  
Plow Point W. C. Smith enjoying music  
by Guy Lombardo

A game of set-back or hearts without an argument

Bull Landrith as the best dressed Marine  
Dad Loden shooting 275 on the rifle range  
Washington's Wop, West, not being able to holler

Corporal Ventress and Private Tucker out on a date

Chick Craft and Tizzolino attending the show at the base as Marines

Joe Jenkin's sporting blood aroused by a game of marbles

Private Deck on the cash and carry basis  
Corporal Brooks staying home since the nudist colony closed

Sandy McMurphy with the pep of a youngster

Hillbilly music coming over the radio, and numerous other noises have created a whirlwind in our empty heads so we will have to sign off, and for the next effort we will journey to the boon docks where only the buzzing insects and night owls will disturb us.

## 2ND CHEMICAL COMPANY, 2ND MARINE BRIGADE

By "Umby"

This is our monthly contribution to THE LEATHERNECK:

From the sun-kissed land of southern California we wish all our old comrades-in-arms a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The "Gas House Gang" is the proud possessor of 20 new stream-lined mortar and ammunition carts. All we need now is about 20 more stream-lined Marines to help pull them.

It seems that Sgt. Willie (Music goes round) Wages and his stooge G. C. Winge, of the Georgia Winge's, made a reconnaissance party, and much to everyone's surprise Winge turned out to be a lover of Nature. He fed the fish all the way over.

The Gassers stood their first guard here yesterday, and came through with flying colors. No runs, no hits, one error credited to the sergeant of the guard, who left the sandwiches where Woosley and Marsh could find them.

According to the informer, if a certain young red-headed lady doesn't return soon,

a certain company clerk will be wearing a lost-dog look for life.

Lefty Lettwich, the Mayor of the Paris Inn, ably assisted by his staff of Hanzel, Griffin, Mikulis, Frederick (Bring 'em back alive) Whaling, the Marine Corps gift to miss-informed women, and Mississippi's own contribution to the course, Flossie Hurst, are leading the night-lifer's a merry chase in downtown San Diego.

*We wonder what would happen if:*

Woosley and Marsh missed a meal.

Allen and Parker could get into a dive without being asked their age.

Whaling and Bankston ever rode a street car to town.

Squeaky William ever got a shirt to fit his neck.

Chaffee pressed his pants and combs his hair.

Asst-Cook Weidt ever had to cook anything.

What does it mean when a certain young lady announces her engagement to a C.C.C. boy, and requests a certain gasser to return her picture, and when this certain gasser returns from his gentleman's errand still in possession of the picture and the next day the young lady breaks her engagement with the C.C.C. boy?

It seems that the girls at Pete's Beer Garden think that Jacky (no taxi fare) Collins resembles a certain well known actor. The late Will Rogers.

So, until next month, Brombenzyleyanide.



## BASE SERVICE BATTALION

By Marvin D. Andrews

This organization not having heretofore been represented in THE LEATHERNECK, an introduction is in order, and, my friends, that is just what has been holding this epic from the public.

However, the "deadline" is fast approaching, so here we go:

The Base Service Battalion (formerly Base Headquarters Troops) is composed of the following units:

Base Headquarters Company (includes: Marine Detachment, San Clemente Island, Marine Detachment, Naval Fuel Depot, Point Loma, and Marine Guard, U. S. Naval Hospital); Base Service Company; Second Signal Company; Casual Company.

The functions of the above mentioned organizations being in accordance with their designations, it is not necessary to take up valuable space with superfluous explanations. However, failure to mention the Signal School would be giving our readers an incomplete picture of our very efficient and useful (although unsung) Service Battalion.

The Second Signal Company, with Captain Clate C. Snyder as commanding officer, Captain Albert W. Paul as Supervisory Officer of the School, assisted by Master Tech-

nical Sergeant Bernard E. Kilday as Non-commissioned Officer in Charge of Materiel Classes, and Sergeant Carl H. Gustavson as Non-commissioned Officer in Charge, and Chief Instructor of the Operator's Classes, and with First Sergeant Johnson B. Hill in the company office, maintains a Radio School which, if not the best equipped of its kind in the country, nevertheless turns out a large percentage of very efficient operators.

Having made our bow, we will now regale you with the recent (?) happenings herabouts:

Major Peter C. Geyer, Jr., who joined us in October, and was to have relieved our present commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel John L. Doxey, has been detached to recruiting duty at Baltimore, Maryland.

Chief Marine Gunner Walter G. Allen is now on the sick list. Mr. Allen has been handling the duties of Assistant to the Police Officer since his return from the Asiatic Station last summer.

We are indeed sorry to inform you that First Sergeant Henry M. Pyne, who until recently has been performing the duties of sergeant major of this organization in a very creditable manner, has been forced, due to ill health, to go into Class II (d), FMCR. First Sergeant Pyne is at present on a sixty-day furlough while a patient at the U. S. Naval Hospital, awaiting transfer to the reserve.

First Sergeant Albert J. Goble is "snapping in" for a ninety-day furlough at the present time. For the last few days he has been very busy turning over his very weighty duties to First Sergeant Joe A. English.

Sergeant Bernard H. Fern for the past few months has been handling the affairs of the Base Service Company single-handed. He is very pleased with the arrival of First Sergeant Frederick M. Bessinger, who has taken over the duties of first sergeant, thus giving Fern a chance to rest his weary head and shoulders while performing the company clerk's work.

Platoon Sergeant Lincoln Smith has been relieved from his duties as Non-commissioned Officer in Charge of the San Clemente Island Guard by Sergeant McKinley McGarey. Smith is now on the Rifle Range strenuously endeavoring to reduce enough amidships to allow of a good sitting position. We are hoping that he accomplishes this difficult task and returns to us as a high expert. Since the return of the battle sight, expert riflemen have not been too numerous, it is sad to say.

First Sergeant Johnson B. Hill, in addition to his duties as First Sergeant of the Signal Company, has been detailed to duty as acting sergeant major.

Sergeant Joe E. Susong and Sergeant Thomas Balaban, both of whom are on duty at the Eleventh Naval District Headquarters, are busily going over the "dope" on their fowling pieces. Although these men have been off the line for some time, it is believed they will make a good showing on the range.

Corporal Meade L. Warthen, another one of the Eleventh Naval District Headquarters people, drove home from the rifle range with second money.

Corporal Charles E. (Bonus) Brown, chief of the message center and file clerk in the battalion headquarters, has at last fallen before Cupid's darts. He has seemed to be unusually attentive to the tinkle of the telephone bell lately, and is rarely seen around the barracks after sundown.

Corporal Gordon J. (Never-late) McGrady, the brains of the Headquarters Company, returned from the rifle range screaming loudly at whatever caused him to be

down four points from expert rifleman, while one Andrews, the C.O.'s steno and all-round handy man of the battalion office was moaning disgustedly about his marksman's qualification. Even Sergeant Culum's expert hat and coat, and Sergeant Haynes' distinguished glove couldn't get him through the battle sight ranges.

Affairs in the pay office have been running smoothly. Of course this is usual, for haven't we Paymaster Sergeant Alfred E. Jones, Corporal William M. McMakin, and the Brainy Brazke to take care of our finances?

There are so many good things about this battalion that some of them are likely to go unmentioned, due to shortage of space, but we just could not let the opportunity pass to let the world know what a fine mess we have. Ably supervised by Captain John F. Blanton, and with Staff Sergeant Obert Fowler, Chief Cook Elmer P. Jarrett, Field Cook Max O. Richter and Herman C. Brock handling the preparation of the food, and Corporal George M. Hrizko in charge of distributing operations in the mess hall, we feel justified to the fullest extent in saying that our mess is second to none.

Sergeant Major Harry A. Ervin (retired) is now living with his family at 4272 Campbell Drive, Culver City, California. I am sure that he would be glad to hear from any one with whom he has served.

Although I have not the address of Sergeant Major Charles A. Pope (retired) at the present time, anyone who so desires may get in touch with him by addressing him at this office. He just can't stay away.

This job of writing up the outfit didn't appeal to me one little bit at the first, but now that I have gotten into it, I find that writing about people and things hereabouts does have somewhat of an appeal, and once started I find it difficult to call a halt. However, being a very sensitive person, and having regard for the feelings of others (particularly the poor linotype operator who is fated to make the slugs for this), I will forthwith bring this flowery masterpiece to a glorious finish by wishing all of you who have had the intestinal fortitude to read this far, an exceedingly happy and prosperous New Year.

### FLYING CASTLE

By Meredith H. Baker

Hello, friends! Your reporter is back with a few remarks about the activities of the Engineers.

The ramp crew, naturally, has been co-operating with the new boat to facilitate the moving of heavy equipment. Through constant practice and diligence on their own part, the ramp crew has been whipped into a fast unit. The majority of the men on this crew, I might add, have had none or very little previous experience with this type of work.

The statement that this company is exceedingly short of men relative to the demands for production made upon it was made in one of this reporter's previous articles. That statement is only too true! After completing the boat and ramp crews, there are very few men left for duties of other natures. We have fortunately managed to squeeze in work of other types though. This work has consisted of constructing Type "A" trenches, raising barb-wire entanglements, studies of Military Topography, and thorough overhauling of the boats. Gas, telephone and electric lines have been laid to the boat house and are now in operation. The dredging around the new dock has been finished and the equipment was sent back to the Destroyer Base. Our new marine railway has turned out to be quite a success.

January, 1937



### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY FOURTH NEWS

By J. N. Hamil

The Headquarters Company Fourth Marines has been a very busy organization during the past month. In the realm of sports the company has been active in basketball and bowling. These two sports have attracted many men of the company. In the Inter-Company Basketball League just finished the Headquarters Company Fourth while playing a fine game were unable to come through with the winning of the trophy. Twelve men tried to garner this trophy for Headquarters Company but they were outclassed by other organizations early in the league and finally dropped from being a real threat as far as the championship of the regiment went.

In bowling the company team went ahead of all the other company teams in the Inter-Company Bowling League. This league was not finished because of the starting of the Inter-Battalion series and the Shanghai City Bowling League. Tommy Butler worked hard to get the men of the company interested in the "Duck pins" and once he had them just a little bit interested he soon found he had too many good bowlers. In fact he had the material for two teams, both of which would have outclassed any other company team in the league should the league have continued. The interest of the company bowlers is now in the Inter-Battalion series. From present indications the Headquarters Battalion team will be comprised mostly of Headquarters Company Fourth bowlers.

Besides these Inter-Company competitions the Headquarters Fourth outfit has taken a great interest in the playing of volley ball. Every day the courts in front of the billet are filled with players and spectators. As the playing of the game is limited to a small number of players there have to be relays of players take part in the games. The volleyball has come into its own as far as the company is concerned. While the volleyball, basketball and bowling are on the sports sked as leading activities we still find a few men enjoying the handball game and a few other sports in which team competition has not yet been started.

A few promotions were received in the company during the past month. Sergeants Ayeoth and Rosko were the recipients of Platoon Sergeants warrants. John Tackett of the radio gang was given a single stripe and Robert E. McGraw went from an Assistant Cook to a Field Cook. All these men wet down their new ratings in the proper manner and much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Many changes occurred in the Navy personnel attached to the company since the last writing. In the first place Commander M. M. Witherspoon was transferred to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. As a member of Headquarters Company Fourth the Chaplain was a staunch supporter of all the company activities and lent no little amount of help

in advancing projects which were a benefit to men. In Chaplain Witherspoon's stead came another very active organizer, Chaplain Frank R. Hamilton. The new Chaplain appears as ready to back up his company as was the last, but as yet he has to get acquainted with all the affairs connected with the company's various activities. We feel sure he will be a great help to any of the men who are in the company.

Besides the change in the officer personnel attached to the Headquarters Company Fourth there were changes made in the radio gang. Three first class radio operators were transferred from the company to the USS *Black Hawk*. These were Donnelly, Jones and Schultz. All of these men had gotten used to the life of the Marine Corps and hated to depart from the confines of the Fourth Marines. To take the place of these three men we got back three other operators from the *Black Hawk*, Daniels, Irwin and Sandlin.

And while we are on the subject of transfers the radio gang lost another very valuable personage, Staff Sergeant James D. Gay. After being with the Fourth Marines for several months Gay decided he did not want to spend a winter in Shanghai and so hid himself to Cavite, where he can spend the winter months surrounded with plenty of sunshine.

It is a great sight at the present time to see the Headquarters Company Fourth indulge in their drills. Snappy is hardly the proper term to use in describing the antics of the men. But come what may, the personnel of the Headquarters Company can be depended upon to furnish the best in the way of all company activities and competitions.

### FOURTH REGIMENT MARINES

#### Welfare Activities

The Fourth Marines Church occupies a distinct place in the Regiment's life and in the cultural life of the city of Shanghai. So large has the Church become through a steady growth that it became necessary to secure the largest auditorium in the city the past year, the Grand Theatre. Congregations have repeatedly taxed the theatre's seating capacity for the Services under the leadership of Chaplain M. M. Witherspoon, and for the Concerts by the Regimental Band which follow the worship hour. Since the reporting of Chaplain Frank R. Hamilton, U. S. Navy, the attendance has continued, evidencing the interest of the city generally in the program offered.

The congregations include every race and nationality, with Chinese students making up the majority. This Service serves to cement the good will Shanghai has for the Regiment, and acquaints the citizens with the Regiment's life and activities. Each Sunday morning the Service is followed by a Concert, featuring the Fourth Marines' Band, under the able direction of Bandmaster Leon Freda; these concerts have a universal appeal, and furnish the best in such a type of music for those



37 mm. Gun in Action at Peiping

attending. At each concert, a guest artist is invited, the list of these including the best vocal and instrumental musicians in Shanghai. Probably no church in the world today draws a larger, more cosmopolitan congregation than this Marine institution.

Each Friday evening in the Second Battalion's Recreation Hall a Forum is held for all men in the Regiment; outstanding leaders in China\* of various nationalities are secured to speak, and the value as well as the popularity of this weekly exchange of opinions regarding life and customs in China is evident in the crowd which is always present. Guest speakers this Fall have included Dr. Tschou, Dr. Potat of Shanghai University, Dr. Hu Shan of St. John's University, Mr. G. Findlay Andrews, outstanding British authority on Tibet and Mongolia, Dr. O'Hara of St. Luke's Hospital in Shanghai, and the one and only Bill Tilden, tennis star. At this Forum opportunity is afforded to ask questions of the speaker, and much knowledge of China is derived thereby. This activity in itself is most valuable and worthwhile.

Through the courtesy and cooperation of the American Community Church and the Navy Y.M.C.A., 167 men of the Fourth Regiment were privileged to attend the annual Basket Picnic Supper held on 4 November at the American Church. A grand feed was the order of the evening, Marines being distributed at tables sponsored by men and women in the American Community, these serving as hosts and hostesses. After the Supper, the Marines were hosts rather than guests, furnishing the entertainment for the evening, which was universally voted the best ever. The star number was a Hill-Billy instrumental quartet, featuring "Fidler Deifel."

Still another important welfare activity is the monthly Regimental Dance which has supplemented the former weekly Battalion Dances; these Regimental Hops are held in the Astor House Hotel, and have proved to be most popular with the men. An ideal setting for such affairs, the Hotel has a huge Ball Room, a good orchestra, and a splendid force of employees to make these dances a success.

A feature of the Chaplain's Department in addition to the above activities is the

weekly opportunity afforded for instruction in Russian and the Shanghai Dialect; these language classes, taught by competent instructors, meet four times a week, twice a week for each language, in the Chaplain's Office. The interest manifested shows the need of such instruction.

In all the work of the Chaplain, his invaluable asset is a Church Council, composed of one representative from each Company in the Regiment. This Council not only cares for all service in connection with the Divine Service and Sunday Concert, but is a liaison for each and every activity of the Chaplain. Every effort is made to have a vital program for leisure time, including Free Movies at the Grand Theatre on alternate Saturday mornings. That the effort is appreciated every man who has served with this Regiment will testify.

## D COMPANY BURSTS

By "Shack Welter"

After an extremely busy month on the range firing the Machine Gun, D Company again settles down to its normal routine. During the past month we spent four days on the Hongkew Rifle Range firing the Browning for Qualification. Out of the 111 men firing 110 qualified making the total qualified for the Company 99.099%, of these 27% qualified as Experts, 54% as first class gunners, and 17% as second class gunners. Considering the fact that about 50% of the men firing were new, having arrived on the last transport it is quite evident that the men applied themselves whole heartedly to the task of maintaining the D Company standard.

Five men of this Company, including 1st Sgt. Kerns, Cpl. Cramer, Pfc. Miller, Pvt. Leyden, and Pvt. Welter, made a very interesting trip to the Hangehow Bore. The Trip was under the supervision of the Chaplain and can best be described by a comment passed by Cpl. Cramer, "Fifteen years in the Navy and I have to ride 100 miles just to watch the tide come in." Another interesting trip which included quite a few D Company men was the trip to Zikawei where we visited the Convent and saw a rather interesting

demonstration of how they teach the deaf and dumb to speak.

Practically every man in the Company is taking part in some form of athletics, which include Handball, Volleyball, Tennis, Football, basketball, and softball. Our Rugby team under the able supervision of Lt. Tschirgi and Pfc. Whatley is rapidly shaping up and should give a very good account of themselves in the future games. Five of our men are on the Battalion Basketball team, Sgt. Hogan being the coach and Lt. Brackett of this Company being the officer in charge.

Schwalke, Karns, and Compton received promotion during the past month, Pvt. Schwalke being promoted to Corporal and Karns, and Compton both received Private First Class chevrons.

Five of our men have returned from Peiping where they took part in the Rifle Matches. Pvt. Rice returned with a gold medal having won first gold in the pistol matches, and although the rest received no medals they gave a very good account of themselves and forced their competitors to do their utmost.

Many of the men are now eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the December *Chaumont* and we who are staying here are eagerly awaiting the new arrivals in the hope that some of our former bunkies will be included among those arriving.

## FOURTH MARINES ENTERTAIN COMMANDER IN CHIEF ASIATIC FLEET

Shanghai, China. 13 October, 1936. The Commanding Officer and Officers, Fourth Regiment, U. S. Marines, entertained Admiral O. G. Murfin, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet, his staff, and the Commanding Officers of all vessels of the Fleet in port on October twelfth, at a dinner at the French Club, Shanghai, China. All Marine and Naval Officers attached to the Fourth Marines, and their ladies, attended the affair which was a brilliant military spectacle.

The occasion was a farewell dinner to Admiral Murfin who will relinquish his command this month to Admiral Yarnell.

Colonel Price expressed the sentiment of the Regiment, upon its loss, in a very few but well chosen words. The Admiral responded by complimenting the Fourth Regiment for its efficiency and cooperation during his tour of duty.

Lieutenant Commander Lovette, Fleet Intelligence Officer, thanked the Colonel and his Officers on behalf of the Admiral's staff and the visiting Commanding Officers.

After dinner the officers, their wives and guests adjourned to the famous ballroom of the Club where they danced until the wee small hours of the morning.

## MOTOR TRANSPORT COMPANY

Fourth Marines

By Lynn D. Sloat

After a lengthy moratorium of promotions here in the regiment, we finally received raises in pay for Private First Class Albert L. Eastman, the C.O.'s number one chauffeur, and Private Robert A. Smith, the chief mechanic, to the rank of Corporals. The C.O.'s number two chauffeur, Private William L. Elliott, was promoted to Private First Class. Bruce J. Lafragiola, formerly private first class, is now Assistant Cook Lafragiola. The Top Soldier says, "Thank goodness, the two Smiths are separated, now I will not have such a hard time trying to find out which is which."



Jack Hoff, the company comic strip artist, was caught up with by Corporal "Skippy" Gladchenko, another company sketch artist. It seems that Vernon R. Underwood purchased a new camera and was trying it out when, lo, and behold, out jumps John De Vere in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. Jack stated that he desired to have V. R. produce a likeness of himself by photographic means. He got it and so did the *Walla Walla*.

Sergeant David Mayo and Private First Class Dean F. Witkoski are serving time on their extensions, which took effect last month. It seems that all the boys are disappointed about the new order which just came out. The order states that all enlisted men only stay in the Asiatics for a period of two years which takes effect upon the man's arrival and expires upon his departure. A number of the fellows are growling because they have extended their enlistments so that they might remain in China longer.

And things go 'round and 'round, oh ho ho ho, and they come out HERE!

## ORIENTED NEWS FROM THE SECOND BATTALION

By L. Guidetti, Shanghai, China

Continuing our feature of last month, we again give you a little news from the organizations in the good old Second Battalion. Beginning with Hq. Co. and then following with E, F and H in the order named I know that a little news such as you will read here is most welcomed anywhere and anytime:

### Headquarters Company

Greetings, All Posts, Detachments and companies, from the smallest company of the Fourth Marines. This Company, composed of thirty-six enlisted men and five officers, is commanded by First Lieutenant Walter Asmuth, Jr., with First Sergeant John A. McBee, late of the USS *Augusta*, holding down the Top Kick position.

Our wire section, under direction of Cpl. J. P. Pavelko, and our message center, under the direction of Cpl. H. M. Jolley, have proven themselves very efficient in the recent night maneuvers.

The USS *Chaumont*, which leaves here on December 23, is expected to carry away several of our number, including Cpls. Pavelko and Jolley, Pfes. "Toots" Tubick and "Jimmie" Click, Pvts. "Myrtle" Chronister and "Mussels" Wasson. These men are returning to the States after several (I cannot count that many) months of Asiatic Duty. Of course, they are leaving China, never to return, but we'll be looking for them all back soon.

### E Company

The Company has been working very diligently of late preparing for a Machine Gun Proficiency Test to be taken by this Organization. All men in the company are required to take it, this being a new feature of training within the 4th Marines, and all you can hear now is "The trigger being pivoted" Etc, Etc, Etc. What with our regular drills and instructions, I must say it keeps everyone very busy to say the least. Between MCO No. 41 and rifle squad, platoon and company drill, and now and then Machine Gun Drill it sort of makes you feel quite important just mentioning them.

### F Company

This Company has also been preparing for the Machine Gun Proficiency Test that is to be given all men by officers and staff

NCO's of the Machine Gun Company of the Battalion. The schedule of this company runs concurrently with that of the other rifle company of this battalion and aside from what news you read from one outfit in regards to drills and instructions also deals with this company.

Our afternoon period runs from 1300 to 1615 now and that is quite some change from when the old gang was here way back when. The first period being Bayonet, followed by signal instr. and then Athletics from 1415 to 1615.

### H Company

The Company has been very busy of late on the new drills and instructions which has a few more extra periods. Starting at 0800 and running from that time to 11:30 and then from 1300 to 1615, the last two periods being used for Athletics, recall at 1615 and liberty call at 1630. Quite a change from when some of you old timers, that read this were here. MCO No. 41 holds sway on rainy days, and of late we have been very fortunate as a long dry spell has been the cause of most of the men breaking out for Athletics. Every man in the company has to fall out for Athletics unless he is on the sick list or on any other list.

Our company commander at present is Capt. J. F. Shaw, Jr., with 1st Lt. E. R. Smoak as executive officer, 2nd Lt. Laster in Charge of the How Plat, 2nd Lt. Houser, the 2nd Plat, 2nd Lt. Cheever, the 3rd Plat, 2nd Lt. Nickerson, the 1st Plat.

A few old timers are still with us, such as Gy-Sgt. "Lou" Diamond, Gy-Sgt. Weston, of which the former still holds forth in the old high binders and the latter still pushing the men through their paces on the rifle, and plenty good at that. Cpl. John Malnor who has just returned from a brief sojourn in the good old foreign country known as the U.S.A. Sgt. Hast who ably puts the 3rd plat through their paces. Sgt. Pileher who has the 2nd Plat composed of the new draft that arrived via the last boat. This platoon is now being put through their Machine Gun Marksmanship pace in preparation for firing which will be on the 4, 5 and 6 November, 1936. We are looking forward to them coming through with a 100 per cent qualification, which, if they do, will be a feather in Sgt. Pileher's hat as he, solely,

had charge of the training of these men.

We also had the last of our rifle shooters on the .22 cal range, snapping in for the .30 cal range to be fired in November also, which will clear the company up for the rifle for the target year 1936.

Quite a few of our old timers are looking forward to the sailing list, which is due to appear in the near future, as the boat is scheduled to arrive here some time in December, which is not so far off. As all the old timers are due to make it, they are really wondering whether or not they will all make it, or just who will be the lucky ones to remain.

## SERVICE COMPANY

By L. W. Locke

In order to fulfil a promise, a word given in good faith, I again display my mediocre abilities as an author, if originating such a poor specimen can be called such with all due respects to others likewise engaged.

However this self ridicule is hardly appropriate under the circumstances, when the Pay Office was only yesterday deprived of a very amiable character in the person of Chief Pay Clerk Fred S. Parsons.

His services with this regiment have been long and faithful in all respects, and it is with a high degree of amity and no small amount of regret that we watch this likable gentleman embark on the Oriental Express which will carry him to a port in northern China, where he will board a ship bound for the golden shores of America, his new duties and home.

At this time we were happy to receive again as an asset to our company, Captain Robert S. Pendleton, who joined us from Company H, Second Battalion. He assumed command on the 3rd of October.

Captain Shelton C. Zern, whom Capt. Pendleton relieved, has been assigned to the Intelligence Department in the capacity of Asst. Intelligence Officer.

Some mention should be made of the Headquarters Battalion Dance which was held at the American Women's Club, sponsored by Chaplains M. M. Witherspoon and F. R. Hamilton. It seems that this was a very memorable affair, as it was conducted as a kind of farewell party to Chaplain Witherspoon, who has been relieved of his duties with the Fourth by Chaplain Hamilton.



Post Exchange, Peiping

Reports from various quarters indicate that this was a gala occasion, its glamour dampened slightly in the thought that the friend of every man in the Regiment would be no more.

The entertainment was of the best as you can judge when I tell you that the talent was picked from the personnel of the regiment. The music being furnished by the most accomplished artists in Shanghai today, Technical Sergeant Leon Freda and his Rhythm Boys, also of the Fourth Marines.

Now this element of time has thrust its Medusa-like head above the horizon of our well regulated activities, to cause a certain restlessness, a foreboding of the future to not a few of us. Some there are of course who will gaze with regret at the printed pages of the Sailing List for December, 1936, which means that a general attitude of despondency shall prevail for a few weeks as there shall be numerous newly acquired friendships to be broken, not to mention, places and faces in and about Shanghai that nearly all of the old Timers have learned to love, in a certain indefinable way. To the newcomers these places are only a means of spending a few unoccupied hours in the ever wild hunt for bright lights and pleasure.

However when their time comes they shall probably experience the same feeling of something lost, or left behind, an empty longing which only time and the balm received in the thought of home can cure.

MORAL: For you who discredit the common belief that the Orient has an attraction irresistible, a fatal attraction, from which there can be no recovery, believe and beware.

#### CO. A, 4TH MARINES

By George W. Cook

Everyone is now waiting in anticipation of catching the next boat, or missing it as

the case may be. Well, let's hope they are all satisfied.

The rainy season has just about taken hold around here, and all of the indoor sports are turning popular again. Football has just started, and we hope that the old Corps will again win.

If any of the old timers were to return to the two-bit lash-up, they would find that it has completely changed. The recreation hall seems to be the same old building but when you step inside you wonder at the change. The first thing that strikes the eye is the fireplace, and then glancing around you see the new radio; this is about the end, you just can't believe that it is the same old place.

The first battalion has a nice new bayonet course and it is situated right next to the company, and it looks like it might be the real stuff. . . . Well, I guess that is about all for this time, folks, hope there will be more in the next month's issue. . .

#### CO. B, 4TH MARINES

By Lawrence W. Johnson

Hello, all you State side Leathernecks, this is B Company sounding off. Excepting the fact that the trees are sort of bare, and that the outfit has donned greens, everything is just about the same. Proudly, with belts and cups much in evidence, our leather-pushing trio have returned—Baker, Lenkoski and MaGee; Jimmy Brandt, not having participated in the actual "fiesta," returns however with a feather in his cap due to the excellent training and coaching. The boys are immeasurably proud of their victories, but it seems to us that they are glad to be through with regulated diets and nine o'clock liberties.

The weekly dances seem to meet with much approval, and we hope they may be continued. However, we have paused to wonder whether it is the rhythm of dancing or the "all the beer and chow you

want" part of the evening that causes a "sell out" every week. It seems to be in favor of the dancing, though. Meanwhile, the girls are favoring us with brighter eyes and bigger smiles, practically begging to go.

At the present, a big dark cloud is suspended overhead, full of dark promises of dusty and unused liberty cards—the machine gun efficiency test, with Lieutenant Cooper trying to penetrate our craniums with the machinations of bolts, breech locks, gadgets and whatnots, and admitting a bunch of "bright boys" when there are no question to be asked; we wonder. But tomorrow will tell, and we will be able to return to close order drill. The slogan, "Every man a pivot man, every man a champ" was thought up by some booster of our company.

Howsoever, it is being realized that China is a great country for Chinamen.

The greater part of the company have turned out for the various fall athletics. Basketball is favored; the non-commissioned officers seeming to prefer bowling. Three men have given up all hope of recovering by joining the rugby team. The rest of the company goes out and enjoys to take part in two hours of athletics.

First Sergeant Colsky was seen about today, and we hope that he has fully recovered from whatever it was that kept him in the hospital.

Corporal La Plante returned from Peking to resume his duties in the company office. Our "running mate" of long standing, Private Ingolia, was transferred to Headquarters Company, Fourth. Transfers seem to be the vogue hereabouts, a few from this company being Private Duval to Headquarters Co. 1st Bn., Private Collins has taken a hand at truck driving, and Private English as an M.P. while Private Nicolai, our chief messman was picked as Colonel Price's orderly.

And so B Company says "so long" to you back "State side," 'til next month.

# Tropical Topics

#### RECENT DOINGS IN OLONGAPO, P. I.

By C. W. M.

Greetings again and many happy returns from *Olongapo* and the old world.

Though, it has been some time since we made our last appearance, it is hoped that the writer will be given due consideration, in view of the great distance our articles have to travel for publication.

Since we do not know when this article will reach the publishers, it is supposed that the Christmas spirit will be looming in the air throughout the world, everyone here and there writing to good old Santa Claus, sealing and mailing their letters in jovial moods, hoping that the famous old man from the north will bring them joy and happiness.

The rainy season started last June and is still going on, but we hope that it will soon be over. We have so far had only one Typhoon this year. Yes, it could have been worse, though, it has been bad enough to have caused the town of Olongapo to suffer quite a bit of damage. Now we are looking forward to bright and sunny

days, baseball, basketball and other outdoor activities. While on the subject of baseball, we hope that the new arrivals will prove themselves to be star players. They are an energetic looking bunch, and we hope they have the stuff in them that we think they have for we are depending on their help to bring the Olongapo Marines to the lead as "Champions" of the Philippines this year. How about it, boys? It is a bit doubtful as to whether they rate such a compliment, since, upon their arrival in

Olongapo, one of them was heard to have said, "These guys certainly look Asiatic." Well, we don't mind that, guess it is all in the game, however, we hope they've had reason to change their minds. Good luck, gang, hope you are well pleased with your new duties.

Among the new arrivals, we have the old reliable, Ray Kaiser who was stationed in Cavite for several months. It is believed that he wanted a change of atmosphere. At any rate, a transfer was granted him and he is now one of the Olongapo Marines. Glad to have you Ray.

I wonder how our old friends, "The Three Musketeers" are getting along? They are: Bill "Kid" Moffett, Bob "Red" Bitting, and last, but not least, "Charlie Swett." Good luck boys, come up and see us sometime. We have also been wondering how Eric "Heinnie" Menener is coming along. It is believed that he is enjoying the Oriental night life. Make the best of it, Eric, good luck and let us hear from you sometime.

Snyder, better known as "Red," our new Patrol Sergeant, was recently promoted Platoon Sergeant. According to his



THE LEATHERNECK

story, as related to us, he took part in so many ambush engagements, and visited so many places down in Nicaragua during the Sandino rebellion, it appears to us as though he was endeavoring to explore the uninhabited wilds of that country. Congratulations, Red.

To the members of the Captain Burwell H. Clarke Detachment, Marine Corps League, the author of "Nero's Fiddlings," I thank you for your remembrances and well wishes which appeared, together with my name in your articles from time to time. Thanks to THE LEATHERNECK for their efforts in bringing these writeups to publication.

In conclusion, and in behalf of the Olongapo Marines, I wish to extend greetings and best wishes to all Marines throughout the world, a Merry Christmas, A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Until the next time, *Adios and Mabuhays.*

### BOURNE FIELD

Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands

By E. R. S.

During the first week in November we had the pleasure of seeing the Polish training ship *Dor Pormaza*, which was on a world cruise. The ship was a sail type with three masts and an auxiliary motor, making it a very interesting sight for most of us who have never seen any vessels of this kind heretofore. Our two "Ski's" enjoyed themselves to the utmost, being the only two persons in the squadron that could speak their language. We are always glad to see any of our rivals of the land or sea being down here where we seldom see many white people.

The squadron celebrated the Marine Corps birthday on November 10th by declaring it a holiday. The recreation officer, Captain Dickey, had arranged for several field events out at the flying field. Following is a list of events and also the names of the first and second prize winners: Baseball throw—MacManus and Brown; Three Legged Race—Knopes and Coddington; Egg Race—Green and Scott; Waiters Race—Kennedy and Poitras; Shoe Race—Sherwin and MacManus; Tug-O-War team Captained by Mess-Sgt. Baldassare and composed of Grabenstein, Roberts, Bogucki, Sessions, Gary, Wise, Snyder and Bracci. The prizes award was one dollar for first place and fifty cents for second place in merchandise from the post exchange. The winning tug-o-war team received fifty cents each in merchandise. The climax of the field events was a polo game, the recreation officer had rounded up about twelve of the native donkeys and purchased native brooms to be used to hit the soccer ball. I believe that the onlookers got more fun out of watching than the players did. They tried their best to get the animals to go towards the ball but only succeeded in getting him to go in the opposite direction. I believe that Grabenstein was probably the hero of the match, he registered more laughs than everyone else, although Distifano was a close second. Kennedy the goal keeper for number two team had to leave his mount but still managed to keep one leg around his neck in order to block the many threats that number one team made on the goal. Mr. Hurst wasn't even in the running for the first score it seems that his mount didn't choose to run, so he decided to trade mounts with one of the others, I believe that Varum was easy for the Lieutenant. The game consisted of only two ten minute periods and each team managed to score a goal apiece. It really should have gone one more period but the time was getting short



Donkey Polo—Virgin Islands

and the recreation officer wanted to get a softball game underway. After dinner the two small bore rifle teams composed of enlisted and officers had a match in which the enlisted men's team won.

The officers and men of VO Squadron 9M mourn the sudden passing of Corporal Glen R. Powers, who died due to injuries received in a motor accident on Marine Corps birthday. Cpl. Powers was a passenger along with Trumpeter Reid in a truck driven by Private Ellis F. Reid who were coming in from the flying field to get Cpl. Powers into the barracks in time to eat early Chow and go on watch at 4:30 p. m., on the *Douglas* which is anchored in the bay near the barracks. The truck driver cut the truck over to the extreme left side of the road to avoid hitting a donkey and before he could get it back on the road the left rear wheels hit a concrete culvert which in turn threw the truck into a steel telephone pole, the left side of the dump body coming into contact with the pole and is evidently the object which hit Cpl. Powers causing a compound fractured skull, killing him instantly.

An inquest was held the next morning and the opinion of the board held that Cpl. Powers died as results of injuries received in the motor accident and that his death occurred in line of duty and was not the result of his own misconduct. The commanding officer ordered a board of inquest and said board recommended that the driver be absolved from all blame.

Corporal Powers had reenlisted on the 8th of April, 1936, for a period of four years. He served with this squadron in Haiti and joined VO-9M from VO-7M when it left Quantico in August, 1935, for temporary duty in the West Indies. Trumpeter Reid was lucky enough to escape with slight injuries to his chest; he was found underneath the right rear wheels of the truck after it came to a halt in the ditch. Pvt. Reid received a cut on his head from the windshield wiper when the truck hit the concrete culvert. Pvt. Wise who was riding in the front seat escaped with out any injuries. Corporal Powers was a man well liked by his fellow men and held in high esteem by his superior officers. A true MARINE.

At the present time the squadron is con-

cerned with a benefit play for the Municipal Hospital, several of the enlisted men and officers have parts in the play entitled "Fast Workers," to be shown at the Apollo Theater on the 11th and 12th of December. Pfc. S. J. Hough has the leading part. We are all looking forward to the play, the first twelve rows of seats being sold out to the squadron. I have a hunch that Hough probably won't be able to face very many of us after the first night of the play.

The Douglas RD-2 left Saturday the 21st of November for Norfolk, Va., via MB, Quantico, Va. Major Medaris pilot with Captain Dickey as co-pilot. Tech-Sgt. O'Connor's radio operator and crew. They expected to be in the states in time to see the Army-Navy football game at the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia, so even if we don't hear the broadcast we probably will hear all about it from them, here's hoping anyhow.

It seems that a certain inspecting officer at our regular Saturday morning drill doubted the condition of three of the men's rifles. After the drill he obtained a cleaning rod and several patches from the Armory and proceeded to see if the men would be eligible for three hours of E. P. D., but it seems as though the officer has come to a conclusion that maybe he is like the old first sergeant that said, "I have been inspecting rifles for thirty years now and I still don't know what I'm looking for."

It seems that a certain pay clerk in VO-9M got into an argument with several of his fellow office pinkies, they evidently had him snowed under for a while but he came out on top by telling them that they were just a couple of "Souped up privates," so you can imagine their embarrassment.

It seems that a certain Chef Cook wrote a letter and dropped it in the mail box; a few minutes later he came back and asked the mail clerk to open the box so he could get the letter, but he had forgotten whom it was addressed to and they looked through the outgoing mail and finally found it and discovered that it was all right after all. Maybe this certain cook has been down here a little too long; quite a few of the men have been doing queer things lately.

The squadron first sergeant was in the market for a good safe cracker. It seems



that the combination of the safe slipped his memory. He tried every number that he could think of it but all in vain. The safe was finally opened with the aid of Pvt. Red Reid by using a drill. Better take it easy, Reid, I guess we should all take a little more precaution as to where I keep my valuables after seeing Reid in action. He looked like the "Real McCoy" with that drill.

About a couple of weeks ago the cook on watch called for the music of the guard to sound chow bumps but he evidently wasn't within hearing distance so he secured the bugle and proceeded to sound bumps himself and still no music, winding up with mess gear. I can't see why we should worry the music with such minor things as chow bumps when we have a cook that is a master of all trades on duty. You weren't by any chance a music on your first enlistment were you, Thacker?

Tech-Sgt. Bealer won the contest for catching the largest fish and was awarded a good sized reel for his efforts; Pvt. Landis came out victorious over Pvt. Hare in the final match of the tennis tournament by a score of 6-2 and 6-3. The laurels for the bowling match went to the "Gales" which QM-Sgt. Hale was team captain of and his aids were Cpl. Berg, Pmts. Stewart, Wise and Tpr. Reid, all of whom were awarded a gold ball for watch fobs; Pvt. MacManus was awarded the prize for high individual scoring.

It seems that Cpl. Distifano finally got his spaghetti dinner. He was reported to have had several of them but I believe that it was erroneously reported. But this time he accepted an invitation along with Cpl. Bracci to attend a dinner at Technical Sergeant and Mrs. Irvan V. Masters.

There must be an outside influence that is encouraging Cpl. Berg. There is no doubt in my mind now that he probably meant it when he said he was "up the pole for eight years." That's a long time to drink nothing but "soft drinks," Marty.

Cpl. Kuykendall, Pfc. Abbott and Pvt. Greene were promoted as the results of com-

petitive examination given on the 25th and 27th of November, on the subject of Interior Guard Duty, Infantry Drill, Radio, Blinker signals and semaphores. This system has been in use for several months and was inaugurated by Colonel Moore.

## PEARL HARBOR NOTES

By J. H. N.

During the past month, "Ye Olde Rock" has said good-bye to quite a few "kamainas" (spelling doubtful) and welcomed a large group of "malahinis." Heading the sailing list for the mainland was Q.M. Sgt. "Chuck" Clayton, 1st Sgt. Buck Bissenger, 1st Sgt. Joe English, 1st Sgt. Paul Glover, Platoon Sgt. W. H. Strong, Platoon Sgt. L. D. Smith, Platoon Sgt. Harry V. Bernstein, Sgt. Hubert Billingsley (our chief "Shim-bu" for the past three years), Chief Cook Anderson, Field Cook Wares, Musicians Boardman and Wells, Privates E. A. Bagnell, Charles R. Caples, Carl J. Giles, Jay E. Lohff, Ray M. McQuilken, David K. Stuhlsatz, Ernest F. Strand, and Robert W. Wilson.

The departing men carry with them the best wishes of the command, and the new arrivals are wished the best of luck throughout their entire two-year-term here.

Honor guards have been the order of the day, what with the new Fourteenth Naval Commandant, Admiral O. G. Murfin, taking over the command. We are sure that the Admiral was greatly impressed with the formalities, and we wish to extend to him our best wishes. The band enjoyed another of its "pleasure" cruises, by going to Molokai for the Armistice day celebration. All hands spoke well of the trip, and would like to have stayed longer.

Our social season opened with a bang Thanksgiving eve, when we offered to the new arrivals our first dance of the new regime. Platoon Sgt. Harry Bernstein had charge of the decorations and did a beautiful job. The music was furnished by Technical Sgt. Brigham and his "Merry

## All News Copy for THE FEBRUARY LEATHERNECK

Must Reach the  
Editors Before  
January 8

Melodiers" and the boys and gals danced until the wee hours.

Sgt. Bergmann successfully upheld the reputation of the Marines when he captured a gold medal in pistol competition with the entire Island. Although Sgt. Bergmann was the only man of the team to win a medal, the remainder of the team, including Technical Sgt. Brigham, Cpl. Baltra, Captain Coffman, and Pfc. Kaszycki gave an excellent account of themselves.

Cpl. Clarence "Lefty" Smith was transferred to the yard patrol; Pmts. Barnson, Pierson, and Collins to the Post Band, and Pvt. "Gabby" Gabriel to the fire barn.

Field Cook Wares is our acting Mess Sgt., while Technical Sgt. Bambolier is recovering from an appendectomy in the hospital. Our two dashing Boulevardiers, namely, Cass and LeBlanc have still a goodly half of the female populace of Honolulu at their feet. Haw. Sgt. Konesky is still searching for those shirts, and Pfc. Kohlenberger is still trying to figure out how far it is to San Diego. Cpl. Beck, "A" Co., the modern "Simon LeGree," is still trying to convince 1st Sgt. Paul Glover of the term, "Air tightning." Sgt. Martin is on the look-see for more "eerie" sleeping quarters. Pvt. "Trotsky" Graves can be heard every morning on "four" room lanai extolling the works of his namesake, with Cpls. Creitz and Young, Pmts. Whiteside, Giles, and Sebring defending the democrats. Sgt. Yingling and Cpl. Baltra since the departure of Casanova, have gotten together and are studying the book edited and published by the "Great Cass" upon how to become a successful bowler.



MARINE FLYERS IN NICARAGUA, 1928

Left to Right, Front Row: St-Sgt. Carter, St-Sgt. Frith, St-Sgt. Claude, Pvt. Putnam, MT-Sgt. Paschal, Pvt. Ewald, Gy-Sgt. Shepard, Pvt. Lillie, Pvt. Hull. Left to Right, Back Row: Lt. Williamson, Lt. Marshal, Lt. Weir, Lt. McHough, Lt. Towner, Capt. Henkle, Major Bourne, Lt. Martin (Observer) Army Officer, Flight Surgeon Trowbridge, Lt. Howard, Lt. Cowie, Lt. Manley, Lt. Kale, Lt. Schilt.

# BROWN-FIELD BULLETIN

A little pat on the back is to be appreciated and is oftentimes welcomed and quite stimulating even though what we do is just ordinary routine.

Rear Admiral Geo. Pettingill, USN, the Commandant of the Navy Yard in Washington, wrote to the Commanding General and expressed his gratitude for the fine performance of the Marines from the Brigade who assisted in making Navy Day memorable to the host of visitors at the Yard. Especially he wrote "The performance of the Air Squadron was exceptionally fine and was highly commended by all who witnessed this feature."

All units of the Brigade participated in a parade and review on Lyman Field at 1:00 P. M., Tuesday, December 1st, at which time Major General Charles H. Lyman delivered a commission as full Colonel to Colonel Geiger; pinning the eagles on Colonel Geiger.

The Marine squadrons of Aircraft One, commanded by Colonel Roy S. Geiger, participated in the Miami All American Air Maneuvers that were held on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of December, 1936.

During those three days the Marines put on an elaborate air show; the squadrons which put on the shows were the Fighting Squadrons with Major Ford O. Rogers leading, the Observation Squadron led by Major Byron F. Johnson and the Bombing Squadron commanded by Major William J. Wallace.

A total of 44 planes cleared the field on the 9th with about 42 officers and 66 enlisted men.

The Pilots of VO Squadron 7M, with a strained look about their features after six weeks of grueling flying, heaved a sigh of relief and contentment as they stepped out of their planes here Tuesday afternoon, 17 November, 1936, after their flight from Parris Island, S. C.

VO squadron 7M, commanded by Major Byron F. Johnson were on special temporary aviation duty in connection with its annual gunnery exercises and the last week wholly devoted to record firing which was completed Saturday. It was rumored that the scores were far above the average expected and it may be that this squadron may win the gunnery trophy for this fiscal year.

Private First Class Peter C. Alfano, USMCR, on active duty here for past few months from VO-2MR, Floyd Bennett Field, was transferred to the inactive status. Alfano is an ordnance man and went with VO Squadron 7M to Parris Island for gunnery practices. He was placed in charge of the ordnance equipment on four planes. For the efficient way in which he kept the ordnance gear functioning during that period, he was highly praised by Major Byron F. Johnson, the Commanding Officer. According to MT Sergeant Harold R. Jordan, Alfano was one of the best reserve ordnance men ever sent to Aircraft One for instruction and training. A letter of commendation was sent to his Commanding Officer.

First Lieutenant Cleo R. Keen, Pilot, and Sergeant Frank P. M. Eagan, passenger, were instantly killed, as the result

of an airplane crash near Mount Zion, Maryland, at about 11:30 a. m., 20 November, 1936. Lieutenant Keen was putting engine time on the bombing plane when the accident happened. The cause of the crash is undetermined, pending an investigation by a board of inquiry.

Lieutenant Keen was a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy and accepted his commission in the Marine Corps on 4 June 1931. After performing a tour of sea service, he was ordered to Pensacola, Florida, for flight training, completing which he was ordered to Aircraft One where he reported for duty on 12 May, 1936. He is survived by his mother and father who reside in Moberly, Mo.

Sergeant Frank P. M. Eagan served in the Marine Corps in various capacities for over 13 years, the greater part of which was in Aviation. He was an excellent motor mechanic and after graduating from the Army Ordnance School at Rantoul, Ill., was in charge of all ordnance in VB Squadron 6M. Sergeant Eagan is survived by his wife and 2 months old child.

Colonel Roy S. Geiger and Lieutenant Colonel Francis P. Mulcahy spent several days at Parris Island where they inspected the activities of VO Squadron 7M.

Captain Hayne D. Boyden, on leave from Maxwell Field where he is stationed, came around to say "Hello" to his many friends here.

Second Lieutenants John D. Harshberger, Kenneth A. King and James L. Neefus arrived from Pensacola where they had just completed their flight training and where they were given their commissions in the Corps from Cadet ranks.

After spending over a year with us on active duty, Second Lieutenant Elliott A. Billings, FMCR, requested to be relieved from active duty and was detached to his home at Miami, Florida, on the 7th. He was assigned to VO-4MR, NRAB, Opa Locka, Florida. Lieutenant Billings secured a position as pilot with the Pan-American Airways.

Mt-Sgt. Joe Knittle who was taking a rest cure at the Norfolk Naval Hospital was transferred to the Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado, for further treatment. Joe seems to need a little relaxation, sunshine and plenty of fresh air and now he has a chance to get plenty of everything. Just think; no more muster attendance, no more work or worry, just taking life easy for awhile.

Sergeant Raymond R. Townsend, after reporting here from Aircraft Two on the 18th, did not even have time to shine his

## IN MEMORIAM



The Late Cpl. Glen R. Powers

shoes when he was ordered to Norfolk where he is to take an aviation Machinist Mate course.

Private William S. Minnich also reported with Sgt. Townsend and will be sent to the Aerological School at Lakehurst, N. J. At present he is a "striker" and learning all about aerological duties from Staff Sergeant Caruso, his instructor.

Sergeant Thomas Swift returned from his reenlistment furlough and brought back the missus along with him.

Congratulations! The lucky men who were promoted last month were: Sgt. C. S. Barker, Cpls. E. C. Smith, J. I. Graham, R. Stoddard, J. H. Bosler, and R. F. Hamker, Pfes. R. D. Kelley, H. D. Young, H. M. Thomas, M. W. Dow, H. P. Gordan, J. W. Bowdoin, J. J. Nagle, D. Mucciarone and J. R. Lindsay. These promotions caused an increase in pay to other men via the specialists route which made many of the men quite happy and which also brings others nearer the time when they shall be in the money. "Happy days are here again" is the popular tune on the air around here.

Technical Sergeant Gaston D. Davis accepted a position as co-pilot with the Transcontinental Western Airline after he was discharged from the Marine Corps on 26 November, 1936.

Davis, while on duty here, was flying with Bombing Squadron 6M and was considered a pilot of more than average ability. For a time Davis served with Observation Squadron 9M prior to its evacuation from Haiti.

Cpl. Paul M. Morton and Pvt. William C. Dunaway who have just completed the Photographic School at N.A.S., Pensacola, Fla.



# SPORTS

## MARINES CONTINUE TRADITIONAL WINS OVER BALTIMORE FIREMEN

By W. C. Wall

**I**N one of the most colorful events of Baltimore's sporting season, the Quantico Marines carried on the series of victories started eight years ago when the "All Marine Team" under Smedley Butler made its first appearance on Baltimore gridiron. In the greatest game of Marine-Firemen history, played before a cheering crowd of over twenty thousand fans, history repeated itself in the sportsmanship of both teams.

Starting the play by receiving the Marine kick on their 25 yard line, the Firemen gave the Leathernecks an idea of what they were up against when with a series of aerial attacks heaved by Ford to Duvall for a ten yard gain, Parr took the ball over the stripe for a touchdown in the first ten minutes of play.

More aerial work on the part of the Firemen with a Parr-Duvall combination worked down the field for a 21-yard gain and was followed by a 23-yard pass taken from the air by Duvall on the Marine's one yard line. Duvall went over for the touchdown but Parr's placement kick was blocked before it had a good start.

Playing exceptional football, Travers and Romano accounted for the Marine's scoring. The former, Travers, did exceptional work on the receiving end of an aerial counter-attack while Romano marched down the field, making one brilliant play after another for a forty yard gain, resulting in the second Marine touchdown of the game. The place kick was completed, leaving the score 14-13.

Much can be said about the fine teamwork shown on the part of the Quantico team, although it is only fair to add that had Hatch and Romano been given better interference on several plays, the score would have been ours by a much larger margin. As it was, the fine playing of the last three quarters was enough to hearten the entire command—to say nothing of the added admiration of the Baltimore civilians.

### First Quarter

A blocked kick which gave the Firemen possession of the ball on the Marine 28-yard line led to the first score. A Marine penalty for pass interference gave the Firemen the break they needed to make the first touchdown of the game. Parr, playing a fine brand of football, made a dash through center from the Marine 8-yard line, being brought down well over the stripe. Parr converted on his placement kick, sending the ball over the bar with little room to spare.

Continuing their fast pace, the Firemen shifted their form of attack to the air and after two long passes by Fold to Duvall, one for twenty yards and the other for twenty-five, Duvall took one out of sky less than a yard from the Marine line and walked over for the second touchdown of the game. This time, however, Parr could not get his place kick off of the ground before he was covered by Marines.

Travers returned the kick-off to midfield and was brought down on the Firemen's 23-yard line and forced the Smoke Eaters to receive their kick on the 14. Weldon tried center for four yards but was brought down. The Firemen finally got their ball on their own eighteen-yard line when they bounced on Travis as he was attempting to pass. The pass interception returned the ball to the Marines as the quarter ended, leaving them in a fighting mood, ready to try anything in order to pick up the lead which the Baltimore men had piled up against them. Score: Marines, 0; Firemen, 13.

### Second Quarter

Starting a late offensive on the Firemen's forty yard line, the Quantico lads gained a hard earned first down on the twenty-nine when Romano made a wild dash and was brought down by Kollman, Baltimore's left tackle. Two plays later, having made no noticeable gain, the Leathernecks resorted to the aerial attack which worked so well for the Firemen. A long lateral from Weldon to Travis resulted in the first score for the Marines. Travis converted with a nicely placed kick, adding the point.

The offensive, while late in starting was not to be stopped. Starting on the Firemen's thirty-two yard line, the Marines, held for one play, opened a way for Hatch who slipped through the line to the twenty. Weldon went through center to the eight for another first down to be followed by Romano who picked up three. Another play and Romano off again, diving over for the score-play. The scored tied—the stands wild—Travers made the placement kick and the Leathernecks had the lead. Score: Marines, 14, Firemen, 13.

### Third Quarter

Latour started things in the third quarter when he received the Firemen's kick on his own thirty-five, carrying the ball to the thirty-nine before he was nailed by Raysinger. A wild fumble on the part of the Marines gave the Firemen the ball on the Marine forty yard line. The pride of Baltimore tried twice for no gain and punted out to the twenty-three. The Ma-

rines kicked back to the forty-five. A fumble and the ball to the Firemen who could make no gain. Again a first down for the Marines, Romano and Hatch working the ball down to the Firemen's thirty-eight, then kicked. On the Firemen's second play Fold, after breaking free from would-be tacklers, passed to Duvall who did not hear the referee's whistle and ran sixty yards for an apparent touchdown. The ball was called back and the Marines handed a five yard gift for Firemen off-side. Parr kicked to the Marine thirty-five. Travis punted to Kilmore who broke through right tackle for twelve yards. A Marine penalty for holding gave the Firemen another first down in the forty. Duvall made another of his perfect passes and made the Marine twenty-nine before he was brought down. Parr hit center for a three yard gain as the whistle sounded for the end of the period. Score Marines, 14; Firemen, 13.

### Fourth Quarter

Trapping Davis on his fourth down, the Marines took the pigskin on their own thirty-two. Travers kicked and the Firemen were stopped on their twenty-two to be held for three downs. Picking up fifteen yards in two plays, Romano again showed a burst of fine football when he picked holes in left tackle and went through them. The Quantico men punted out on the Firemen's twenty-three. Duvall passed to Kilmore who reached his own forty-five before Rippey sat on him. Parr again kicked, this time to the Marines' twelve. Working hard the Leathernecks pushed the ball back to Baltimore's twenty-seven. Two well planned kick plays by Parr put the pigskin back on the Marine's forty-nine. Here a pass was intercepted and resulted in Romano again breaking loose with some of his brilliant plays for a twenty-one yard gain.

Romano, working well, with fine interference, drove down the field yard after yard in off-tackle play making a first down on the Firemen's sixteen only to have a fifteen yard penalty forced on him. Another play started—and the gun. Final Score: Marines, 14; Firemen, 13.

## PARRIS ISLAND SPORTS

In celebration of the one hundred and sixty-first birthday of the Marine Corps, an athletic Field Meet was held on the Recruit Depot Drill Field on November 10, 1936. As usual the Recruit Depot walked away with the honors.

The winner of the 100-yard dash was Private W. W. Smith of the Radio School, who did the hundred in twelve seconds. Private Victor E. Adams won second place. First prize for the wheelbarrow race was won by Privates James White and Jack Martin of Platoon No. 22. Second prize for this race went to Privates James Badgett and Charles Mathison, also of Platoon No. 22.

## THE LEATHERNECK



The three-legged race of 100 yards was made in eighteen seconds by Privates Ernest Miller and James Thames. The team of Badgett and Mathison also came in second in this race. Mathison then teamed up with Americus V. Speight of Platoon No. 22 and won first prize in the mounted race, in the same time that will be required to count out Joe Louis.

The 400-yard relay race was won by the team composed of Corporal Walter F. Chandler and Privates Paul Manley, John L. Besso and Raymond McCloskey, Jr., of Platoon No. 23. Their time was 52.2 seconds. Second prize was won by the team composed of Privates Ernest Miller, Jose Castro, Clarence Thorpe and Joseph E. Barsalax of Platoon No. 22.

The shoe race was won by Private Theodore R. Moore of Platoon No. 23, with Private Michael W. Dowhan of Platoon No. 24, a close second. All the contestants in this race were required to remove one of his shoes. These shoes were placed in a pile and scrambled by the judges. The contestants then assembled on the starting line. On the signal from the starter, the contestants dashed to the pile of shoes, each man running with only one shoe. The first man to find his own shoe, lace it without missing a single eyelet and run back to the starting line was declared the winner. This race had quite a field of contestants as the boys certainly

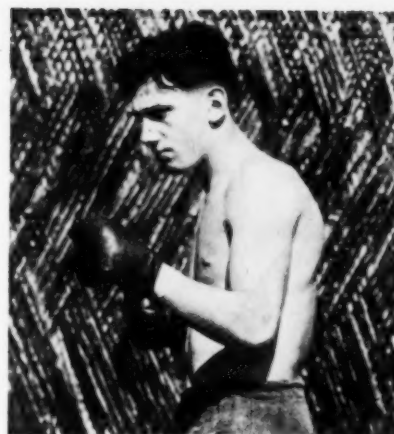
enjoyed "going barefoot" again.

In the cracker contest, Private Levy B. Lemoine was able to eat fifteen crackers and then whistle his triumph over a large group of cracker-munchers. Private James W. Thames was declared the winner of the unique potato race. Thames declared that he attained a very high degree of potato handling during those days he spent in the Main Station Mess Hall. Private Robert Callahan, another old time spud peeler, came in second in this race.

Private Robert Oldham of Platoon No. 23 hit his top form in winning first prize in the pie-eating contest. Private Denver Bates of Platoon No. 22 was second best in this contest. "How long has this been going on?" is the question asked by the winners when they were handed their cash prizes.

#### Basketball

After an absence of several years, the game of basketball will return to Parris Island this season. Practice is being held every afternoon. The squad of about thirty has been cut to twelve men. Chief Pay Clerk Edward J. Donnelly, Jr., Team Coach and Athletic Officer, expects to have an excellent team rounded out within the next month. Games will be scheduled with Southern colleagues, military post and independent teams in this vicinity. More news of this sport will be carried in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK.



Baker

caused Baker to exert himself in order to take the decision.

George "Tarzan" Whittington, hard hitting light heavyweight of the Marine stable had little difficulty in gaining a decision over C. R. "Marine" Pike of the USS. *Augusta*. Whittington was the aggressor throughout this battle and in the second round managed to smash a right hook to Pike's jaw that floored the *Augusta* fighter for the count of nine. As soon as the referee began to count the entire gallery of Marines and Sailors took up the count, the counting reached ear splitting proportions before Pike arose from the canvas. Whittington tried for a knockout during the next two rounds of the fight but was unable to put it across.

A surprise knockout came in the third boxing event of the evening. Van Daly Bell of the Fourth Marines and J. W. Ausburn of the USS. *Augusta* started their bout with such a fury of rights and lefts that it was only a question as to which of them would go down first. Ausburn crowded Bell into a corner of the ring and connected with a left to the jaw which caused Bell to sink to the canvas. Bell was counted out with the first round but a minute and a half old.

The first bout for a North China Navy Relief Championship came when George Magee stepped into the ring with H. Shahinian of the USS. *Black Hawk*. Shahinian appeared to have Magee at a disadvantage at the beginning of the bout, but Magee changed his tactics and crossed the sailor up for the remainder of the fight. Both fighters showed about even during the first two rounds, neither one of them doing much damage. Then Shahinian opened up in the third and fourth rounds to claim a slight advantage over Magee. The sixth round saw Magee floor his opponent, but only for a very short time. Shahinian jumped to his feet and continued the fight. Magee pressed in and was aggressive for the remainder of the fight. It was this aggressiveness and general handling of himself in the ring that earned for him a decision.

George Rose, veteran of many fights here in Shanghai, came through with a well earned victory over H. O. Sutton of the *Black Hawk*. Sutton is the U. S. Asiatic Fleet champion in his weight, but in his fight with Rose he appeared to be no match at all for the Marine. Rose outpointed Sutton in every round to take the decision.

The fight in which everyone present was interested in was the go between "Chick" Jarboe of the *Augusta* and John Stein of

## FOURTH MARINES SPORTS

By J. N. Hamil

**S**HANGHAI ring fans were treated to a fine spectacle on the night of October 24th, when the wrestlers and boxers of the Fourth Marines mixed it up with the choice of the Asiatic Fleet for the North China Auxiliary, Navy Relief Society Championships and the Walla Walla Cup. This was probably the best Service Smoker that has ever been held in Shanghai. From every point of view the affair was a complete success. All the glamor that usually attends an athletic contest between units of the Marine Corps and the Navy was in evidence at this Smoker. Not the least to be mentioned was that every bout on the program was a real hair-raising battle.

The Fourth Marines and the Asiatic Fleet had won the Walla Walla Cup once each. This charity Smoker was to determine the final winners, as the team winning it twice became permanent possessors of the trophy. It was not until the last bout of the evening was finished that the final resting place of the cup was determined. In this final boxing bout "Killer" Eubanks of the Fourth Marines outclassed his Navy opponent, DeJarnette, to gain a decision and the Walla Walla Cup for the Fourth Marines.

The attendance at the boxing and wrestling championships did not meet up with the expectations of all concerned with putting on the Smoker, but what attendance there was of the type to bring out the best in the participants. Loud cheering and hand-clapping marked all the bouts from the first wrestling bout to the last boxing bout.

Two wrestling bouts featured the start of the program. The first of these was between Ringley Ritter of the Fourth Marines and C. J. Krusesky of the USS. *Augusta*. Ritter displayed a great knowledge of the wrestling game but was unable to gain a time advantage over his opponent. After the time limit was up the sailor had gained

a well received decision. The second wrestling bout saw R. Arrigoni of the USS. *Augusta* in action with Jesse Ferren of the Fourth Marines. Ferren had an advantage over his opponent in weight, but Arrigoni was more experienced and the bout had progressed but a few minutes until the sailor had Ferren's shoulders pinned to the mat. This gave the Fleet a two to nil lead in the race for the Walla Walla Cup.

After these two wrestling bouts the crowd was treated to nine of the finest boxing bouts ever to have been seen in Shanghai. The first of these boxing bouts was a four two-minute affair between Lawrence "Jinx" Baker of the Fourth Marines and O. C. Harris of the USS. *Augusta*. Baker showed up well in this bout, gaining many points with the use of his left which was continually jabbing at Harris' face and body. Harris was no slouch himself and



Eubanks—Fourth Marines



Whitington

the Fourth Marines. For heavyweights these two put up a better exhibition of boxing than did many of the lighter contenders. Jarboe hit Stein with everything he had but was unable to cause the Marine to let up in his aggressiveness. Stein took the smashing rights and lefts of Jarboe with little concern and while being outpointed during the fight was by no means administered a crushing defeat. Had the fight continued for a couple more rounds there can be little doubt that Stein would have caused Jarboe considerably worry, and possibly would have beaten the Asiatic Heavyweight Champion. As it was, Jarboe won on points. When Stein left the ring he received the applause of the entire crowd of spectators.

Joe Yetka and Sabadisto renewed hostilities when they met for their third encounter. Each of them had a decision over the other. Sabadisto earned his decision in the Fleet eliminations a few years ago. Then followed a decision in favor of Yetka in San Francisco. This third fight was really the test to determine the real champion. Very little action was seen in this bout but what there was, was fast and furious while it lasted. Sabadisto was given a decision when the bout was over.

Fred Lenkoski came through with a close decision over J. Chester of the USS *Canopus*. Both fighters missed several times during the bout and it was this missing that caused the judges considerable worry in determining the winner. Chester was out to take the crown away from the Marine titleholder and with a twelve pound pull in the weights, advantage in height and reach fought a great battle. Lenkoski was not to be beaten and although he gave the impression of letting down a little he carried the fight throughout. Lenkoski's victory put the Fourth Marines and the Asiatic Fleet with five wins each. The deciding battle was the final one on the program.

This was between "Killer" Eubanks of the Fourth Marines and J. S. DeJarnette of the USS *Canopus*. This fight saw the contenders about evenly matched. Eubanks jarred DeJarnette several times with terrific slams to the body but DeJarnette came back with some that were about of equal effectiveness. The first four rounds saw this fast exchange of blows between the fighters. In the fifth Eubanks crowded DeJarnette and landed a couple on the sailor's head that made him groggy and from that stage of the fight till the final ringing of the bell, the fight was all in favor of Eubanks. He won a decision over the sailor.

After the final boxing event was completed the participants were presented with

their trophies and belts. Colonel Chas. F. B. Price made the presentations.

Thus came to a completion one of the finest service smokers ever held in Shanghai.

There was an Inter-Company Basketball League held during the past few weeks. In this league eleven teams were entered. Originally twelve teams were to start the league but at the last minute one of them had to drop out. Headquarters Company Second Battalion and E Company were the two leading teams entered in the race for Inter-Company honors. In the final play-off the Headquarters Second team defeated the E Company players in two straight games to cop the championship.

Rugby is holding the highlight in the present schedule of athletic events of the regiment. Already there have been two games played. The first was between the Battalion teams of the First and Second Battalions. The First Battalion team showed a marked superiority over the Second in handling of the ball, in passing and in marking their men. They routed their opponents by the score of ten to nothing. This was a hectic game, being the first of the season and the first for many of the players. After this game between the two Battalion



Magee

teams the best players from each outfit was selected to play against a team from H.M.S. *Dorsetshire*. This game was played at the Race Course and for the little practice which the Fourth Marine players have had, was one of the best ever to be played here. The entire field was surrounded by spectators, many of whom were seeing a game of rugby for the first time.

"Coffee" Zatkoff, a veteran of past rugby seasons, started the scoring for the Fourth Marines by making a penalty kick from about the thirty-five yard line. The kick was good and the Marines chalked up three points to their credit. A try by Hemphill and another by McCloin brought the total up to nine, then Zatkoff kicked a goal after Hemphill's try for two additional points, making the final score of eleven for the Fourth Marines and nil for the *Dorsetshire* team.

Little rugby will be played from now until after the annual Turkey-Day football game between the Fourth Marines and the civilians of Shanghai. This football game climaxes all other sports at this season of the year and is looked forward to with

great anticipation by players and spectators alike.

Besides the interest in American football at the present time the men of the Fourth Marines are arousing themselves for the annual competitions in bowling and basketball. An Inter-Battalion bowling league is under way, for duck pins, with a league for the big sticks being arranged for as soon as the duck pin league finishes.

The basketball leagues are many. First there is the Inter-Battalion series, then the Cates League, and finally the Shanghai City League, all to be played in during the next couple of months. The interest is high in all these activities and we look forward to a very active season in all of them.

## SPORTS IN THE SECOND BATTALION

### 4TH MARINES

#### Headquarters Company

Athletically speaking our company gets a red E with hash marks. To begin with our Playground ball team swept through the Battalion Series and won two out of three games from Company F to become Battalion Champions. Then they won the Regimental Championship. Pfc. Stith and Pvt. Chronister formed the battery for the "Shanty Irish." The Basketball team is favored to win the Regimental Championship. To date they have won seven and lost none with Company E left to be played in the playoff series. Of the thirty men out for the Battalion Rugby Team, ten of them hail from the "Shanty Irish."

#### E Company

Our Basketball team won five straight games in the Regimental Series and now are ready to play Headquarters company for the Regimental Championship, which we think we will win, with such men as Paisley at forward, Chaves at Guard, Sexton at Guard, Nittinger at forward.

Our Premier boxer, par excellence, Pvt. Eubanks, won the Asiatic Fleet Championship and a belt in the welterweight class in the Navy-Marine Smoker on the 24th of October.

#### F Company

The company has shown great spirit during the first series of the basketball season. Every game packed with thrills and plenty of action. All games were played at the Navy Y, witnessed by a small group of spectators. The company won four out of five games and lost the last one to E Company by a score of 22-21, which cost F Company the first series. Two more series are scheduled for the remainder of the season. If the company spirit continues there is no doubt as to the profit that will be made from the games of the past.

#### H Company

H Company has had a very successful season of basketball so far having lost only one game, and that game deciding the Championship of the Regiment as the team that beat us will be crowned champs, by reason of no defeats. But we are looking forward to the next leagues which we think we can take. The team to date has won 7 and lost one game, pretty good I should say. Quite a number of our boys are out for rugby, that good old English game which has been revived in the Regiment after a lull of one year, due to an unforeseen incident which happened during the start of the season 1 year ago.

# GOLDEN GLOVES VICTOR IS DETERMINED TO WIN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD

By Bill McCormick  
Washington (D. C.) Post

**T**HE big Marine youngster settled himself in the shade of an ancient maple tree which might once have sheltered George Washington from a beating sun, wrinkled his beetle brows, and confided a fact to a fellow Marine.

"I," admitted the big Marine, timidly, "am going to be a heavyweight boxing champion of the world some day."

The brother Marine gulped in amazement—amazement provoked not by the big fellow's confident prediction, but by the fact that the lad with the Dempseyish beetle brows had spoken at all.

The scene shifts to the recent Golden Gloves boxing tournament in the Catholic University gymnasium. The big boy with the beetle brows is entering the ring in the finals of the tourney. He is wearing a wistful smile and the trunks of the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, under whose banner he is fighting.

Daniels' opponent is pretty good for an amateur heavyweight, but he lasts only two rounds. Daniels' three previous opponents have lasted even less. Daniels waits around long enough to receive his Golden Glove, then departs for home. A few days later he is found in a local gymnasium, working out with any and every professional punch pusher that wishes a little boxing. He has not said one word about his championship aspirations since those unexpected words last summer, but anyone with half an eye can see that the ambition still smolders.

The big boy was born 19 years ago on Roanoke Island. Roanoke Island is a part of one of the most picturesque spots in the country. It is one of the Shoestring Islands off the coast of North Carolina which make Pamlico Sound.

The natives know the islands as "The Beach." There are really only two occupations on the Beach—fishing and Coast Guard work. Maynard's dad is the exception that proves the rule. He runs a general store, but has a few nets which he rents out.

Many tales of exceptional bravery on the part of inhabitants of the islands are recorded at the Coast Guard headquarters and many an islander has gone down on a fishing trip, but that is all taken as a matter of course, as are the Gullah Negroes.

The Gullahs of the Shoestring Islands are descendants of a shipment of slaves wrecked off the coast long before the War Between the States. Their antecedents came from the shores of the Congo and many of the rites and customs of African days are retained by the islanders.

The Gullahs speak English with an accent wholly unlike that of most Southern Negroes, and still use many African words in their ordinary conversation. Ethel Barrymore's play, "Scarlet Sister Mary," was based on the life of the Gullahs, but so unfamiliar is the average American with the tribe that even a Barrymore failed to make the thing comprehensible.

This is the atmosphere into which Maynard was born—and would have stayed, had

not someone thought he might make a good football player and shipped him to Wake Forest, where he struggled with the grid game during 1934 and 1935.

"I never had played football befoh, an' it was kinda new to me," Daniels explains his failure to become a tremendous success on the gridiron.

The next year, however, Maynard found his athletic forte—in the Raleigh, N. C., Golden Gloves, which he won. Came the Charlotte Golden Gloves and Maynard won two bouts before being defeated by Fred Hill, who later went to the A. A. U. national tournament in Cleveland and did very well.

"I hurt mah hand in the second fight," explains Maynard. "But I wouldn't have beat Hill, anyway. He was too good foh me then."

Daniels doesn't think Hill would be too good for him now, and most people agree with him. Of course, most of them will laugh when they hear that Private Daniels is determined to some day become heavyweight champion, but then they once upon a time laughed at another Marine—one James Joseph Tunney.



Lenkoski with Belts Representing North China Championship and Winner at Navy Relief Smoker

## PEARL HARBOR SPORTS

MARINES 6

NAVY 0

The Marines here in these parts are carrying their heads high, for the small but mighty band of football players successfully defeated the Navy in a titanic struggle for the Navy Yard Championship. Playing the Navy to a standstill throughout the first half, the Marines resorted to the oldest play in football to catch the entire Navy team napping. With Harden, alert Marine back, laying out on the side lines, Rawls tossed a beautiful thirty-five yard pass, which Harden carried to the Navy eight yard line. Rawls hit the line for two, and then the same Rawls passed to "Gabby Gabriel" in



George Rose

the flats who shook off two tacklers to cross the goal line for the winning point. The Marines, late in the fourth quarter, drove again deep into Navy territory, but a pass interception halted their march.

The two teams battled evenly for the remainder of the game, and the game ended with the Navy desperately trying to knot the score. The line work of both the teams was outstanding, but for the Marines the great work of Jorgenson, Johnson, Wares, and the two ends, Weitz and Guptile, was particularly outstanding. In the backfield "Sleepy" Rawls, Gabby Gabriel, Red McQuilken, Harden, and Chadwick did remarkable work throughout the entire game.

All in all, the Marines climaxed a successful season, with their convincing defeat of the Navy. Winning four games and losing two is an enviable record considering the obstacles the players had to overcome.

Next year we plan even greater things here on the "Rock" so all you Marines who love your football, rally 'round.

Football is past now, and the basketball team is fastly rounding into shape for the approaching season. With only three veterans returning, led by Coffey, giant guard, and Berger and Eme, a pair of nifty forwards, with a merry battle ensuing for the remaining position. Outstanding players other than the men from last year's squad include: Swick, Mann, Newby, Gabriel, Rawls, Vermouth, Harden, Freeman, Brumble, Jones, Keranan, Donnelly, and Tabbutt. Our post gym has been enlarged, and the boys can be seen any afternoon working hard and diligently under Coaches Lt. Col. Peard and Cpl. Neil. We wish the men the best of luck, and may they sink the Army and Navy in the coming season.

Pearl Harbor Marines Capture Service Bowling Championship!! Sweeping aside all Army and Navy opposition, the Marines ran rough shod through the league to win thirty-six points and dropped only two. Led by Sgt. Maj. Clayton, Gunney Sgt. Goyer, Sgt. Yingling, Cpl. Baltra, Cpl. Kimball, and Pfc. Lawrence, the Marines had the situation well in hand. The victory brought one more bowling trophy to the growing list of spoils garnered by our bowlers. The entire post extends their heartiest congratulations to the Champion Bowlers of the Rock. To "ex" Pearl Harbor Marines, and those that will come here in the future, we bid you the customary Aloha, and hope to be with you again next month.



# MARINES STOP AZTEC VICTORY MARCH, 14-0

SEND IN YOUR  
SPORTS BROADCAST

## AZTECS TOPPLED FROM UNBEATEN CLASS

By George Herrick

(San Diego, Nov. 12)

The country's football statisticians today are scratching the name of San Diego State from the list of the few unbeaten teams in the nation after the Aztecs were turned back by the Marines, 14 to 0, in an Armistice day feature game in the stadium yesterday. In the neighborhood of 10,000 fans witnessed the elimination of the collegians from the select roster of the untrimmed class. It was an alert Marine aggregation which turned the trick; one which pushed over two touchdowns, one of them a thriller, then stiffened to hold its collegiate foes on the Leatherneck 2-yard strip to wipe out the only serious threat the Aztecs were able to muster.

The way the first quarter started out, it looked as if it wasn't going to be much of a ball game. The opening period was a punting duel between Art Metzger of State and Red Callahan of the Barnett Avenue Sea Soldiers. The Aztec bench gulped a couple of times when Jim McMichael fumbled the opening kickoff, with Walt Sonnenberg of the Marines recovering on the Aztec 33, but it was no go, and the Devil Dogs booted to State's 20-yard stripe. From there Quarterback Max Glass engineered the collegians to the Leatherneck 38, where Metzger kicked into the end zone. They were the only two near-serious beads the two outfits drew on each other's goal.

The first blood was drawn by the winners in the second via a thrilling pass play. Starting from their 34 on a punt exchange, the Leathernecks got to their 47, where Hal Barieau stepped back and flipped the ball some 30 yards to Hal Lindfelt, who caught it on the dead run to score standing up. It was without doubt the most beautiful pass play executed in these parts this season. Jim Franklin tacked on the seventh point. The Aztecs were going to town themselves on some forward pass stuff just as the half ended.

Vince Kleponis, Marine co-captain line-man, intercepted Metzger's pass on State's 45 in the third canto, and with Barieau and Don Gibson reeling off some nice gains through and around the collegians' line, the Leathernecks in no time found themselves in State's 8-yard marker. From that point Gibson skirted his left end, scoring with little effort. Franklin again chalked up the extra point.

The Aztec rooters were a sad looking bunch after their boys went 79 yards only to be halted cold on the Leatherneck 2-yard line in the fourth. Passes paved the way on this march, with Metzger flipping one for 18 yards to Joe Frame, another to Capt. Ed Smyth. Glass also got in some fair runs.

Failure at this point seemed to take the starch out of the Aztec clan for they let the Marine horde get to the Montezuma's 9-yard stripe on one occasion, and one other time, shortly before the final gun sounded, Jim Crouch tossed a beautiful pass to Murray, who caught the ball in the end zone but juggled it, missing a touchdown by a fraction.

It was one of the best tilts of the season, with the Leathernecks playing

their best game. Starring for the latter were Barieau, Robertshaw, Cummings, Lindfelt, Franklin, Hill, Gibson, Murray, Kleponis, Tracy, and Sonnenberg. The officials claimed it one of the cleanest games they have worked this year.

### Summary:

San Diego (0).....	POS.	(14) Marines
Frame .....	le	Weber
Nielsen .....	lt	Devore
Stern .....	lg	Garvey
Yount .....	e	Cummings
Penuelas .....	rg	Harris
Hershey .....	rt	Miller
Smyth .....	re	Sonnenberg
Glass .....	qb	Callahan
Galindo .....	lh	Sibel
McMichael .....	rh	Tracy
Sefton .....	fb	Webb

### Score by quarters:

Marines .....	0	7	7	0	—14
San Diego .....	0	0	0	0	—0

Marine scoring: Touchdowns—Lindfelt, Gibson; points after touchdowns—Franklin 2.

Officials: Referee, Jack Mashin; umpire, Hal Neidermeyer; head linesman, Glenn Broderick; field judge, Joe Beerle.—San Diego Tribune.

## QUANTICO CELEBRATES MARINE BIRTHDAY WITH FIELD AND MILITARY EVENTS

By W. C. Wall

THE 161st anniversary of the founding of the Corps was celebrated in a novel manner when the entire command of Quantico turned out in the morning and afternoon of the 10th of November, packing the stadium to its limits, watching the gang go through their paces. Incorporating every description of events that could be thought of by an enthusiastic committee, the day's program ran through without hitch, giving the man a taste of

what is to come in the future. When the powers-that-be say, "Let Miller do it" everyone expects the best in any form of entertainment—whether it be a smoker or field day—and they get it. Colonel Miller and his committee proved themselves again by putting on the best day's entertainment seen by Quantico in many years.

The morning's events, comprising of a greased pig race, a shoe race, three-legged race, an obstacle race, potato race, tug of war and the 440 yard relay were won by Brigade Special Troops, First Battalion, FMF, First Battalion, FMF, First Battalion, FMF, Aircraft One, and the First Battalion, FMF respectively. With the morning's events giving the First a large lead it looked as though they had the meet cinched.

Resuming the day's events after a holiday chow, the Tenth Marines took the first of the military events when two of their men won the Tent Pitching Contest. Aircraft One was the winner of the Equipment Race and the First Battalion, FMF, came through with another win to take the B.A.R. Race. The time on the latter was exceptional and reflects upon the efficiency of that organization.

Keeping in the footsteps of other winning squads of their Battalion, a machine gun crew consisting of Carter, Dawkins, Hamilton and Holland came within a few seconds of breaking the existing record for assembling the gun.

Battery A took the Howitzer Race and the Second Battalion came back with another win when Saine won the Manual of Arms Contest after being eliminated from over fifty men. Not to be left out of the military events, the Tenth Marines surprised all hands by breaking their rifles out of "hock" to win the Close Order Drill Competition after having shown up the platoons of the First and Second Battalions. Aircraft One added a few points to their total when after twenty minutes of stiff competition they took the Grenade Throwing Contest, winning over men from all organizations on the Post.



Ch. Ck. Raymond Tarlton Swings at One

THE LEATHERNECK

# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## GLENDALE (CALIFORNIA) COMPANY OF THIRTEENTH BATTALION WINS FIRST LEG ON INSTRUCTORS CUP

By Captain Owen E. Jensen, FMCR

**B**EFORE threatening clouds that did not deter a fairly well filled grandstand on the athletic field in Inglewood's Crozier School drill field, Company C, Glendale, won the first leg of a beautiful trophy presented by the Inspector-Instructor and Assistant Inspectors-Instructors of the Lucky 13th for the company having the best drilled close order team in the battalion.

Shortly before 3 P.M., the teams from the four companies of the battalion, marched from the armory of D company, acting as host for the first competition of its kind within the battalion, to the competition field. Here they were received by the famous Inglewood Boys' Band, which, however, had to disperse owing to the unusual threatening weather.

Each, in turn, marched up to the Inspector-Instructor and were presented, beginning their competitive drill on the command, "Order Arms." Inglewood's team was first, under command of its skipper, Capt. Horace W. Card, which was a 2 to 1 favorite to win the competition, according to reliable information from rookie "bookies" in the stands who were cheering for their respective teams.

Captain Card put through his team in an intricate series of drills, culminating in a "dispersal" movement when one file marched to the front, one to the rear, and

two other files, alternately to the right and left flanks. This movement was an extended one and brought the men back into the original column of squads formation. Precision of drill, regularity of cadence and proper step in marching was demonstrated to a high degree in this maneuver. Captain Card brought his company back to the judges just a few seconds over the allotted period of six minutes.

Next, was Company C of Glendale, the team of which was commanded by Sgt. John M. Cobb, FMCR. This company, during former years has been the "cellar" company in most activities. However, during the past year they have shown themselves able to compete with the best and proceeded in this competition to show what can be accomplished. Sgt. Cobb drew applause from the grandstand of onlookers for his splendid performance in putting his team through their paces, the high point of which was a movement that might have routed the best of infantry drill companies. He ended by forming a single file from a column of squads, which gradually formed a square and diminished flanks, eventually forming a circle. They returned to their original formation without a mishap and not a man lost his place or was one inch out of line when Sgt. Cobb finally brought his team up for presentation to the Inspector-Instructor.

B Company of Pasadena, commanded by

Lt. C. J. Salazar, FMCR, presented a team under the command of Cpl. Burkhardt, a member of the company for over three years and at present a member of the Platoon Leader's class of 1937 from the California Institute of Technology. Cpl. Burkhardt put his team through its paces and stuck to regulation movements almost exclusively.

The judges, consisting of Capt. C. L. Peebles, 160th Infantry, California National Guard, as senior member, with Captain Alan T. Hunt, FMCR and 1st Lieut. W. F. Whitaker, FMCR as members, went into a huddle and after a long conference declared Glendale's Company C the winner of the first leg of the cup.

The trophy is a beautiful silver loving cup mounted appropriately and was donated by Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, Inspector-Instructor of the 13th Battalion, 1st Sgt. Tillman and Sgt. Cathey, Assistant Inspectors and Instructors of the battalion in a gesture of good-will to foster and encourage competition in close order drill among the companies of the unit. Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, battalion commander of the 13th, expressed his appreciation to the donors on behalf of the officers and men of the organization.

It is planned to hold this competition every three months in the various cities where the companies of the battalion are located and thus encourage public interest and sentiment in the support of the battalion, as well as to aid in the recruitment of the outfit.

Rules provide that the cup must be won three times to become the permanent possession of the winning company, the last two times, consecutively.

Members of the battalion have manifested a splendid interest in this competition that augurs well for an improved morale.

### Birthday of Corps Celebrated by Los Angeles Reserves

Participating in a series of observances on the occasion of the 161st birthday of the United States Marine Corps, members of the 13th Battalion anew pledged their individual and collective support for the Marine Corps and Marine Corps Reserve by paying tribute to those who have made the history of the Marine Corps a tradition of honorable service to their country.

Lt. Col. Tom E. Thrasher, USMC, Recruiting Officer for the District of Los Angeles, Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, Inspector-Instructor of the 13th Battalion, Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, Commanding Officer of the 13th Battalion, presented a playlet over radio station KNX, the "Voice of Hollywood" depicting the momentous day in Marine History when the Marine Corps was organized at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1775, the story of which all alert Marines are familiar.

Many expressions of appreciation were received by Station KNX for the splendid rendition of this important historic occasion. Expressions of commendation are due Capt. Maling, commentator and announcer for the now well known "officer of the day" series which appear on this station once each week.



JUDGES OF INSTRUCTORS CUP AWARD

Left to right: Capt. C. L. Peebles, 160th Inf. Calif. National Guard, Senior Member, Board of Awards, Instructors' Cup; Capt. Alan T. Hunt, FMCR, Judge, 1st Lieut. W. F. Whitaker, FMCR, Judge, Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, Inspector-Instructor and one of the donors of the trophy shown in the picture; Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, Commanding Officer, 13th Battalion, FMCR.

### Pasadena Honors Marines' Birthday

Under the guidance of 1st Lieut. C. J. Salazar, FMCR, commanding B Co. of the 13th Battalion, the members hold a quarterly dinner—after every pay day—and in November, this dinner turned into well received program with Major Flynn, battalion commander as guest of honor and Mr. Edward M. Ford of Pasadena, a prominent attorney, as speaker of the evening. Mr. Ford delivered an illustrated lecture concerning Sgt. Alvin York and how he captured 132 prisoners, silencing 35 machine guns. Mr. Ford has gathered data for five years concerning Sgt. York's famous escapade and is a recognized authority on the tactics involved, which he brought out clearly. Mr. Ford is a former 1st Lieutenant of the 12th U. S. Infantry.

At the next dinner of B company, Mr. Ford will deliver a talk on the actions of Marines on the Great Lakes during the war of 1812.

Entertainment offered by the well known performers, Natividad and Henrietta Vacio, singing Mexican songs as well as executing some interesting Mexican dances. Both these delightful people are teachers of their art and were trained at the famous Padua Hills center.

Cpl. John W. Burkhardt performed the duties of M/C which is Hollywood for Master of Ceremonies. This job is always delegated by the committee on arrangements. He did a splendid job of this arduous task, considering he had Major Flynn as foil. Nobody ever found out who was his stooge. Our secret correspondent Mx-12-Y-2 will endeavor to find out for the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

### Southern California Marines Take Part in Armistice Ceremonies

As invited guests, representing the Marine Corps, Lt. Col. Tom E. Thrasher, USMC, Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, Major John J. Flynn, FMCR and Major Joseph P. Sproul, VMCR and Captain Owen E. Jensen, appeared on the reviewing stand at the Los Angeles City Hall on the occasion of that city's annual observance of the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of the year 1918, the occasion of the cessation of hostilities when the Armistice was declared. An imposing array of national defense-minded men and women made this parade a stirring appeal for continued national defense and to perpetuate the memory of those fought and died in the Great War.

As usual, Pasadena held a large parade, probably the largest of Armistice Day parades in the country for a city with its 90,000 population. Company B of Pasadena, with Lt. C. J. Salazar, FMCR, participated and again brought the most vociferous applause from the spectators who packed the curbs along the line of march.

This same company presented its rifle drill team on Navy Day at the celebration sponsored by the B.P.O.E. (Elks to you). This team has appeared before various clubs and organizations of Pasadena such as the Lions, Kiwanis, Optimists, Rotary, and has brought much favorable publicity to the company.

Inglewood and Glendale companies participated in parades and ceremonies as usual.

### Brief Comments from the 13th Battalion

A bouquet and a salvo to the City of Pasadena, City Manager Koerner, City Board of Director and Building Superintendent Gougar for their splendid five year long support of the 13th battalion by

furnishing splendid quarters for both B Company and Battalion Headquarters of the 13th. Without this support—well, the Marines never fail—but still!

Ye Batt Music (or is it "batty") asks if you have ever heard of the dumb rookie (all rookies are dumb, is an axiom) who when asked if he knew the "manual of arms" said he didn't know any Mexican lovers.

A salute to the city fathers of Inglewood for their splendid cooperation in furnishing Inglewood's D Company with a splendid drill field and adequate quarters in the Public Library.

While we're saluting, Glendale's Board of Education deserves a tribute for their allotment of space in the Wilson School to Company C—Lieutenant Whitney, C.O. and Lieutenant Morgan, contributing.

"Ye Batt Music" pipes up again to say that the Inglewood Company intends to put a few scratches on that drill cup the next time.

D Company welcomes back a couple of old members. Louis Connor, who is an ex-regular and got an eye full of foreign service in China and Warner who was one of the original members of the outfit. Both declared a weakness for the good old Corps.



Inspection of Co. "C," 11th Bn., FMCR, by 1st Lt. E. F. Arnold, FMCR

Captain Owen E. Jensen, FMCR, was recently re-assigned to the 13th Battalion after a year's active duty with the Army Civilian Conservation Corps. Captain Jensen was stationed in the San Antonio District of the C.C.C. at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and commanded only one company during his entire year of allotted duty, which was Co. 3803, Camp SP-51-T, Lockhart, Texas. Capt. Jensen has been temporarily assigned to Headquarters Company and incidentally acts as public relations and publicity officer of the battalion. Company LEATHERNECK correspondents are urged to have their material in to Captain Jensen on the last Wednesday of each month and in no case later than the 5th of the month in order that the "deadline" of THE LEATHERNECK may be made in time.

Another merited promotion is that of Captain Alan T. Hunt, FMCR, our perennial battalion adjutant, a graduate of the Naval Academy and an efficient officer highly respected and since 1931 a member of the outfit.

### ELEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR Seattle, Washington

Happy New Year from the Pacific Northwest!

As this is written—early in December—Thanksgiving Day is still a pleasant memory and Christmas is just ahead, but by the time this is in print New Year greetings will be in order.

And in spite of the fact that it's still 1936, the 11th Battalion is eagerly looking forward to 1937 as the top year in its history.

The latest and perhaps most important development in the battalion's history is the authority for organization of two more companies, D and E, in Tacoma, Washington. Tacoma men have been drilling with Seattle units for some time and nine of them have been transferred to the new units from the two Seattle companies.

Commissions are expected for Albert R. Whitman and R. A. Tisdale and no one will be happier to see the Tacoma outfits make good than the Seattle companies. The authorized strength of each Tacoma company will be two officers and sixty men.

Company A marksmen have come through again. This time they've won the Percy Crosby Rifle Cup following completion of target practice by battalions of the FMCR during the target year 1936.

A small bore rifle team made up of enlisted men of the 11th took Seattle's North End Rifle Club down the line on 1 December to the tune of 964 to 881. Firing on the Reserve team were Hamilton, Abing, Stratton, Parsons, Fitz and Snyder.

Down in Aberdeen, Washington, where Company B holds forth, the boys have built a downtown clubroom where the men can gather. The lumber was donated by an Aberdeen Plywood Company and the men did the work.

Magazines will be purchased with money from the club fund and a pool table will soon be added.

Company B took part in Aberdeen's Armistice Day parade and further endeared themselves to the Grays Harbor city. The outfit has taken part in practically every public function and, as one prominent citizen said, "What would an affair be without the Marines?"

In the V-Ring: A correction, please. It was Maj. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge who donated the ping-pong set to the 11th Battalion club room in Seattle, instead of General Williams, as we mentioned last month. . . . Otto Schmahl of A can't make up his mind whether to carry a rifle or a bugle. . . . On some drill nights he carries both—one at a time. . . . Jim Ressler of A didn't like his last name . . . people were getting it mixed up with Wrestler and Russell and things . . . so he went to court and had it changed to Hamilton . . . asked how he picked his new name, he said he made out a list of names he'd always liked and then worked through them, eliminating them one at a time . . . now he's legally James C. Hamilton . . . 2nd Lt. L. D. Fricks, Jr., Company A, is on temporary duty as CO of the new Tacoma companies. . . . Vic Bozak, one of the Aberdeen lads, has joined the Regulars . . . and that's all for this month.

### COMPANY B & E, FMCR Detroit, Michigan "By Sarge"

Better late than never may we extend our wishes that you enjoyed a very merry Xmas and that the New Year may be very prosperous and a happy one. We of the

THE LEATHERNECK



Detroit Units enjoyed a very bountiful 1936, and I'm sure you may expect a similar record for 1937.

Last edition of THE LEATHERNECK carried compliments to our NCO's but no one knows who they are but their immediate Companies. So once again let's give our congrats to, Plst-Sgt. E. S. Rust, Sgt. C. P. Burke, Cpl. T. C. Vanover, Cpl. T. N. Boga, Cpl. J. P. McGuinness, Cpl. G. L. Post, Cpl. R. W. Schmidt, and several PFC's that I haven't a list of at present. These men are all of Co. B. Co. E has several promotions also, 1st-Sgt. M. P. Van Aalst, Sgt. R. Hall, Sgt. R. W. Melms, Sgt. L. F. Jacobs, Cpl. G. W. Steil, Cpl. G. E. Avery, Cpl. R. Koller, and this outfit also has a long list of PFC's that aren't on my list but I'll have them next month for sure. These stripes are and were all hard earned and I must warn you new NCO's you've really got a record to hold up.

Our first baptism of Battalion inspection was held November 16th, 1936, by our Battalion Commander, Maj. Ivan C. Stickney, and Staff. Everything was ship-shape according to the Major's report, and he was very well pleased with our new Company E which at that time carried about 90% recruits. I must add this new outfit is coming along like vets. It won't be long and they will have the Quartermaster shine off, and then they will go places.

Our new quota of NCO's gave some one a bright idea, and we have formed, chartered and elected officers by an NCO club. Sgt. Robert W. Melms was elected Chairman by a great majority, Sgt. Carl P. Burke, took the Treasury chair, Cpl. John P. McGuinness was elected secretary. This, to my estimation, is a very good move in the right direction and I'm certain that each NCO and the Companies they belong to will benefit very much by it.

The near future holds a surprise for a great many men in our units, so I'd advise everyone to keep his head up and stay on his toes. Before long this town of Champions will hold another Champ by way of a Marine Reserve Battalion, and in the past I haven't missed on my predictions.

I'll take this opportunity of sending our greetings of the season to all Marines in the service and may the coming New Year be as you like it.

## 6TH BN., FMCR SPORT NEWS Philadelphia, Pa.

By T. L. (Les) Jones

The basketball team of the battalion is sailing away under full steam and with the weekly practice sessions the boys have been getting some finer points in the art of passing and shooting the ball from the coaches of the team 2nd Lt. Paul A. Rebola and 2nd Lt. Herbert P. Beyer. To date the team has engaged in two practice tilts splitting even on same. Games have been booked with the USS Porter, 111th Infantry of the Penna. National Guard, Barracks Detachment of the Navy Yard Marines and several independent teams to be played outside of the Navy Yard Recreation Center. The team has already been strengthened with several new players in Platoon Sgt. Fred Hoffecher from B Company and Danky Dankowitz from C Company. There are also several new recruits coming out from the team from recent enlistments. The team has been measured for new uniforms and will make a snappy appearance when they come on the floor in their new maroon and gold suits. As this goes to press there is not much news to write about so until next month Au Revoir.

## BROOKLYN'S THIRD BATTALION PREPARES TO GO INTO NEW BUILDING IN EARLY SPRING BUSY SCHEDULE UNDER WAY

Officers and men of the Third Battalion, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, are almost counting the bricks laid and the beams set up in their new home in the Yard. They should be installed there sometime in either February or March, and have the added facilities of a new rifle range, individual company headquarters and store-rooms, and many other features now not embodied in Building Number Nine, which has been their home ever since Major B. S. Barron first brought his original 462d Company into the Yard over four years ago.

Plans for interesting events and opening ceremonies are being considered now, in connection with the opening of the new building, and every unit of the Battalion is prepared to move almost on an hour's notice. They also are prepared for a coming inspection of equipment, clothing and quarters and are hard at work on the regular armory training schedule.

In addition to the regular drill work, rifle range shooting, and other military duties, the Battalion members are engaged in many extra activities. A Battalion table tennis tournament is under way, the basketball squad is on its fourth season, and the various units are holding their annual dances in the building and elsewhere. Major Barron and his officers are aiming at new honors at the coming summer encampment, and all along the line the non coms and men are working hard toward that objective.

A Company—"The General's Own" composed of men six feet tall, and commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan—is working hard toward annexing its first Battalion trophy, either for efficiency, rifle, or drill attendance, and thus far is doing well. It has also placed two of its men on the "varsity" or Battalion basketball squad in Testagrossa and Donnellan, and is active in all Battalion functions.

B Company—1st Lt. Fred Lindlaw commanding—has put Corporal Thomas in charge of the table tennis squad, and Thomas also is one of the mainstays of the basketball team. Corporal Glenn Davis has been transferred to Western Reserve Area because of his removal of residence to California. B Company is aiming at a 100% qualification on both the .22 and .30 calibre ranges, to take the Battalion shooting trophy away from D Company which won it at Sea Girt last summer.

C Company—Capt. Howard W. Houck commanding—held its fifth annual dance and entertainment at the Casino of the Mecca Temple in Manhattan, and had a fine attendance. They likewise are specializing on rifle practice to give B and D companies a close run for first honors.

D Company—Capt. M. V. O'Connell commanding—also held its annual dance, at the Yard, which was attended by a large crowd, and which was featured by a splendid entertainment of professional and amateur talent. B and D companies have the largest representation on the Battalion basketball team coached by Capt. O'Connell. D company also has a good boxing team which is preparing for competition with other service units in the New York area.

Being located in a great metropolitan center, the Battalion is constantly in demand to participate in various military

and veteran functions during the year, with either full strength, or by units, or with band and color guard. A heavy schedule during the winter months of such activities is being carried out. The Battalion has won several fine trophies in competition with veteran and service color-guards throughout the Greater City, and is out to augment its already large supply of cups and other awards.

Non-commissioned and commissioned officers' schools are progressing and the Battalion is reported to be in excellent condition. Heavy attendance at the Sunday afternoon basketball games has been noted, and a fine season record is confidently looked forward to. The basketball team incidentally looks forward to hearing from other Marine Reserve fires for the latter part of this year's schedule.

Fine co-operation in all activities has been received from Major Thomas B. Gale, USMC, the Inspector-instructor of the Battalion, and his able assistant Sergeant T. J. Down, USMC, who attend all military and other functions of the organization. Headquarters Company, under Capt. William E. Carey, and the Quartermaster Department under Battalion Quartermaster, Capt. John Young, also are active. Lt. Alfred Stuart has been assigned to range duty for the Battalion qualification work.

## THE 7TH BN. (ART) FMCR Philadelphia, Pa.

By George R. Muller

Well, here we are after an absence of many months—our war correspondent has been laid up with a mild attack of paresis. The outfit has been functioning with its usual fine efficiency, particularly as during the winter months the activity of the older men is more or less confined to skull practice, while the Rookies are using the drill hall for close order, etc. We are starting a recruiting drive to bring us up to strength with the idea of going to camp with a veteran outfit. On Armistice Day the battalion turned out and in conjunction with other outfits paraded. We were mighty pleased with the resultant compliments, particularly from those more or less supposedly disinterested. On the 17th of November Mrs. Noble Newport Potts of The Daughters of War of 1812 presented their medal, "To The Man Who Has Done Most For The Battalion." Sgt. Alfred Smith, Jr. (no relation to The Happy Warrior), was presented with the medallion. Congratulations Smitty—and also Mrs. Potts for her admirable poise among so many Leathernecks. Major Knowlan and Capt. Keating officiated at the presentation. Our adjutant Capt. Buckley was an also ran—having forgotten part of his uniform. Pfc. William "Wild Bill" Tinney, Philadelphia's loan to Headquarters, is being welcomed into our fold. First Sgt. Henry with all his prior service aplomb allowed a deer "The size of an Elephant" to slide under his sights. We can't understand that, Melvin. Major Campbell H. Brown, our new instructor, has become fully acclimated, we hope, to the vagaries of our Philadelphia climate and seems to enjoy his new tour. We know we are very glad to have him with us.

# BROOKLYN RESERVE BATTALION'S BASKETBALL TEAM BEST IN FOUR YEARS

**T**HE Third Battalion's basketball team, a feature of the athletic program of this organization and the original 462d Company for the past four years, looks to be the best ever turned out by Captain M. V. O'Connell, coach of the squad. Fifteen regular players have made the squad, giving the team plenty of reserves despite the loss of five of the old team's star players. The longest schedule ever undertaken by a Reserve squad has been booked, running late into the Spring, and against the pick of the teams of the service units in and around New York, and private club teams as well.

After winning its first three games comfortably, the Reserves were nosed out in the last minutes of a terrifically speedy game against the championship five of the 245th Coast Artillery, Battery A, by a score of 21-18, in the soldiers' favor. A return game has been scheduled which should reverse the situation in favor of the Marines. The victory of the 245th boys evened the series begun last year, with the Reserves and Artillerymen each having won two games.

The season opened Sunday, November 15th, when, in the absence of the 52nd Field Artillery, which failed to appear, the regular squad won handily in an exhibition game over the B team, 40-23. The following Sunday the Marines defeated the fast Rubes A. C. of Brooklyn, 28-25, using all substitute players after the first quarter of the game and giving every man on the squad a chance to appear in the lineup. On Sunday, November 29th, the Marines met the fast Ramblers of Brooklyn, a team that has appeared on the schedule for the past two seasons, and handed them a 26-12 trimming, also with the subs playing most of the game.

The lone defeat thus far provided one of the fastest games ever seen on the Navy Yard court, with the Marines leading all the way until the last few minutes, when they were unable to overcome an effective burst of speed and scoring which enabled the soldiers to go ahead by the three points which determined the victory.

The Marines have lost the services of their regular captain and star of the last three years, Mickey Goldstein, and his younger brother, Danny, both outstanding players. In addition, the two four year guards, Oscar Winegar and Bill Brenner, are gone—the former with a broken nose suffered in the second game of this season; and Warren Carpenter, former regular center, and Cpl. Nick Stehnecke. This necessitated Coach O'Connell building an entire new combination, which has been done with considerable success, judging from the type and speed of play of the new starting five.

The majority of the players are from B and D Companies, with A Company providing one or two players. C Company has no representative on the Battalion squad, although the small Headquarters unit is represented by Sgt. Niosi of the medical unit, a former high school star. In each of the games thus far the standout players were J. Peterson, center; Kaznocha and Mike DeSandis (captain of the team), forwards, and Pvt. Testagrossa and George Schlechter at guards. With the exception

of DeSandis, all these players are making their first appearance in a Reserve uniform.

From last year's squad there remain: Pvt. Mathew Jackiewicz, Pvt. Casimir Major, Cpl. Reese Nicholas, Jr., Cpl. John Thomas, Sgt. Niosi, and Pvt. Bloom, Pvt. K. Peterson, and Gross are the newcomers in the reserve players this year.

The team has been outfitted with new uniforms this year, consisting of gold-colored shirts with the Third Battalion scarlet triangle and the Marine Corps emblem inside it; navy blue pants striped with the scarlet and gold of the Corps, the ensemble making a snappy appearance.

Negotiations are under way with the basketball managers of both the New York Hippodrome and Madison Square Garden to book the team for a preliminary game to the college contests, sometime during the season at each of these spots, which will give the Marine Reserves considerable publicity and attention from the sports writers, and help in any recruiting work which the Battalion may find necessary in the future.

Efforts are being made to contact all other Reserve outfits having a basketball team, with a view toward arranging for a mythical "Reserve championship." Athletic officers of units are requested to communicate with Capt. M. V. O'Connell, FMCR, coach of the Brooklyn team, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

## COMPANY "D," FOURTH BATTALION

Newark, N. J.

Welcome is hereby extended to all the rookies who have enlisted in this company since our last writing. We now number 67 enlisted men, and it is a grand sight to see the turnout on Thursday nights. When the three platoons march onto the floor it looks like a battalion coming on.

Too much can not be said in praise of the regulations for enlistment promulgated by Major Otto Lessing, Battalion Commander. The new recruits are all taller and, as a class, better both physically and mentally. They take to their boot instruction like a duck to water. Four of them have enrolled in the Marine Corps Institute. At the rate they are going, they will soon be serious competition to the oldtimers for NCO ratings.

The new men appear at Headquarters on Tuesday night to dye their shoes and belts, and to blanco and stencil their equipment. Sgt. Forrester, on this company's rolls, but "breaking in" as Quartermaster Sergeant, is doing a good job issuing clothing. He is a capable and efficient worker and he has the best wishes of the company with him in his efforts for the promotion. His work in the company is being handled in first rate shape by Corporal

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Kearney, acting as the property sergeant.

The paper work incident to enlisting the new men has kept Lieutenant Kendall, First Sergeant Bove, and company clerk Corporal Leach busy as beavers. It has taken up much of their spare time. As usual, Corporal Leach has come through with flying colors when the emergency presented itself.

With the coming of winter, various teams are being organized. Cpl. Ohlsen has been placed in charge of athletics. The team that holds most promise is the basketball team. Basketball has drawn most candidates and Cpl. Ohlsen has a large field to choose from. By next article we confidently expect to have a list of victories to report.

Co. C has challenged this team to a bowling match. Cpl. Milo, our demon bowler, has been deputized to organize this company's team, and he also has plenty of material from which to draw. With the cups put up by Major Lessing to strive for, the battalion ought to see some keen and interesting competition between the companies.

Our rifle team is being whipped into shape, and will soon be looking about for matches. First Sergeant Bove and Sergeant Felber entered the pistol match at Madison, N. J., firing the .45 Colt automatic. As usual, they found the same handicap that is always encountered when firing the service automatic in competition with the various special revolvers and tournament pistols used by civilian contestants, but were able to place high enough to entitle them to "Certificates of Merit."

This battalion took no official part in the local Armistice Day parade, but six members of this company participated, marching with the Marine Corps League. PFC. Mollenhauer and Pvt. Smyth were a couple of snappy looking Marines. Pvt. Biunno, who fell in at the last moment, was also a welcome addition. PFC. Bozzay was borrowed by the Irish War Veterans to carry their colors. Cpl. Leach did his usual stuff, going through fancy rifle drill maneuvers while on the march.

This company is all steamed up over Co. B's affair, a supper-dance at the Four Towers on Dec. 4th. There promises to be quite a turnout from this company at the event. We are always glad to attend Co. B's affairs because of their support of our efforts, and because of the swell time we always have at their dances. So we'll be seeing all of you there. Till then, so long.

## COMPANY C, 4TH BN., FMCR Newark, New Jersey

By R. C. Keck

Once again old Father Time has swung his scythe and another year has passed into history and a new year is born, bringing with it plenty of hope and encouragement. So what say, fellows; let us set a goal for Company C to strive towards, in the coming year we should aim to make our company, outstanding in all activities and be THE company of the battalion, and set a pace for the others to follow. There is no reason why this company cannot be outstanding, for we have the material and so all we need is more effort and cooperation from each and every man in the company, and this year we are going to get it and make this company a real outfit.

Company C has been running an advertisement in the paper recruiting new men for the company and so far the results have been very favorable. We want to make all these new men feel right at home and at

ease in the company. And so, fellows, do not get discouraged if for the first few times at drill you find that you have two left feet; and the rifle seems awkward in your hands; and you forget which is left and which is right: because, fellows, we all had to go through the same period of awkwardness and we made the same mistakes you will make the first few times.

## 2ND BATTALION, FMCR

Dear lovers of wild life everywhere, here are a few screeds from the home of culture, namely Building 34 at the dear old Charlestown Navy Yard.

Things have been humming along in pretty good style lately recruits have been coming in for all companies. All we need now is a flock of officers. Lieutenants Crowley, Elder and Irwin are trying their best to keep their rear ends from striking the deck.

Did Aunt Ella hear some say that we were going into the new barracks. The old ear trumpet must be choked up, 'cause we ain't moved yet. Aunt Ella whose description of the new quarters is the talk of polite society, has also seen the new drill shed. It is great. Red and black rubber tiles and plenty of room for drill. Yes, we have many things to do with here in Beantown that some of our colleagues have not.

The number of men who are enrolled in the Marine Corps Correspondence Schools is well over 25. This is most gratifying, it shows a desire on their part to garner military knowledge, not only to benefit themselves but to pass on to others.

The Battalion NCO school is held every Thursday evening under the direction of Lieutenant Crowley of A Company. In it an attempt is being made to train future instructors with a well balanced knowledge of the task before them. A company or battalion is as good as the weakest NCO. It is a well known axiom that the NCOs are the backbone of any outfit and therefore a thorough training is essential.

Small-bore shooting continues at the Cambridge Armory. We hope to put a good shooting team on the indoor firing line this winter. You will be hearing from us in a big way.

Aunt Ella reports the following promotions in the Battalion: A Company, Pfc. Metz to Corporal; in C Company, Pvt. McGlory to Pfc. and Pfc. Thaddeus Doherty to Corporal. Congratulations and best wishes, gentlemen, remember that every soldier carries a Marshal's baton in his extra pair of socks.

Followers of terpsichorean art will flock to the Yard on the 20th of November to rattle around the drill hall in our first annual dawnee. At least we hope it will be annual. All the elite will be there. Aunt Ella's college chum, Mrs. Frothingham Ponsonby-Ponsonby of the Ponsonby-Ponsonbys has indicated that she will be present. And you know what that means. Corporal Benson of A Company is starring on the Wentworth Institute football team. When last heard from he was resting comfortably.

As yet we are without an inspector-instructor. First Sgt. Sylvester and Platoon Sgt. Davis are still holding the fort. And, incidentally, doing a grand job.

Some former regulars have come into the outfit in the last two months. These men should act as a lever in the organization and transmit to us who have been denied the privilege of active service, some of the traditions and spirit of the Corps.

Since telling about the small-bore team, we have seen some scores submitted by the

men who are trying for said team, and they (the scores) are quite encouraging.

Lt. Crowley has made arrangements with state authorities for use of the indoor pistol range at the Commonwealth Armory. A pistol team would be very appropriate this season.

Much talk about a Hash Mark Club among the old boys. Hope that they do organize. Between A Company's association, Powers' vested choir and the hash mark club, there ought to be something doing.

Lt. Irwin is having his trouble with some of the would be recruits. He asked one lad if he had all his teeth, and the boy replied "yes, right in my pocket," producing a set of upper and lower fangs of the finest dentistry.

Some one has brought up the subject of running a Battalion news bulletin. This is a thing that is well worth while and it is to be hoped that the idea is not allowed to die.

B Company in Portland is as yet without an officer. 1st Sgt. Weman also being laid up in dry dock for repairs, the company is still carrying on. This is real spirit.

Basketball candidates have turned their names in to the officer in charge of athletics. There were many likely looking boys among them. Schedule of games to be played will be arranged later.

The battalion helped to dedicate a field in honor of Joyce Kilmer, soldier poet. It was the first time we had ever turned out together. The number of men who marched, A company 47, C company, 46.

The officers of this battalion (all four of them) and the officers of the 1st Bn. NR, conducted a very successful dancing party at ye olde balle room on the top deck of building 39. Although outnumbered by the sailors, the officers of ye 2nd Bn. carried on in true Corps fashion, having the evening well in hand and dancing until exhausted.

A Company has formed an association for promoting greater social and military activity in the outfit. Officers were elected, but as we go to press outlying districts had not been heard from and so an anxious nation will have to continue to wait with its breath bated, until next press time for the names of the winners.

Lt. Donald McGregor-r-r-r Dickson. Congratulations on the cover of November's LEATHERNECK. It was great! Hope that you have not forgotten ye 2nd Bn. We have not forgotten you.

Welcome to ye olde 2nd Bn. Lt. (jg) Carmody. Here's hoping you are going to like us. Outside of having chronic hangnails, we are a pretty good bunch of fellows.

Lt. Carmody is the relief of Lt. Schultz who has become air-minded. Drop in on us some day, Lieutenant.

Under the guidance of Corporal Desmond Q. Powers of D Company, the vested choir have been practicing without vests. Corporal Powers won world fame as a boy soprano.

Everyone is wondering when Adducci's uniform will arrive. He is a mere slip of a lad and it appears that the uniform was let out on contract for manufacture. The bidding among the cloth merchants was fierce, because to make Adducci a uniform would take several bales. Does anybody here buy retail?

Sgts. Davis and Fall were bending the breeze the other night and telling the world that they were the bosses in their homes, when the phone rang. The orderly said "Sgt. Fall, you are wanted on the phone." Fall walked over to the phone

saying "If it's that butcher again I'll skin him alive, etc., blank-blank, etc." After he put the receiver to his ear it was noticed that the ferocious look left his face and he was heard to murmur, "yes, dear, I'll tell Otis too."

First Sgt. Sylvester, USMC, and ten others Down East carpenters put a lock on the door of the quarters the other night and locked themselves out in the yard. Grease mu' boots, mother, I'm agoing t' Boston.

With the advent of the Christmas season, may we extend to all our friends in the other battalions of the reserve, and to our preceptors, the regulars, a most happy and joyful yuletide.

And so kind friends, farewell, to all Aunt Ella extends her best wishes for a grand Xmas and a more prosperous new year, with mental reservations of course for some of her friends.

## GOLDEN GATE CREAKINGS

12th Battalion, FMCR, San Francisco, Calif.

By Irish

The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge opening, Armistice Day, and the California-Stanford big game being now all matters of history, the excitement has subsided around this neighborhood for the present and the smoke has pretty much cleared off. So, with the aid of the cleared visibility, we take up once more the chronicling of the happenings in this Battalion.

An announcement has just been made which is creating considerable interest and competition among the companies of the Battalion. A beautiful silver cup has been given by Major Robert C. Anthony, our Inspector-Instructor, to be competed for annually by rifle teams from each company. The teams will number five men each and the course fired will be the regulation small-bore rifle course. At the present writing, each company is busy selecting its team, and the boys will soon be at it hammer and tongs. While on the subject of shooting, we are glad to report that the Battalion Rifle Team has won the first two matches in its class in the San Francisco Rifle League. The opposition in the first match was furnished by the Southern Pacific Rod and Gun Club and the results were so close that it is not likely to encourage our shooters to rest on their laurels. We feel, however, that they did a mighty fine job, in view of the fact that they were up against a long-established team using telescopic sights and other aids to shooting, while our team shot with the good old "iron" sights. Their second match, against the 159th Infantry, California National Guard, they won handily by a margin of well over eighty points. After this match the losers, headed by their team captain and coach, Lt. T. J. Remington, were hosts at a coffee and doughnut feed. The members of the team had not been picked at the time the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK went to press and we were therefore unable to publish their names. However, here are the survivors of the eliminations who constitute the Battalion Rifle Team: 2nd Lt. Philip G. Pacheco, 2nd Lt. Martin W. Storm, 1st Sgt. Walter Craig, Gy-Sgt. Emory Krotky, Sgt. Harrison Ford, Cpl. Harold C. Blumenshine, Pfc. Clifford Petersen, Pfc. Robert Randolph and Pfc. George Schuster. The team captain and coach is Sgt. Irving N. Kelly, USMC, who also is a shooting member of the team.

We are very glad to be able to report that Supply Sgt. Alfred D. Parker, who has been for several weeks in hospital, is rapidly recovering and will soon be back to dispens-



ing the wrong sizes in anything which can be drawn! Parker was operated upon by another member of the Battalion, Lieutenant (j. g.) Lawler A. Drees USNR (MC), our genial and highly popular Medical Officer. Dr. Drees reports that Parker is eating so much while he is recovering that the hospital fears a serious food shortage before they can get rid of him.

In the line of competitions, we have the name of a new champion to announce. He is 1st Sgt. Douglas Hamilton, USMC, who receives the unanimous vote of all those who adjourn after drill hours to the restaurant across from the Armory for a little coffee and chin music. Story telling of all kinds has always been a feature of these sessions, but it was thought when 1st Sgt. Hamilton first joined the group that he would furnish little competition as his contributions were few. It soon became apparent, though, that he was just snapping in and he now has every body snowed under.

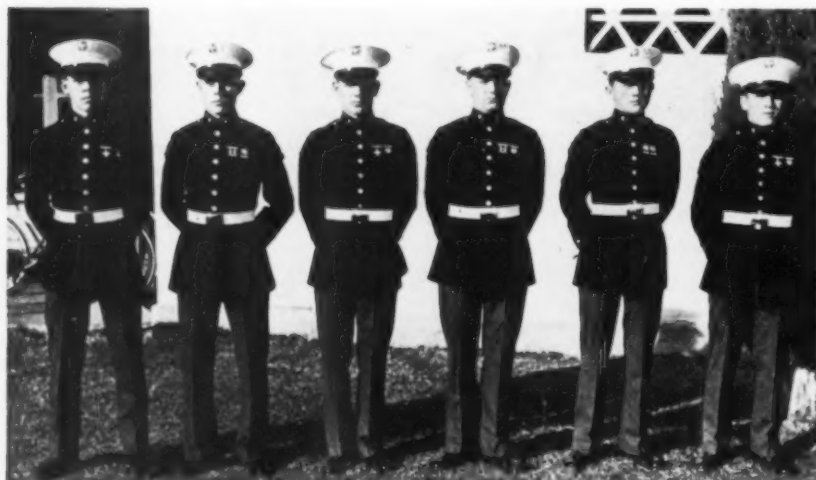
Enlistments have been more than keeping pace with existing vacancies in the Battalion and all hands have been kept occupied with teaching the new men the ropes. Aside from the foregoing few events, however, the past month has been a quiet one and so we will bring this report to a close by wishing, on behalf of the personnel of the Twelfth Battalion, a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all members of the Regular and Reserve Services, wherever this wish finds them.

## BROTHERS ON THE WEST COAST

By Russ Hahn

The height of something or other in relationships has been brought to light at the Marine Corps Base as a result of recent personnel investigation. Among the recruits are two, both 18 years old, who are uncle and nephew to one another—the Solices, of Robeline, La.

Aged 23 and 21, the Hyder brothers, natives of Larsen, Mo., enlisted together. The pay-off, however, is reached with the Delahunts, brothers, one 20, born in Detroit, and the other 18, born in St. Petersburg, Fla., who have the same name as twins, one of whom is a corporal and the other a sergeant. The twins, however, carry their family name in sections, De La Hunt.



Left to right: Thomas and Robert De la Hunt, Gordon and Luther Hyder, Harold and Obra Solice

# Miscellany

"Uncle" Obra W. Solices is but 5 months older than his nephew, Harold J. The explanation is that brother.

Brought up in the same town, Robeline, La., the two enlisted in the Marine Corps at New Orleans last August "because the Cotton brothers said it was a good outfit." Marine Base officials revealed that from this little town there have been six enlistments in the past two months, four of which were Cottons, three brothers and a cousin.

Gordon A. Hyder, 23, and Luther E. Hyder, 21, enlisted in the Marines together at Kansas City in September; came through "boot" camp together and now are together in the sea school detachment. Luther qualified as expert with both rifle and pistol on his first firing for qualification. He scored 318 points out of a possible 350 with the rifle.

Thomas K. and Robert P. Delahunt always have been together. They tried for Annapolis but failed to get appointed. Then Tom joined the Marines in August. Bob followed in September to stay with his brother. Tom wants to be an aviator and hopes to go to North Island for duty. Bob, however, took a peep into the future and wants sea duty so he can take as many Marine Corps institute courses as possible. Then, if and when he leaves the service, he'll have made a good bed to lie in.

The identical De La Hunt twins—Rames (pronounced Ray-mus) and Remes (pronounced Ree-mus), are 26. Ramus, the corporal, has a half-hour edge on his twin with respect to age. Remes, however, is a sergeant, and makes better scores with shootin' irons than his "elder."

Natives of Cedar Rapids, Ia., they never were separated until Rames enlisted in August, 1929; Remes felt as though half of him were gone, so he also enlisted, in October, same year. Corp. Rames is an expert with both rifle and pistol. Sgt. Remes has the "distinguished" qualification mark in his rifle shooting and is well on the way to earn the same classification with the pistol. He was a member of the

marine corps team at the national rifle and pistol matches at Camp Perry, O., the past two years.

## THE BANDSMAN SPEAKS

A Reserve Bandmaster Speaks His Piece

By Wm. B. Crap

HERE is probably no other organization in the world, military or otherwise, that possesses the *esprit de corps* so characteristic of the United States Marine Corps. "Once a Marine, always a Marine" applies to any man who has worn the uniform of Uncle Sam's Sea Soldiers. He has the good of the Corps at heart whether he is still wearing the uniform on active duty; whether he is the proud possessor of an honorable discharge from the Corps; or whether he is a Reservist who, as yet, has not had the opportunity of showing his spirit in the same manner as the others have had.

The object of this article is to bring the attention of the readers of THE LEATHERNECK to a situation that exists in the Marine Reserve. In defense of the statement that there is a large "turn-over" in membership in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve let us say that this is advantageous in some respects. Many young men are attracted to the Reserve by the prospect of wearing the uniform and otherwise sharing in the glories of the Corps. After a time this fascination wears off and they see only the soldiering part of the business and this is not to their liking. Eventually they fall by the wayside and are either transferred to a Reserve Area or given their discharges. For each man so transferred or discharged there are several who stick because they have the makings of good Marines in them. Gradually we are assembling a group of real honest-to-goodness soldiers in the Reserve and the fact that the "turn-over" is getting smaller each year attests to the fact that we now have a representative group of young men worthy of bearing the name of United States Marine and capable of carrying on the traditions of the Corps.

This applies to the Sixth Battalion in Philadelphia and we have every reason to believe it holds good in other battalions of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. In the face of difficulties and handicaps, the Marine Reserve is progressing. "What are these difficulties and handicaps?" you may ask. In asking this question, and you are asking it, you are right up our alley and approaching the thought in mind when this article was written.

In the Sixth Battalion we have an authorized band of twenty-eight men. There is no question but that this band is a good one but we would like to see it still better.

In Philadelphia there is neither a band of the Marine Corps nor of the Navy. Consequently the Sixth Battalion is called upon many times to furnish music for occasions where a regular service band would normally function. Within a very short period recently they furnished music for the U. S. Naval Reserve in an Armistice Day parade in Camden; for the launching of the cruiser Philadelphia at the local Navy Yard; and for a Veterans' Night broadcast over a local radio station. These turn-outs were in addition to the

## THE LEATHERNECK

weekly rehearsals and other duties performed in connection with their own battalion. No compensation was received for any of these occasions and it was even necessary for some of the musicians to lose time from their employment in order to fill these engagements.

On these occasions, as well as others of a similar nature, the Sixth Battalion band was a representative of the United States Marine Corps. As such a representative it should have been the best possible not only in the ability of its individual members but in its equipment. Most of the musicians own the instruments they use, but some do not. Among this latter are several young men who are attending music schools in Philadelphia where instruments are loaned to them while attending the school. Upon graduation they are compelled to return the instruments and the financial status of a few make it impossible for them or their families to buy something which in their circumstances comes under the heading of luxuries. Even some of the instruments owned by the men would be greatly improved by repairs which these bandmen are unable to afford. Add to this difficulty the handicap presented by the local units of the National Guard who not only furnish instruments to their band members but pay them a higher rate of pay for attendance at drill and at camp and you will probably wonder how it is that we have as good a band as we do have. *Esprit de corps* is the answer.

What an outfit we would have if we were subsidized in a manner similar to that of the Pennsylvania National Guard! What a shame that we cannot offer inducements to encourage better musicians to join or to improve conditions among the present personnel.

In recognition of what has already been accomplished and as an incentive to spur the Marine Reserve, especially in the case of musicians, to greater heights it is hoped some action will be taken in the near future to encourage enlistments of a higher type of men in the Marine Reserve Bands. In view of the fact that the band is brought frequently before the public's eye it should be a logical move to have Marine Reserve bands the equal, if not superior, to bands in other branches of military service. It is hoped that Marine Reserve Bands will be placed on a footing equal to that of regular bands in the Marine Corps; that articles 1-36, 17-114, and 25-11 in the Marine Corps Manual will apply to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve as well as to the regular service.

Under the present organization schedule there is not adequate opportunity for a bandsman to earn promotion with the result that good soldiers among bandsmen soon transfer to the line where there are opportunities of promotion. Should the foregoing M.C.M. articles be permitted to apply to reserve bandsmen it would do much to assist the reserve bandmaster in organizing better bands and to hold good men after they have been enlisted.

### OLDEST LIVING MARINES

By Percy Webb



WHO is the oldest retired Marine, and who is the oldest Marine in active service?

This casual request of a western newspaper editor for the answer to these questions led the Marine Corps to search its records for the facts. Both men were found to be right here in Philadelphia.

The search for the oldest retired Marine led straight to the U. S. Naval Home in the Quaker City, where Sergeant William Wea-

ver is spending his declining years in the peaceful atmosphere of the big, grey home-like building where so many of his comrades are living.

It is nearly seventy-one years since Weaver, then a lad of fifteen, donned the uniform of the doughboys and started his career as a drummer in the army. The Civil War was just over and Weaver was assigned to the 36th Infantry Regiment at Fort Bridges, Wyoming.

For the next dozen years he went from one army post to another, traveling from the far reaches of the western plains to service on David's Island in Long Island Sound. Then in 1877 Weaver decided to cast his fortunes with the Leathernecks, remaining with our branch of the service until he was retired at Washington thirty years ago.

During his career with the Marines, Weaver was on duty at scores of posts and stations, and for a while was stationed at Sitka, Alaska, when it was the seat of government in that country.

That was back in 1891 when both the United States and England were having trouble with seal poachers in Alaskan waters and pooled their efforts in a successful attempt to stop this practice. Some of the prisoners who were caught with the contraband sealskins were brought to Sitka, where Weaver was on duty at the U. S. Naval guard house.

Most Marines believe that once a man is retired his average life expectancy drops to a mere matter of ten or a dozen years at least. Weaver has helped disprove this theory by having lived for thirty years in retirement, the last sixteen of those years having been spent at the Naval Home. He is now 86 years of age and, so far as available records show, the oldest living retired Marine.

Perhaps Philadelphia is a healthy spot for Marines, for the oldest living sea sol-

dier still in service is Q.M. Sergeant Albert Young, who has just passed his 62nd birthday. Sergeant Young will retire at the end of this year and will pass along his standing as the oldest active Marine to some younger member of the Corps.

For approximately twenty-three of his thirty years in the service he has been a member of the enlisted personnel at the Marine Corps Depot of Supplies, 1100 S. Broad St., where he was assigned to duty as a carpenter and appraiser of the various woods used in the manufacture of service equipment.

When he first enlisted in 1906 he was stationed for a while at Washington, D. C., later being assigned to duty in the Hawaiian Islands. Although Young was a qualified carpenter and woodworker, oddly enough he spent most of his early years in the Marine Corps as a cook. He had acquired both of these accomplishments in his native Germany.

Promptly upon the completion of his first enlistment, he shipped over for another hitch, meanwhile receiving a three-month furlough. Before he returned to duty he decided to visit his native land.

That was in the latter part of 1910, and he had no idea when he started abroad with his leave papers that he was headed for romance. When Young returned to the United States he brought along as his bride a friend of his boyhood, whom he had married while on a visit to his native city of Saulgva.

After a short period of duty at Washington, Young was transferred to Philadelphia, where he has been stationed continuously since 1913. Two of his three children were born in Philadelphia, and Sergeant and Mrs. Young now make their home at 39 Clinton St., Maple Shade, N. J., where he will continue to reside following his retirement.



Sgt. William Weaver, Oldest Living Retired Marine, Now at U. S. Naval Home, Philadelphia, Pa.

# The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

## HOW TO KILL ANY ORGANIZATION

1. Never ask questions or use the service your Association has to offer.
2. Don't come to meetings.
3. If you do, come late.
4. Never answer letters.
5. Kick if you aren't appointed on any committee.
6. Don't attend committee meetings, when you are appointed.
7. Don't have anything to say when you are called upon.
8. If you do break silence, find fault with the proceedings.
9. Hold back your dues or don't pay them at all.
10. Never think of asking anyone to join the Association.
11. Don't do a thing for the organization and when a few take off their coats and work their heads off, howl that a clique is running things.
12. If someone urges action that shows that his vision is broader than yours and his faith deeper call him a nut.

*"Motor Truck News."*

## NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

The November meeting of the Detachment was held in the clubrooms of the Columbian League, our new permanent quarters at 106 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn. After the usual short ceremony of opening the session, the matter of ways and means of increasing the membership was discussed at great length. Commandant Harold L. Walk, who presided, stressed the point of using the drastic reduction of the annual dues as a sales argument in securing new members as well as inducing some of the old ones to come back into the fold. There will be no special drive headed by a committee but a ceaseless, concerted offensive carried out by all the members in an effort to land the Detachment back in a position of prominent standing attained during the early years of League history.

Commandant Walk also appointed the committee to arrange for our Fourteenth Annual Dinner Dance. First Vice Commandant Joseph P. Vanslet is chairman, assisted by Harry P. Burgess and Manning C. Taylor. It was tentatively decided to hold the event on the second, third or fourth Saturday evening in February, probably at a prominent New York hotel or restaurant, depending upon the advantages of the inducements offered. The final decision on this point rests with the committee. We expect to have the National Commandant as our guest of honor as well as delegations from Albany, Troy and the nearby New Jersey Detachments gather with us around the festive board. The meeting decided to hold two

other major social events during the year in addition to the dinner dance. Following the session there was a battle of draw poker in which your correspondent picked up a little Christmas change.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,  
*Chief-of-Staff.*

## TOMPKINS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Again it is the grand pleasure of this conceited scribe to give you readers of THE LEATHERNECK, the latest news from the Detachment that is centered at the biggest little city of New York State.

And, if you gentle Marines have never heard of the shrill cry of "Far Above Cayuga's Waters," or of the big Red Team, then you do not know of Ithaca, New York.

Of course, the above paragraph has a great reference to football, and what Marine doesn't like football? It is a grand game, a game of great sportsmanship, and above all, it takes courage to win and courage to accept defeat! But as far as defeat is concerned, the Marine Corps never knew the meaning of "defeat."

With Commandant Illeh, as quarterback of the Marine Corps League, we, of Tompkins County, are quite sure he will call signals for a greater and bigger National Organization.

It was the pleasure of the Tompkins County Detachment to have been the guests of the Charles Ruddick Detachment, of Elmira, New York, at a banquet given at Montour Falls recently. The banquet was held at Frenchies, and George French, himself, who is the proprietor of this pleasant place to eat and drink in, happens to be New York State Commandant; and to our surprise and pleasure, and in fact, the highlight of the evening, National-Commandant Illeh, was the honored guest.

We thank Frenchie, very much for the most delicious banquet that anyone could enjoy eating. In fact, it was so good, that you could hear the cry of "seconds," ringing all over the place.

A mighty interesting talk of the future was given by Commandant Illeh in regard to the Marine Corps League. We left with a very optimistic thought in regards to this men's organization.

We accept THE LEATHERNECK's apology for not printing our item in the November issue. . . . We understand.

With Christmas creeping upon us and the New Year crowding in, we sincerely hope that you all will have the jolliest of the holiday season.

JAMES HARRY SHEHEEN,  
*Chief-of-Staff.*

## THE CHARLES K. RUDDICK DETACHMENT

After the election of new officers of the Charles K. Ruddick Detachment, a dinner in honor of the outgoing and incoming officers was brought before the meeting. The result was the appointment

of Allyn Hoffman committee chairman of a banquet to be held the 14th of November. So capably did he perform his duties that about 45 members of Chemung, Tompkins and Schuyler counties seated themselves at French's Grill in Montour Falls and were served one of the finest chicken dinners, with all the trimmings and plenty of seconds, that this Detachment has ever experienced.

Enthusiasm ran high; when who should walk into our midst but National Commandant Illeh, who drove from Buffalo through a stormy night over treacherous roads.

Interesting talks were given by Mr. Illeh, State Commandant George French, who also acted as toastmaster; J. S. Brearley, Commandant of the Ithaca Detachment; Edward W. Hoerschler of Montour Falls, State Adjutant Stewart W. Coats of Odessa, Schuyler County Veterans' Service Officer, Commandant Wolfe, Allyn P. Hoffman and Mirando Cirulli, all of Elmira Detachment, and Rev. Dutton S. Peterson of Odessa. Rev. Peterson served with the Fifth Marine, was promoted on the battle line and was injured several times.

A very touching tribute was paid to James H. Ruddick of Elmira, father of the hero for whom our Detachment was named. Mr. Ruddick, a member of the Elmira Detachment, is said to be the only civilian Marine in the United States. He is an honorary member of the organization and on the occasion of the banquet he was extended the privilege of wearing a Marine Corps League badge and cap. The League boasts a beautiful flag presented by Mr. Ruddick a few years ago.

One of our members, MacCaskill, was so anxious to get to the meeting from Erin that he lost control of his car coming down a steep, slippery hill, causing it to be completely wrecked. When he presented himself in regulation blues we all wondered at this narrow escape, due to the fact that the impact of the wreck tore both shoes off his feet. Regardless of that, he was still able to eat a hearty meal and do his share of punishment to all other refreshments.

## DETACHMENT STANDINGS

The ten (10) leading detachments of the Marine Corps League in Membership as of December 1, 1936, are as follows:

- 1 Akron
- 2 San Francisco
- 3 Hudson-Mohawk
- 4 Theodore Roosevelt
- 5 Oakland
- 6 Homer A. Harkness
- 7 San Jose
- 8 Capt. Burwell H. Clarke
- 9 Niagara Frontier
- 10 Cincinnati

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.  
*Nat. Adjutant and Paymaster.*



Also, a severely sprained ankle did not deter former Senior Vice Commandant Norman Fahr from putting in an appearance. The injury was the result of a successful hunting trip. That he is a good hunter may be vouched for by the writer, as Mrs. Moss and I were their guests at a game dinner a few weeks prior to his accident.

National Commandant Ilch's timely arrival and interesting description of his various travels in behalf of the Marine Corps League interests was just what was needed to stimulate activities in the various local organizations and undoubtedly much good will develop therefrom.

When Mr. Ruddick and I left, the session was still in full bloom and from all the noise it undoubtedly lasted until the wee small hours as all good Marine get-togethers should.

A cordial invitation was extended by the Ithaca Detachment to attend one of their many winter activities which will take place soon, and of course it was just as cordially accepted.

WEAVER C. MOSS.

## THE THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

This is station T-R-D broadcasting the latest news and events from its studios on the second floor of the Army and Navy Club, 8 Fayette Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Detachment held its regular meeting on the 18th of November, with fifty-six members present. Our good Commandant Roy S. Keene presided with his new rolled collar uniform and his scarlet red hat.

We were glad to welcome into our organization as well as to the League two new comrades who carry the names of Spellman and DeMerse. DeMerse, who served with the fighting Fifth Marines over in France, gave a good account of himself and showed the comrades present that he wasn't afraid to get up and talk. DeMerse was well applauded and his talk was well taken.

An extended invitation was given the members of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment to participate in a small bore rifle match to be held outside the city with the winners to take home the TURKEYS instead of the BACON. Good luck to our good Senior Vice Commandant Ira S. Wade, who has been firing these matches for the past eleven years and has yet to come home without his TURKEY.

The final BEAN SUPPER for the year 1937 will be held at the Guild Bungalow, this city, with the well known broadcasting Yankee Sentinels furnishing the music. Thanks to our mail carrier State Senior Vice Commandant, Howard Watts, as he always manages to get his two kegs of ALE on the floor.

A lengthy discussion was held on the proposed change of the name of the League to U. S. Marine Corps Veterans. After our Legislative Committee Chairman Scott had pointed out the many advantages of having Veterans added to the name. A vote was taken and the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment voted unanimously in favor of it.

Our Rifle Team has joined a twenty team League and we expect they will make a good account of themselves—One will get you fifty they don't finish last.

HAROLD EPSTIN,  
Chief-of-Staff.

## TROY DETACHMENT

The official staff of Troy Detachment for the ensuing year were inducted into office on Thursday evening, November 19th in the rooms of Trojan Post No. 469, Veterans of Foreign Wars, by National Commandant, Maury A. Ilch, of Albany, N. Y. The staff, whose names were published in the December LEATHERNECK were sworn in as a unity, but on pinning the official badges on the officers, National Commandant Ilch pointed out to each individual what his detachment and the League expected of him. National Commandant Ilch was assisted in installing the boys by Past State Commandant, Chris J. Cunningham and Detachment Commandant, Russell J. Cochran, all Hudson Mohawk Detachment.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies a roast ham supper was served by Mrs. F. Warren Rourke, Mrs. John D. Haley, Mrs. John Creagan, Mrs. John J. Ryan and Mrs. Daniel E. Conway. Welfare Officer Dan Conway and Frank McLaughlin supervised the tables while Frank (Jerry) Woods presided at the bar. John (Run her in) McCallum and Ben (Bernie) Rosen were the highest bidders for the prizes put on the auction block. Mr. Rosen, an invited guest, is a past-commander of five veterans' organizations in this city. Johnnie McCallum served in the same squadron in Haiti with Ken Collings, and would like to say "Hello" to our National Junior Vice Commandant way down in "Joisey."

On the morning of November 3rd one of the most valuable members of Troy Detachment, Joseph F. Harrington, died from an injury suffered on the previous night. Marine Harrington went to visit a friend in a local hospital. He became nauseated and on leaving the patient's room, fainted, and in falling, the right side of his head struck a radiator. He was given first aid at the hospital and apparently recovered, drove his car about four miles to his garage, put it away and went into his home complaining of being slightly ill and retired to his room. His mother called a physician who ordered him removed to a local hospital where he expired a few hours afterward. Joe, as we called him, was a swell fellow, a charter member and one of the organizers of this Detachment, Troy Detachment loses one of its hardest workers in his passing.

The Detachment led by Commandant F. S. Schwarz, and reinforced by a delegation of marines from Hudson Detachment (of which Marine Harrington was a Past Vice President) conducted a Marine ritual at our late comrade's house. The ritual was read by Detachment Chap-

## COPY FOR LEATHERNECK

All Chiefs-of-Staffs are again urged to submit their copy for THE LEATHERNECK. Make it as interesting as possible and mail to Ira S. Wade, 21 Lambert Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts, on or before the 2nd day of each month. Every Detachment should be represented on these pages. Make notes of any important or interesting proceedings of your detachment and submit to me at the above address.

IRA S. WADE,  
Asst. National Chief-of-Staff,  
Marine Corps League.

lain, Thomas F. Killian. A full military funeral was held on Friday morning, November 6. The bearers, firing squad and color guard were all members of the Detachment. Several other members placed their automobiles at the disposal of our late comrade's family.

This Detachment did everything humanely possible to help Marine Harrington's family during their bereavement, but all they did was naught in comparison to what "Joe" Harrington did for his outfit in the "League." A gap has been made in our ranks that will be hard to fill if it is ever filled.

J. A. ROURKE,  
Detachment Chief-of-Staff.

## HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, in the valley of the Majestic Hudson river (the Rhine of America); land of the famous Five Indian Nations, sends greetings to all detachments this festive season. By the time this is in print Christmas will be over, and probably New Year's. Still we extend our sincerest good wishes and hopes for the most prosperous year in history to all detachments. And might we add that we don't care how many detachments beat us out this year in the membership race, so long as they have better than 100 members. That's our quota again this year and the boys are on their toes getting it with nearly 50 per cent rounded up at this writing.

Our last meeting (November) was ladies' night. Most of the boys brought their wives and girl friends along and after the meeting a most enjoyable social time was enjoyed by all. This one went

Mr. John B. Hineckley, Jr.,  
National Adjutant and Paymaster,  
Marine Corps League,  
41 Charles Street,  
Dorchester, Mass.

Please enter my subscription to THE LEATHERNECK for one year. I am enclosing herewith \$2.50.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Marine Corps League Detachment \_\_\_\_\_

MY HEAD  
ACHES SO, I  
CAN HARDLY  
SEE!

TWO  
ALKA-SELTZER  
DID WONDERS  
FOR ME.

FRIED POTATOES  
AND STEAK  
SET MY STOMACH  
UP-SET!

ALKA-SELTZER,  
MY BOY, LETS  
YOU EAT AND  
FORGET

YOU NEVER  
CATCH COLD.  
ARE YOU LUCKY  
OR WISE?

I THINK  
IN BOTH,  
I ALKALIZE!

AM I  
WOOLY?  
BOY,  
AND NOW!

TAKE  
ALKA-SELTZER.  
IT'S A WOW!

WHAT?—  
NO FUSSY  
APPETITE?

NODE,  
ALKA-SELTZER  
SET ME RIGHT

Be  
Wise—  
Alkalize

AT ALL  
DRUGGISTS 30°-60°

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

over big so there probably will be more in the future.

On Saturday night, November 28, under the chairmanship of Past Commandant McNamara, the first of our fall dances was conducted in the rooms in the Albany Garage Building. More than sixty couples attended. A six-piece orchestra furnished the music and all made merry until the wee small hours of Sunday morning. Everyone had a good time, the detachment made a little money, so everyone was satisfied. Mac promises more of these parties in the near future. At the present time he is busy working on a gala New Year's Eve party and steak supper to be held at "Pop" Wenzel's over in Schenectady. More about this in the next issue.

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment has taken favorable action on the change of name of the League and favors the name "U. S. Marines Corps Veterans." We hope that all detachments will send in their vote, either favorable or otherwise.

And so, until such time as we have to pinch-hit for our wandering chief-of-staff we'll sign off.

CHRIS J. CUNNINGHAM,  
Adjutant and Paymaster.

### THE ALBERT LINCOLN HARLOW DETACHMENT

November 10, The Albert Lincoln Harlow Detachment of the Marine Corp League celebrated the 161st Birthday anniversary of the Marine Corps. The affair was a complete success, with 63 men present, consisting of men who served in the Marine Corps in all parts of the world, varying in dates from 1900 to 1936. Some of the men present traveled a long distance and were rewarded by meeting old buddies. It was a real reunion.

Telegrams were received from Chris J. Cunningham, National Aide-de-Camp on behalf of the National Commandant and also from our National Senior Vice Commandant, Roy S. Taylor. A letter was also received from Mrs. Emma H. Arthur, sister of the late Albert Lincoln Harlow.

The telegram together with the letter was read during the dinner. We had on our program a series of high class entertainment, which was enjoyed by all present. After many songs the party was drawn to a close in the wee hours with the singing of the Marine Hymn "Always Faithful."

MICHAEL HADES,  
Commandant.

### TOM TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

(Continued from page 15)

stage every time she much as walked two feet.

I'm sure the men enjoyed Mr. Smith's talk, and his candid praise of the Marines as he had known them for many years was good to the ears of us sitting in the front row as honored guests. His naturalness, unhurried delivery, and immense range of subject appealed to everyone. His impression of London on the night of the 11th was vivid, and one could almost see the hysterically jubilant crowds turning Trafalgar Square into a surging pandemonium. This *feudejoie*, as he so aptly put it, must have been a sight to be stamped indelibly on a person's memory.

True to the saying, "It's a small world after all," 1st Sergeant Neider discovered in the audience a Mr. Brown, one of the teachers, who had served in the same regiment with him during the war. It was a sort of an Old Guard gathering to them.

Always on the trail of the illusive female, Brownie, Hueston, and Haynes, took it on themselves to volunteer as dishwashers for the gals who fed us delicious doughnuts and coffee.

So, to another subject: With the subscription to *Esquire* on the list it looks as though Indian Head Marines go highbrow on the subject of dress. However, it seemed they were more concerned with those Petty drawings than anything else, and were getting some good belly laughs from the numerous cartoons which leave the risque appreciation up to your own mind.

(Continued on page 60)

### DETACHMENTS

M. B., Navy Yard, Wash., D. C.

By H. T. Mayes

Our historic barracks, fortified with numerous repairs and improvements, has successfully defied the elements for another year; and, in all probability will continue providing shelter for members of this command for many more years in the future.

The daily trips to the docks, for our morning drills are no longer a necessity, as our Commandant, Admiral Pettengill, has granted the use of Leutze Park for such purposes hereafter. The Park was a scene of bustling activities last month as Captain E. H. Phillips ordered a sudden surprise assembly of the Emergency Company. Early one morning the call to arms was sounded without a word of warning, men on guard were replaced by short timers, and the Company fell out fully armed and equipped with heavy marching orders and sea bags packed. Rumors as to our destination circulated freely, alarm spread among our Romeos—Lehardy phoning a hurried farewell to Baltimore—"Mongoose" Wells seeking a purchaser for his new car and in desperation was ready to offer it in exchange for an extra pair of shoe and legging strings.

The Quantico Marines were well supported by members of this command in their annual win over the Baltimore Firemen. Corporal Lartz, our mail orderly, reports a recent avalanche of mail to this command with Baltimore postmarks, after the big game.

Promoted last month were J. E. Langdon and "Philadelphia Jack" McElroy to Corporals. Congratulations to the two new popular and deserving non-coms. Recent joinings are Sgt. T. J. Chapin from Boston, and Sgt. H. L. Ewton with Cpl. L. C. Baird from Quantico. If the NCO's keep shipping over for this place, due in no small degree to the efforts and reputation gained by "Dutch" Seyfert, our ever enterprising Mess Steward, we will have to use Sergeants for the number ones and Corporals in the rear rank at drill. Technical Sergeant L. D. Justus has assumed his new duties here replacing Paymaster Sergeant A. P. Greer in the pay department, while Greer transferred to Quantico.

Private Tutuska was stationed here a few years ago. Later he was sent to Guam and while there had his name changed to Tester. He returned as Private Tester to this post for duty this year while on his same enlistment, and was not recognized as the same Tutuska by the men who had previously known him here.

ADRIFF: Sgt. John McGlade shipped over for his old stamping grounds at Philly, but will be detoured in Guantanamo a year or two en route—Corporals Dill and Durmer holding legging drill for Stacey and Vetterman in the Fire Barn—George Toth, better known as "Smiley" asleep alone in the Baltimore Stadium at nightfall—Paddy Hughes wishing to forsake his lady friend for what appeared to be a sweeter one at the Canine Club, but Tice again saved the situation with a brief word of enlightenment—Cpl. Attaway, of coffee nerves, failed to find his promised gift of Ovaltine from McElroy in his Christmas sock—"Philbert" Cannon warning Durmer that if he doesn't stay off the pool table he might fall in a pocket and be spotted up as the eight ball—McKay A. Steele endeavoring to press the Police Sergeant, Conley's blouse by turning the sleeves inside out—Joe

THE LEATHERNECK

Stiene returning from furlough with his face indicating that he must have spent most of it sleeping in a barbed wire ham-mock—Harry Winner of "Harry's Tavern" has sold out—"Nuts" Romuld profiting by his restriction to the extent of a new civilian overcoat—whose inebriated girl friend wrapped her arms around the Corporal of the Guard just as the O. D. came by?

M. C. I. PABULUM

By Fritz

Here's your old tattle tale back again . . . It's getting cold here in D. C., and believe it or not, they have cut out physical drill in the morning. It must be breaking Fabian's heart . . . The Marine Band was playing *What's the Name of That Song* a few cold mornings ago. No one knew. In fact, it was so bad that they had to give way to the lesser musics . . . "Lifebuoy" Caldwell has found something very nice in Phila. . . Thornton, Kelly, and myself went to Boston over Thanksgiving. Thornton said that he had a good time, but that it could have been much better. Isn't it a bloody shame? . . . Old J. C. Cook won the Star Bridge Trophy at the Shoreham. Too bad there aren't any pawn shops in the District. We used to think a lot of Joe, but now he goes out with Grafton. There is some talk about presenting Grafton with corporal's stripes. When they do, yours truly is putting in for sergeant major . . . "Triple Paunch" Tipton dropped us a line from Charleston, S. C. He doesn't think so much of sea duty. But that's only the half of it—those boys on the president's detail are all pollywogs! . . . They tell me Williamson is so tight that the squeaking of his shoes keeps the boys awake at night . . . Clark quit patronizing the Wagon Wheel since they took out the mirrors . . . We had a dance here Thanksgiving. It was run in competition with the Black and White Ball. Seriously, it went over in a big way. You ought to see Ahearn and Petrusky "truckin' on down." At one of the recent Maryland games the attendance was very small, but the stadium was filled. That's right—Ahearn was there. . . Senator Hodgdon has a case of the hives. I didn't know you could catch anything like that out at Bowie . . . Phinney, Muncy and Rust went to headquarters for temporary duty. That means they are on a corn diet. They do drop in here every once in a while for something to eat though. I guess a liquid diet isn't so hot . . . It is funny that I am still attached here for duty. I guess Andie hasn't dropped in the barber shop yet to read last month's *LEATHERNECK*. He really wouldn't give Frank much business anyway . . . Achenbach is still taking a shyder course at Georgetown. He's trying to learn how to steal dead flies from blind spiders . . . I don't see why "Soap" Taylor and Cronan stay in the Marine Corps. They could make a million in Hollywood . . . If you want to know why Sadoff looks better with a mustache than without, send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we'll tell you . . . Johnson of the Registrar's Office wears gloves every time he steps out the door. We understand Hind's keeps your hands lovely, Johnnie. Have you tried it? . . . Someone with rodent characteristics used Teklinski's rifle for a firing detail—nice people . . . Shisler is thinking of forsaking the Marine Corps for the role of a professional gambler, or was it a gentleman farmer? . . . Joe Bryan seems to have quit Baltimore cold. Found something here in town, eh? We didn't think you were sleeping in your car all those nights, "Bing." . . . Our number one candidate for the ideal



AS A BIRD NEEDS **BOTH** WINGS

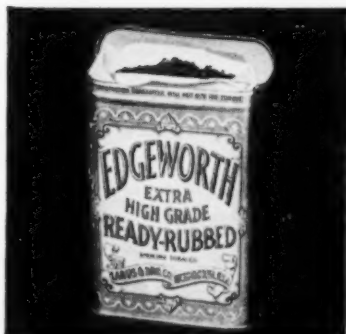


So a pipe tobacco needs **BOTH** mildness and flavor!

**O**F COURSE, you want *mild* tobacco! Mildness is necessary for comfort in smoking. A tobacco company would soon go broke if it did not produce *mild* tobacco.

But it's *Flavor* that gives the *pleasure*. Flavor is the reason men smoke pipes. It is *flavor* that makes the *difference* in tobaccos.

Good flavor is not so easy to get. *Edgeworth* has a flavor *all its own*. This Flavor is so *good* that many pipe smokers have used *Edgeworth* for twenty years or more.



**MARINES!** If you smoke both a pipe and cigarettes you'll enjoy the new, mild, free-burning Edgeworth Junior. It smokes sweet and mild down to the heel of your pipe. All Edgeworth tobaccos are "Cellophane" wrapped, 15¢ a tin. Try one today. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

**EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR**



drillmaster is "Bruiser" Rausch . . . I ought to tell you something about this, our nation's capitol. It really is a beautiful place. You can get an excellent room at the Wardman for twelve dollars—two dollars more and they put a bed in it. The chow is unexcelled. The Mayflower serves the best coffee for \$1.50. The transportation facilities can't be beat. They bought the street cars second hand from some place in Rhode Island. I waited two hours for a Seventeenth and Pa. the other night, and three of them came along together. They're ashamed to run alone . . . When they entertain dignitaries, they do it in the waiting room of Union Station . . . We must admit though, that the duty here is swell. We never have more than two funerals a day (hardly ever less), and instead of drilling for an hour or two as we used to, we do the manual of arms under the arcade. After that, if there are no parades or band hall details, you can go up to the school and try to catch up on work that is already four days late . . . There is one thing I can truthfully say about this post though. You certainly do develop that old esprit de corps (?) . . . I must be getting successful. Everybody hates me.

## RECEIVING STATION MARINES

Philadelphia Navy Yard

By H. M. Wheeler

The whole detachment is much gratified at having "made" last month's LEATHERNECK. Our respective candidates for honorable mention this month are Private George Barker, and Private First Class Clarence R. Etheridge. Barker has recently received a special letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy for rescuing Private First Class James W. Wentz, U. S. Army, from drowning at Fort Weaver Beach, Hawaii, on April 12, 1935. It appears that Barker was on duty in the mess-hall at the Navy Rifle Range at Puuloa Point, and Wentz and another soldier were in a boat which capsized about 400 yards off shore. The sea was quite rough and a heavy surf was running. While others were going after a boat, Barker swam about 200 yards off shore and assisted Wentz to the beach, where he arrived in an exhausted condition. Secretary Swanson states that in all probability, Wentz would have drowned had not Barker come to his aid; and that he took great pleasure in complying with the recommendation of the Naval Board of Awards that a special letter of commendation be awarded to Barker in recognition of his act. The Secretary further stated that Barker's case has been referred to the Treasury Department, for consideration of the award of its Silver Life Saving Medal. We also desire to add our humble congratulations and commendation to those of Secretary Swanson's.

Private First Class Clarence R. Etheridge was officially presented with a China Expeditionary Medal by our "Skipper" at our regular formation, prior to Captain's inspection one day last month. This medal was awarded for Etheridge's service with the 4th Marines in Shanghai in 1931, '32 and '33, and we are proud to have Etheridge as a shipmate.

During the month we received our marksmanship badges, which have been issued to all members of the detachment who attained a new qualification during the past year. And now when we fall out for formations, a large percentage of our outfit sports a nice shiny marksmanship badge on their tailor-made tunics. Incidentally, that is quite an advantage which we enjoy in this

detachment, as the result of being so close to the Marine Depot of Supplies at 1100 South Broad Street. We desire at this time to express our appreciation of Colonel Sanderson's kindness, in permitting all of our odd-sized shipmates to be measured at the depot for their uniforms, with the result that we get perfect fits and are proud of our uniforms when we appear in public. Private Caddin with his "43" inch waist line is particularly appreciative of this privilege in that his new overcoat fits him snugly and does not look like a tent over him.

Our efficient non-commissioned-officer in charge of the fire department detail, Corporal John F. Eckert, finished up his third enlistment on December 4th, and having obtained the MGC's permission to re-enlist, lost no time in shipping over the next day. We are glad Eckert is still with us and we welcome him to our ranks for another four years. He swears the Marine Corps is his only "love" from now on.

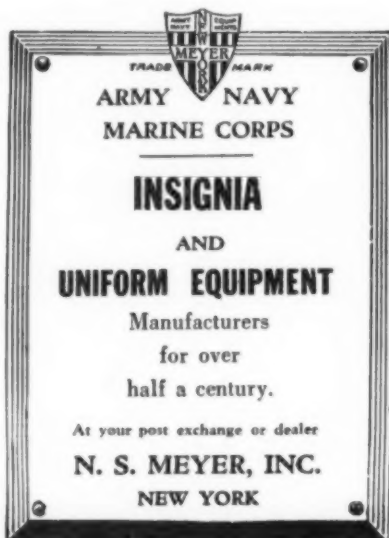
We are sorry to report that our genial first sergeant, Clifford Cheshire, is still under treatment in the Naval Hospital here for a lung condition. We understand that

in Philadelphia in the past month in which Marine Corps Personnel have been involved. In one instance, the Marines were from Fort Mifflin and the other from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia. We have our fingers crossed and are watching our steps in order to be sure that, with winter coming on, no such accident will occur to any member of this outfit.

We are proud to report that a surprise Admiral's inspection on Friday, November 20th, did not catch us napping. Having received word at 10:00 A. M. that morning that Admiral W. C. Watts, Commandant of the 4th Naval District, would inspect the Receiving Station at 1:30 P. M. that date, we donned our best bibs and tuckers and fell out to render honors to the Admiral, both at his arrival and departure from the Station. Of course, we had to borrow a music from the Barracks to sound off for us. He proved to be fully equal to the occasion and did us proud. His name is Drummer First Class S. C. Yost, and we thank Colonel Wells for the loan of his services. The Admiral complimented us upon the appearance of the Detachment and thoroughly inspected the quarters and the brig. He appeared well pleased with what he saw. At least he made no definite criticisms, and we are patting ourselves on the back on the theory that "no news is good news."

We can't end this without mentioning the Army and Navy Football game, which 110,000 people braved pneumonia to witness. We are sorry to report that the sponsors of the game firmly declined the services of all our volunteers to help handle the crowd, and refused to issue a single pass to this outfit to see the game, in spite of the fact that we were near enough to hear the cheering and rub elbows with the mob milling around outside the gates. We think they might at least have let some of our efficient fire-fighters inside the gates on a pass to help keep the stands from burning down. Too bad those stands aren't built of wood. Anyhow, we are glad the Navy won, even if we did have to read about it in the newspaper.

We will be seeing you again next year, at which time we hope to have some good reports on the prowess of our Detachment basketball team, which lost its first game against the 5th Street Community Center team on December 2nd by a score of 39 to 34. Meantime, good luck, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, from the Brig Detachment at Philly.



the local "Medicos" have found a small spot on one of Cheshire's lungs which indicates the need of special treatment in order to prevent the development of T. B. We are mighty glad that apparently this condition has been discovered in time so that it's reasonable to expect a complete recovery with proper treatment. However, the prospects of Cheshire's returning to duty with this outfit in the near future are exceedingly slim. Meantime Platoon-Sergeant George continues to carry on as acting "top kicker" in a highly satisfactory manner. We are proud of the fact that George's last pay roll was submitted without an error.

We are sorry to report that according to a recently received change in our authorized compliment for the detachment, our number of sergeants have been reduced from three to two in favor of one platoon-sergeant, who is now included in our authorized complement. Since our platoon-sergeant is acting as first sergeant at present, we hope we won't lose any of our present three sergeants, who are James E. Farrell, Stanley Hoffman and Paul Rowan.

We have been sorry to note that there have been two serious automobile accidents

## THE BARBED WIRELESS

The holidays are upon us! Days of leave, fun, and relaxation from the cares that oppress us, of stretching the monthly recompense to cover the little presents and remembrances for our friends, of wishing that we had stood on seventeen and hit sixteen, or had not placed so much confidence in our aces wired. These are days that are no fun for people like Mess Sgt. Brooks and his assistants, Pope, Jones, Bowen, et al., what with the buying and preparation of special and tasty viands. However, if those lads function only half as well on Christmas day as they did on Thanksgiving, all hands will be more than satisfied—what a chow that was. So many regiments have been written about Thanksgiving day since the original proclamation back there during Plymouth Rock days that your correspondent hesitates to add his penny's worth. To some of us, it is just that, a day of thanksgiving, and, strangely enough, the original idea has been adhered to by not a few of the descendants of the original settlers, and in order to properly celebrate the day some

people go to church. To the majority of us, however, it is turkey day—top chow in large and luscious chunks. Considering all things, we in the Marine Corps have more to be thankful for than a lot of our compatriots who have been struggling along during the lean years as best they could. Now bring on your Santa Claus!

There has been a bowling tournament in progress since the last contribution to THE LEATHERNECK with the band holding the lead so far with a percentage of .667, followed by the 2nd Platoon of the M.C.I. Detachment. The high scorer for individual honors goes to Barker with a score of 183, but as the boys are beginning to round into shape he may not hold that position long. Since your writer is not aware of what the prizes consist of in this contest he cannot say whether they are bowling for love, honor, country, or money, but what the Heck, it's all in fun!

A small bore shoot has also just been completed, with Lieutenant Hudson, Sgt. MacMahill and Sgt. Heath finishing one, two, three. These people are all exceptional shots and displayed one of the reasons why they are exceptional when they refused to accept the prize money. Cpl. Stallknecht and Pfc. Slack, both of whom our operatives have observed around the National matches, also refused to be rewarded. The money was therefore redistributed, Cpl. Gearhardt, Pvt. Luek, and Pvt. Vaiden cashing in on their respective showing.

Sgt. Heath, incidentally, possesses an enviable store of knowledge on the service rifle. Conducting a period of instruction during one of the daily classes in MCO 41 he took up the history of the rifle from the civil war down to the present, punctuating his remarks with pertinent data on the present arm that left no doubt as to his familiarity with that weapon. He handled the subject intelligently and entertainingly and had no difficulty in really holding the interest of the men.

The writer and Sgt. Skowronek became involved in a screwy argument, viz, to wit, and as follows: you are standing on the rear of a train travelling 2,660 feet per second (certainly I know a train can't go that fast) and you fire a service rifle to the rear of the train—muzzle velocity of the rifle, 2,660 feet per second. What happens to the bullet? It drops to the ground. Figure it out for yourself, there is not enough room in THE LEATHERNECK to quote either Skowronek or myself verbatim.

The weather, dash it all, is becoming too bally nippy to hold Monday parades—and all hands, with the curious philosophy of soldiers everywhere, are looking forward with great glee to five or six inches of snow on the parade ground. After several weeks of that, those same philosophers would be fed up with the snow and inactivity and hoping just as hard for bright sunshine and a formation or two.

MEMORANDUM FOR: Santa Claus.

1. The following named men respectfully suggest that they be furnished presents as listed below:

- Sgt. Maj. Abbott—A trailer, with bath.
- Cpl. Schmidt—Pair of hair brushes.
- Pvt. Spinnicchio—Side boards for plates in mess hall.
- Pvt. Crowl—Permanent bus ticket to Baltimore.
- Pfc. Fosse—Magnetic bowling ball.
- Col. Adams—Nothing from Heaven (Subtle, that).
- Sgt. Doyle—Robot cleaning detail.
- Sgt. Goldsmith—A fire engine.
- QM Sgt. Chandler—A pass for the Sgt. Maj's office gate.

Cpl. Gearhart—A marriage license (and hurry).

Pvt. Pebley—The abolition of restriction in M. C.

Pvt. (Acting) Sparks—An idea for this column less asinine than the foregoing.

Now comes the inaugural. Washington is taking on a carnival air with the approach of that event. Stands are being built, decorations planned, and we of the Marine Barracks are all primed for the parade. Maybe we can get some advance dope from Sgts. Nelson and Hynes when they return from their South American trip on the *Indianapolis*. Anny-hoo, we have an inaugural once every four years, while our distinguished cousins across the pond have a coronation only once in a generation, and even that event, blast the luck, promises to be gummed up by Cupid and a charming American accent.

## THE RECEIVING SHIP

Navy Yard—New York

By "Tony"

The Marine Barracks gave their annual Dance Saturday, November 14th, in honor of the Corps Birthday, Armistice Day, and Mr. Roosevelt. Yes, we received a bid. Those guys know we have a great big Brig down here. The dance was well conducted and the ballroom was gayly decorated. The Forrest Hill Orchestra, all dressed up in "Tails," played superbly to the tune of "Twenty streamlined kegs of beer," which proved very popular during the tour of the evening. Pete and Alston did their bits as Masters of Ceremony at Mid-Ships. Gbur and Barron concluded a grand evening by giving their interpretation of "South Sea Island Magic." What magic these boys possess! Makes this guy Astaire look like an amateur.

Spurrier, Labyack, and "Jerry" Baker were on the Y.M.C.A. program conducted in Building No. 38. They harmonized to the very appropriate melody "In our Solitude," but not for long.

Fads may come and go, but "Bo" Baker has his own original sport. He holds man overboard drill in Dry-Dock No. 2 just before dawn. McAlpine Thinks his pal is a very clever boy.

Recent transfers to the Boston Navy Yard were Private First Class T. E. Alston, Privates Harry Jack Hammond and Wilmer S. Christopher. Rather unexpected says Chris. He was married on Monday, honeymooned on Tuesday, and transferred on Wednesday. Hammond states he is very fond of the "Hub" City. It's much closer to East Hampton. "Toots" Alston regretted to leave the staccato breathlessness of New York. He saw the movie "To Mary With Love" every night during its stay at Radio City. It was there two weeks.

Mathias tried in vain to get out of Sands Street Gate by using his famous "By-Word," "O.K." I sympathize with you, sentry. Doggy Wilson was seen admiring his famous burly eye brows while he hummed "For Sentimental Reasons, I Am Still In Love With You." "Who, Al?" Steff goes into his inspection shave in dress blues. Ruben Daily and "Lightning" Frederick (Thanks, MB, Washington) are big pals; they both hail from Indiana.

We wish to congratulate Corporal Gbur on the new field he is to undertake. He is to be paid off in January and has a career waiting for him in open arms. The famous coach of the Madison Square Pro Team was, by chance, present at the basketball game at the local Y.M.C.A. and signed

# 3 reasons why Ingram's shaves are quicker, cleaner, cooler

①  
WILTS WHISKERS  
SOFTER FOR  
EASIER SHAVING



②  
SMOOTHS THE SKIN  
SO THE  
RAZOR CUTS CLOSE



③  
COOLS THE SHAVE;  
BANISHES  
AFTER-STING



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the dashing eager. The Corporal was exceptionally sensational on this particular night. He is the originator of the famous tripod shot (It seems that famous coaches have replaced pink elephants).

Through a drenching rain storm in "Little Ole" New York, the annual massing of the colors and parade carried on down Fifth Avenue to the Little Historic Church of St. Thomas at 53rd Street. Royal Canadian Mounted Police led the colorful procession, followed by the Marines, Army, and Navy. This spectacular event is observed on the first Sunday preceding Armistice Day each year. Marines from the New Orleans, Marine Barracks, and Receiving Ship participated.

Football has come to a sudden and upsetting close. "Long Live the King of Sports." The Bowl problem seems to be quite a discussion. However, I am sure this vexing situation will be settled by the time this is printed. Of course the rebels are proud to have one of the Southern teams eligible for the Rose Bowl. Dear old Havana has scheduled a hand grenade scramble in the Baccardi Bowl. I am confident you Marines of the USS Richmond long for Consuello, Conehito, and charming Maria. It's mutual, I assure you. Panama has a game scheduled in its Carioea Bowl in the heart of the exclusive "Grove." British Honduras Va. San Juan in the Frizole Bowl. What Marines! don't we have a bowl of some kind? Be it only a "Wheatie" Bowl. Incidentally Corporal Torbert took his lunch early one Saturday morning and headed for the Polo Grounds and turned out to be an "eye" witness of the Fordham-Georgia brawl.

Platoon Sergeant Rudder informed all hands to drop in for a hair cut before inspection. "Aggie" Brock, the barber, seemed pleased, said, "Come, men, listen to the Sergeant." Rudder was up for his tonic later in the afternoon.

We, the Receiving Ship Marines, send you Greetings. May all you Marines throughout the world have had a grand and glorious Christmas and a most successful New Year.

### TELEPHONE ELECTRICIAN'S SCHOOL

#### First Signal Company

The graduation of the third class of the Telephone Electrician's School took place, appropriately enough, the day before Thanksgiving. The class consisted of eleven students: Tech. Sgts. Burgess and Hardisty, Staff Sgts. Curtin and Bryan, Sgts. Thomas and Bierrum, Cpls. Hyland and Matchett, Privates First Class McGuire and Cowan, and Private Miller. The staff of instructors included MT Sgt. Dyer, in charge, Sgt. Thoemmes and Sgt. Kozakewicz. However, "Kozy" departed for China on the last *Chaumont*, leaving Dyer and Thoemmes to bear the brunt of the blank stares and yawns on Monday mornings.

The term was quite eventful, both in the

classroom and in the laboratory. Astonished visitors to the laboratory during apparatus hook-ups who asked why one of the students was required to wear a bee mask were reassured that it was Charley Curtin tracing the wiring in his experiment. Another entrancing episode took place when Thomas and Hardisty soldered opposite ends of the same wire in their individual telephones. Possibly they were putting into practice the "Share the Wealth" program.

The laurel wreath, however, goes to Bierrum for this one: Instructor—"Bierrum, define 'specific gravity'." Bierrum—"Well, it has to do with electrolyte." Instructor—"Not necessarily, it might apply to anything, my head for instance." Bierrum—"Oh, yes, specific gravity is density."

Students for the fourth class, commencing on January 4th, 1937, are gathering from the four corners of the earth.

From China comes Tech. Sgt. Lewis—from the West Coast comes Andrews, King and Bruener—from Washington, D. C., (Test Shop) comes Hayes—other members will be Flebote, Bullock, St. Sgt. Pope, Barrett, etc.

From all appearances, the fourth class will be a gathering of as fine a bunch of students as has yet gone through the school. However, as our instructor says, "The first class with its assortments of Vanderhoofs, Gays, Stillwells and what-have-you, is still the best of the lot."

### VOICE OF COCO SOLO, C. Z.

*Buena es dia mi amigas*, no this is not Spain the land of brotherly love, but Coco Solo the land of SUNSHINE. Talking about sunshine, well, old man sunshine has taken a leave of absence from this part of the country. It has rained here every day for about a week now, and according to the custom of this country, old man sunshine is not due to return here 'till about the 10th of December.

Our Commanding Officer has issued a new order recently pertaining to swimming qualifications. It reads something like this: During the month of November men of this command will not be required to go to the swimming pool to qualify as swimmers but any man who is capable of swimming from the Marine Barracks to the Navy General Mess Hall, which is about 100 yards, will be marked on their current service record book QUALIFIED SWIMMER 100-Yards and will also be given an extra piece of cooked hamburger upon reaching the Mess Hall.

As we have not been on the air for some time, will let you know who is who around here. Our Commanding Officer is none other than Lieutenant Colonel George A. Stowell, formerly of recruiting duty at Chicago, Ill. The Colonel made a remark recently "No wonder we have such a damn good detachment here. I enlisted most of the men here while I was on recruiting duty. Our Junior Officer is First Lieutenant Claude I. Boles, who recently arrived from the Fleet Marine Force, MCB, San Diego. Our office force consists of two First Sergeants: First Sergeant

Banta is handling clothing and public property, while First Sergeant Cohen is the detachment First Sergeant. Private Wilbur W. Rogers is the detachment clerk. Platoon Sergeant Ezra L. Ewing, who was recently promoted to that grade, is also police sergeant in addition to his regular duties. Due to the limited amount of space, we will let you know who the rest of the non-coms are in our outfit in our next article.

On 30 October, 1936, the members of this detachment said farewell to an old timer; a man who is known all over the Marine Corps, one of the best liked in the Marine Corps, a man who was a credit to the Marine Corps and always will be such, a man who would go out of his way to help another; A REAL MARINE ALL THE WAY. That man is Sergeant Major Henry Frank Kloth, who was transferred to Class II (d) Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, on the above date. Honors given a man retiring on thirty years were rendered to Sergeant Major Kloth. First Sergeant Cohen formed the detachment in front of the barracks; presented arms to Sgt. Maj. Kloth, and Col. Stowell read the letter authorizing the transfer of Sergeant Major Kloth to the FMCR. After going through the formality of shaking hands and having pictures taken by the Fleet Air Base photographer, 1st Sgt. Banta; an old friend of the Sergeant Major, pinned upon his manly chest a medal (patent applied for by 1st Sgt. Cohen) of brass cut in triangle shape with the Marine Corps emblem in the center. On the bar were three paper clips, and beneath the emblem were crossed pencils. Over the emblem was a pencil eraser. Sgt. Major Kloth will add that to his many other trophies. The Command was then marched into the recreation hall, where the Sgt. Major was presented with a zipper clothing bag and a 63-piece glass set. The presentation was made by Cpl. Cross in behalf of the detachment. The Sgt. Major made a farewell address with tears rolling down his cheeks, in which he gave the men a lot of good advice and in conclusion he wished that every man here will some day be a Sgt. Major in the Marine Corps. Adios, old timer, you are still a Marine and we are glad we have had the opportunity to serve with you.

### U. S. NAVAL PRISON Portsmouth, N. H.

#### By E. Provost

This bit of chatter comes from the most northern and isolated Post on the East Coast—Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Prison, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.—and though isolated and practically surrounded by water the landscape here is beautiful. It is also a picturesque sight in the evening to watch a gorgeous moon coming up. Perhaps it is difficult for some of you, other than "lovers of the sea" to visualize the true beauty of a stream of moonlight shining over the ocean, whose rays dancing over the waters tend to sooth your heart and leave you with a peaceful feeling that inevitably turns one's mind to romance. Along with a very pretty sunrise to greet us mornings over a colorful horizon, one can readily understand the sunny spirit that prevails here.

We have a fine Detachment of Marines here; right from the Commanding Officer down to the privates. I would write perhaps all day if I could tell you how much we appreciate one another, and our officers, individually, but I do realize our space is limited, therefore I shall try to mention



only our officers and a few others sparingly. However, the writer will in his next contribution to THE LEATHERNECK give information concerning the changes made at this Post recently. Also extend news of our very promising basketball team.

Introducing our Marine Officers, Colonel Robert L. Denig, Commanding U. S. Naval Prison, who relieved Lt. Colonel Tom D. Barber on the latter's retirement. Colonel Denig took charge May 28, 1936, from Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York. Other officers are Major Charles N. Muldrow, Executive Officer of the Prison; Captain Sherman L. Zea, Detachment Commander; First Lieutenant Clifton R. Moss, Post Quartermaster; Second Lieutenant Robert W. Clark, Manufacture and Repair Department; Second Lieutenant John H. Masters, Assistant to Ship's Service Officer; Second Lieutenant Jean W. Moreau, Maintenance and Repair Department; and Marine Gunner Thomas W. P. Murphy, Inside and Outside Overseer.

A wonderful spirit of comradeship is the environment. You must know by this what a friendly crowd we have doing Prison Guard Duty. Seldom do we have trouble here; we certainly can trust one another with open lockers, clothes, money, and even "wimmin" (!) No complaints have come from any of the dance halls or cafes ashore for more than a year. "Strange as it may seem!"

We are very up-to-date in athletics, too. The officers have introduced the latest fad in sports here, a game similar to tennis—called Badminton. It is played on the gym floor, in a space smaller than a tennis court, with a racket lighter than an ordinary tennis racket. Instead of a rubber ball a semi-round (part wood and cork) ball with feathers stuck on the flat side is used. Seeing these feathers darting back and forth over the net reminds one (from what I've heard) of Sally Rand and her feathers in the shape of a fan whirling about doing her dance. We suppose the next thing in the way of sports will be a game played with balloons—an idea for Major Bowes' Amateur Shows—A squad of Marines in dress blues with a chorus doing a dance with scarlet and gold covered balloons! What, no gong???

We are most happy at this time to give an account of our Hallowe'en Dance, which was held on the evening of October 29th, with approximately 300 in attendance. Officers and their guests, enlisted men and their guests, of which the majority were women. This gay and colorful Hallowe'en Dance was held in our wonderfully decorated—from floor to ceiling—gymnasium. The ceiling was covered with foliage of the near-by Maine woods. The walls lighted with ugly-faced Jack-O-Lanterns; cornstalks surrounded the back of the chairs as if they grew there; the floor was softly lighted from lanterns above made of typical Hallowe'en colors of orange and black trimmings.

The Music was excellent, played by Gene Meserve and his Melody Boys. It blended perfectly with the Autumn colored interior of the building . . . as the music mellowed the corn stalks which stood against the four walls seemed to soften their beautiful rich rays . . . a perfect picture of harmony. The ugly faces of the Jack-O-Lanterns—pumpkins—seem to smile their approved joy. In short, smiling faces and happy voices were the order of the night.

Much credit and thanks are due our considerate Commanding Officer, Colonel Denig, who made it possible for our thoughtful Detachment Commander, Captain Zea, to carry out this plan of entertainment for our bene-

fit; also to those who gave their expert services, and hard work in arranging for the dance.

THE ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE: First Sergeant William L. Barron.

DECORATION COMMITTEE: Corporals Carl Tartaglia, Bruce Wallace, and Robert W. Sutherland (An excellent piece of work, fellows).

FLOOR COMMITTEE: Sergeant Merle H. Johnson, Corporal William B. Ignatious (Smooth handling).

REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE: Mess Sergeant James C. Eiland, Chief Cook Jesse R. Amey, and Field Cook John L. Kibbie (Sandwiches and punch were delicious).

EXCELLENT SERVICE was also extended to everyone in the gym by Privates Charles D. Reynolds and Edgar J. Pollock.

You can fully realize how it feels writing this script—how swell it is to write this inadequate account of our successful Hallowe'en Dance. We want to share our joys with all of you, at least in spirit being as it couldn't be any other way. Those tasty sandwiches that came floating down a free stream of good cold beer certainly leaves one contented. And to you who made all this possible, again we express our sincere thanks.

Oh, yes! Before I forget, one of our officers, Lieutenant Moreau, took one of the leading parts in the Navy Relief Show here and gave an excellent performance. *Adios!*

## AMERICAN EMBASSY GUARD

### Peiping, China

After an extended absence from the columns of THE LEATHERNECK, here we are trying to get in a few lines just as 1936 becomes a memory.


The past year has seen many changes in Peiping; in personnel, training, schools, duties, and everything that goes along to make men into good Marines.

Our command and staff at present is: Colonel A. A. Vandegrift, Commanding; Lieutenant Colonel G. B. Erskine, Executive Officer; Major D. G. Oglesby, S-3; Major W. C. Hall, Paymaster; Captain S. C. Kem-on, Quartermaster; and Captain G. C. Thomas, Post Adjutant.

The end of the 1936 rifle record firing found us with 89.1 per cent qualified. Company B led the way with 92 per cent; Company A was next with 91.7 per cent; Headquarters Detachment had 85.1 per cent; and Company C had 80.6 per cent. To say that we are proud of those percentages is putting it very mildly. However, all hands received excellent training and coaching, which they took seriously, with the result that paydays for the next year will be larger for those who "got in the money."

As for competitive shooting—our post small bore team won the Peiping International Guards' Match by a wide margin; defeated the 15th Infantry, U. S. Army, Tientsin, China; and also the teams of the Parris Island, S. C., and Portsmouth, N. H., in radio matches. Our 30-30 shooters took all seven medals of the Asiatic Division Matches; and first and second places in the Triangular Match between the 4th Marines, Cavite Marines, and the American Embassy Guard.

Extensive training has also been undergone in bush warfare and small infantry units. Practice marches and combat problems on the rifle range have been participated in regularly by just about everyone in the post. In addition to this practical training in the field, there are three classes of non-coms who are studying the "Basic Course" of the Marine Corps Schools. In-



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struction is given by officers, and all those attending these classes are gaining useful knowledge which will undoubtedly assist them in their next promotion.

Being stationed in a foreign country, where internal conditions are seldom settled, requires that plans be made for quick defense of an area, and instruction given in the purpose and prompt execution of those plans. The Embassy Guard has certain plans, and frequent drills in them have imbued everyone with the necessary speed and action required in time of necessity.

Parades, guard-mounts, all-arms reviews, and regular drills have been held with almost alarming regularity—sometimes on our own glacis, sometimes on the French glacis, which is much larger than our own. Our comparatively small glacis has at times been rather of a handicap in the execution of parades and reviews.

The Mounted Detachment has taken part in all parades, and has reflected much credit on their training officer, Second Lieutenant Frederick A. Ramsey, Jr., and his able assistant, Sergeant Faulkner. Men and horses are well drilled, and although occasionally a horse refuses to stand at atten-

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tion when required to do so, the majority of the formations have been unerringly carried out.

In sports, the command has also been above par. Starting in the spring, the basketball team played the 15th Infantry, U. S. A., and defeated them in a series for the Margetts Cup, an annual competition. The ice hockey team made a fair showing, taking third place in the Peiping City League. The bowling team took the 15th Infantry, the only competitor, by 288 pins in a 21 game series. The Fourth Marines basketball team visited us, and defeated our aggregation of basketballers, two games to one. The North China Baseball League was a hard fought battle, the 15th Infantry and our team coming to the finish of the season tied for the championship. An extra three game series was played, the Army taking the first game, but the Marines came through to win the next two games, thereby annexing the North China Championship for the ninth consecutive year. As this article is being written preparations are being made for the International Guards' Annual Track and Field Meet. This meet has been won by the Marines ten times in the past twelve years. It is hoped that when the meet this year is over we can say that another victory has been brought into camp.

We have facilities in our compound for just about every sport known. Swimming pool, tennis courts, handball courts, bowling alleys, baseball diamond, gymnasium, and all gear necessary to partake in any sport that the individual desires.

Our Post Exchange is very efficiently managed by Captain Frank J. Uhlig, who, with his staff of clerks, is at all times ready and anxious to cooperate with all those who wish to purchase articles that are not carried in stock.

The library, under the supervision of the Post Exchange Officer, consists of approximately two thousand volumes, including every type of book printed. These volumes are augmented by all the latest magazines and newspapers from the States. Everyone can find something to suit his personal taste in reading matter.

Sound motion pictures are shown in Johnson Hall six nights each week, with a different program every night. Dances are held in Johnson Hall at least once each month. The music is furnished by the post orchestra, composed of members of the post band. These dances are attended by personnel of the various foreign Embassy Guards, and the different nationalities and uniforms make them very colorful affairs.

This short account of our activities will give you some idea of what we are doing in Peiping. International good will, good duty, splendid activities after regular duty hours—all this goes to make the American Embassy Guard, Peiping, one of the finest posts in the entire Marine Corps.

And so we close this article—taking this opportunity to wish every member of the Marine Corps a very Merry Christmas, and a bright and happy New Year.

### MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT

Fort Mifflin, Philadelphia, Pa.

By Nick

The Marines of Fort Mifflin mourn the passing of Pfc. Ralph C. Smeltzer, who died a few minutes after the new car he was driving collided with a traffic light standard in the city of Philadelphia. With him at the time of the accident were Pvts. John D. Briscoe and Francis R. Stone. Both were

seriously injured, but it is expected that they will recover.

Requests for transfer have been numerous lately. Privates Bartnicki, Cahall, Huehler and Falcone left us after a short stay and are now at Sea School (Hope you like it, boys). The lure of the Orient has called Pvt. MacKenzie for a tour of duty. Mac likes chop suey and we couldn't convince him that it is an American dish. It is our understanding that Cpl. John P. Ryan, who was honorably discharged in November, is now a steward in one of the Eastern Air Lines' big transports. Will someone please tell me how Winchell gets his "dope"? I've been snooping around for weeks trying to get on the "inside" of a few good stories and have met with almost complete failure. It's always the same old answer, "I ain't talking." I did learn, however, that South Philadelphia is seeing quite a bit of Cpl. Egan and Pvt. Holmes and that Cpl. Hall and Pfc. Ciulla have been seen purchasing rings. Do you suppose they could be Christmas presents? Pvt. Brown is getting to be one of these "Telephone Romeos." I'd give a nickel to know who is on the other end of those calls. Even our student, Pvt. Davis, has surprised us all by his numerous liberties in North Philadelphia. Carter simply won't tell us where he goes after the show every night, but he didn't buy that Plymouth for nothing, so we have our suspicions.

We are still awaiting, impatiently now, the completion of our new mess hall and galley. At the beginning it was supposed to be a three-week job, but now it has been three months and still isn't done. We have also vacated our main squad room, so that repairs might be made there. It is very inconvenient, this having the barracks torn up, but one of these days when we see the nice, clean new walls and ceilings, we shall feel well repaid.

### TOM TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

(Continued from page 54)

We're ringing the bell again on new arrivals, and received from Parris Island, fresh as daisies from the field, five new, ultra new men. So far Privates DeLoach, Dickerson, Gilbert, Terry, and Thames, have not succumbed to the high-pressure salesmanship of some old timers who try to sell them Whiz and G. I. soap. We all hope by this time they've caught on to the ropes and are marching along like real Marines.

Absolutely "taking the rag off the bush," Pop Neason is handing everyone a surprise by going on a strict Pop diet. It seems so strange to see a Coke bottle in his hand instead of the usual mug.

Rather late with the pictures of the cup, but better late than never, now the fellows who help win it, but who are not with us now, can see just what it looks like. Ain't 'eh proud?

That shot of Tarlton taking a mighty swing . . . well, er, he missed it, by the way, and all his facial contortions just didn't help things a bit. If memory is right, though, he looped the next one over the Soda Shed.

Just as this is about to wind up, 1st Sergeant Neider discovered the other morning by radio that he was only a blushing twenty-two year old boot. It seems some lively *dope* (it lies between Brownie and Haynes) got the idea to write Gordon Hittenmark a letter requesting such be said. Top took it all in fun, though, and everyone had a good laugh.

THE LEATHERNECK

So long, and here's best Christmas wishes from Indian Head to all and we hope that the New Year brings you abundant joy and prosperity.

## THE CHARLESTON CHRONICLE

By Nosey

When you last heard from us we were in Guantanamo Bay enjoying the warm sunshine and the many sports that the Naval Station has to offer. Amid ship work, sports and the range details we received word that we were to get underway on the 16th for Brooklyn Navy Yard. Incidentally, I would like to mention the fact that two excellent scores were made by the only two members of the Marine Detachment who fired the range. 2nd Lt. John W. Stage, our detachment commander, made a fine score of 320 and Sgt. Milton B. Rogers, our Acting First Sergeant, added another fine score to an already excellent record with a 342. What happened to the other eight points, Sergeant?

On the 20th of November we arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. All hands were on the top-side in freshly pressed blues and eagerly waiting liberty call. It was a sad day for your writer as I had the duty and had to spend the week-end aboard ship while the majority of the detachment lost no time in making the Sand St. Gate.

The ten day stay in New York was divided into two four day leave periods. Pvt. P. H. Conway, Jr., visited his home in Albany, N. Y., and upon his return reported his having a wonderful time. Did Gracie meet you at the train, Connie? Pvt. T. E. Dupree visited relatives in the city. Pvt. Weatherford is now enjoying his four day leave—as is Pvt. McPhillips. We hope that they do not forget to return.

The remaining men in the detachment seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. Pfc. Mize, the Peiping bug-a-boo, goes for the ice-skating atop Madison Square Garden at a dollar and thirty-five a skate. Pvt. Conway is another enthusiastic skater but we understand that he did not find much time while on leave to indulge in his favorite pastime. Why these two men pay good money to skate at the Garden when we have enough ice on the top-side is more than we can understand.

Upon the return of Sergeant Rogers and Pfc. Petersen they presented to Lester and Mize two cakes of soap in the form of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. What the significance of this is we don't know. It may all come to light at some future date. Pvt. H. L. Cope is a member of the Home Guard. He seems to care nothing for the bright lights of the big city but is eagerly waiting for the ship's return to Charleston. Cpl. Morris can be seen nightly in one of the night clubs along the Main Stem. Who was the torch singer that went for you in such a big way at one of these clubs, Morris? Pvt. Benton has taken over the wheel in the galley for the month. Pvt. Dopson, the ship's barber, has become very efficient and has retired the bowl he formerly used. Pvt. Callham managed to get himself lost while seeing the big city. After riding for sometime in the wrong direction he discovered his mistake and lost no time returning to Brooklyn where he finished his liberty hours. Privts. Hunt and Rodgers are taking advantage of the liberty and reports have it that they are making out O. K. The writer is trying to find out the name of a member of the detachment who has been credited by a local athlete in being able to punch his way through a brick wall? It is desired that he report to the Detachment

Office and sign a peace-pact with the writer.

We are singling up our lines and getting underway Monday, 30th of November, for Charleston. In spite of the many amusements of the city a great many of the men will be more than pleased to return to a milder climate and the traditional southern hospitality of Charleston. It is hoped that we will have more news next month.

## NAVAL PRISON DETACHMENT

Mare Island, California  
By Elmer

With the coming and going of the two famous Navy Transports, the *Henderson* and the *Chaumont*, we have many new replacements added to our Detachment and now it is up to its authorized strength. Our losses were Cpls. Hunter, Cornell, Pfc. Bishop and Cummings to the Asiatics. The plank-owners who volunteered for duty with the FMF San Diego were none others than Cpls. Campbell, Johansen and McElfresh.

In remembrance of the Marine Corps birthday, a dance was given on the 10th of November in the General Mess which was a colorful affair. The place was beautifully decorated and everyone had an enjoyable evening. Many thanks goes to the various committees that helped make the dance a huge success.

Congratulations go to Cpl. Blackwood, Pfc. Charlton and Zionce on their recent promotions and may you boys keep up the good work. Johnson was thoughtful the other day while out shopping and came back to the billet with a new radio. Johnny the Gang wants to know what the "Music rolls" are for. Lott and Chauvin came in off furlough and their reports are that the market is going up in Texas and Mississippi. What, sugar and honey? Your guess is as good as mine. It is the opinion that nurses are fascinating and I'm sure that Lott can answer this one. After being on the shelf for the past several weeks Gentry permitted himself to take off on a forty-eight and made his debut in Oakland, and he hasn't given an account of himself yet. Cpl. Tucker seems to think it is great to be a "short-timer," and after sixteen years he discovers that he has been signing his name wrong all these years. Our highly esteemed police Sergeant Kline has just held up his hand for four more years. Shinn's air castles have crashed and now he is as much a Gyrene as ever. The First Sergeant keeps carrying flowers home, he says it is to get the wife to bake him a lemon pie, but we have our doubts. Top, is it to get out of the "dog-house?" Gy-Sgt. Davis, Ass't Inside Overseer at the Prison is going to retire on thirty in the near future. After thirty years of service he has decided to try the USS *Outside* for a change. Cpl. Anderson recently resumed the duties as Navy Mail Clerk for the Detachment and is now delivering our much waited for correspondence.

Two squads of Marines from the Detachment joined in with other squads from the Barracks Detachment on Armistice Day and motored to Vacaville, California, by bus where a parade was held in connection with the American Legion Celebration. The boys who went came back with numerous stories about what a marvelous time they had, and the dance that night was a real treat.

The Detachment quarters are being repaired at present time and are near completion. We are residing at the Marine Barracks and will be glad to get back home once again.

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### A FRIEND OF ED KENT

(Continued from page 9)

on his side as against Kent.

The big, musclebound man growled a reproach. "You're too easy on him, Lou. Been me I'd have rubbed him out the minute he called for it. Got to do it some time. The sooner the quicker, I say."

"Yeah, I'm too easy," Moss agreed. "For my own good. Always was, but I like to give a young fellow a chance. Not my fault he turns out a bad hombre."

They drank again and trooped out of the house, spurs jinkling.

"A nice, kind, fatherly Santa Claus," Boyce murmured with dry irony.

"Who?" asked Fogarty.

"Mr. Lou Moss. Didn't you hear him say so? Admits it himself."

The man in the apron took a chance. He leaned across the bar and whispered:

"If you're a friend of Ed Kent you better get him outa town pronto."

Boyce looked at him, his hard eyes bleak. "Did I mention that I was a friend of Kent?"

Shocked, Fogarty drew back. Not the words but the chill harshness of the tone, the look savage and cruel that had leaped to the face, made of the question a deadly threat.

Clint ate supper at a Chinese restaurant. He might have to leave town hurriedly and he did not intend to travel on an empty stomach. It was characteristic of him that his appetite was good and that he took plenty of time over the meal. There was no need of getting jumpy. Before he rose from the table he smoked a cigar.

He had made cautious inquiries and had learned that Kent was boarding at the home of a widow on a side street. Incidentally, he had been told that the young man was in love with her daughter, Kate, but that was to Boyce irrelevant information.

From the brightly lighted main thoroughfare Clint turned into the residence section of the little town. A five-minute walk brought him to the house that had been described to him. There was a painted picket fence and inside of it a garden of old-fashioned flowers. The small house was set back from the road about twenty-five yards.

Clint passed through the gate and moved very quietly down the dirt walk. He had noticed from the road that there was a light in the kitchen and another in the parlor. As he drew near the house he saw that one of the two people in the parlor was Ed Kent. The other was a girl.

They were engaged in very earnest talk. It was summer, and the window was open. From the vines shading the porch the eavesdropper caught fragments of what was said.

The girl was young and sweet. Her eyes were troubled. She was pleading with Kent.

"If you loved me you would. Tonight. Lou Moss will get you sure. He's a terrible man."

"I know what kind of man he is," Kent said miserably. "But, honey, I can't go. I got to stick around. That's why I called for a showdown today. I'm not scared of him. I won't run."

She shook her head at the boy's bravado. "You ought to be scared of him. You are, if you'd say so and not be so proud."

The man back of the vines did not hear his answer, but he could see how the girl clung to him, how she looked up at him with terrified eyes and begged him to leave at once. Clint set his salient jaw. He had come to do a job. He meant to do it. But not here, not before the woman who loved him.

Kent kissed her, then broke away and reached for his hat.

Before the front door opened to let out Kent and a shaft of light Boyce had passed from the garden to the street. He moved up the road. Once or twice he

turned his head, to make sure the young man was following. It was a night light with stars, and he could see vaguely the slim boyish figure moving behind him.

More immediate business distracted his attention. From the shadow of a live oak someone sauntered across the road. Boyce watched warily the approaching man, not because he had any reason to fear attack but because the life he had led was one that trained for vigilance. He observed that this was a hulk of a fellow, flatfooted and awkward, before he recognized Lafe Doan, the satellite of Moss.

DOAN stopped, looked at him with surprise, growled something that only an optimist could have taken for a greeting, and moved on to the little grove of live oaks bordering the road.

From the brain of Boyce urgent questions stabbed at him. The man had expected to meet someone else. Who? What did he want with him? What devilry, if any, was afoot?

Boyce had walked fifty or sixty yards before he found the answer. He pulled up in his stride, beside the entrance to a lumber yard. Doan of course was out to get Kent.

His deduction was instantly confirmed. Flashes crashed the darkness. The roar of guns filled the night. A clamor of voices sounded. There came the slap of running feet.

Swiftly and noiselessly Clint moved back into the lumber yards. He had no intention of letting himself be mistaken for the victim wanted.

On the sidewalk, not fifteen feet from him, a running man stumbled and went down. He heard a groan, then a triumphant shout.

"Got him, Lou," a raucous cry lifted.

An imperative decision took Boyce in half a dozen swift strides to the sidewalk. He was not going to have these assassins interfere with his personal vengeance. They could not murder a wounded man in his presence, even though he hated the man.

He stood, crouched, gun in hand, above the prone figure.

"Stand back there," he ordered.

One—two—three—four. He counted the assailants as they pulled up abruptly, taken by surprise.

"Who are you, fellow?" one demanded roughly.

"Never mind. You're through tonight," Boyce retorted, his voice hard and crisp.

Someone laughed harshly. "Who is this bird?"

"Some damn fool butting in," the answer came.

The man farthest to the right moved forward. Boyce recognized Moss.

"Keep back," Clint ordered sharply.

"You better hit the grit, fellow, while the going is good," another advised grimly. "We're collecting this guy Kent right now."

In another moment they would surge forward. Boyce fired into the air by way of warning.

The blast of a gun replied to his challenge. Boyce flung a bullet at the shadowy figure back of the spurt of fire. Flashes ripped the darkness. The crook of fingers sent lanes of death through the night. It was a fusillade, four against one.

Someone gave a yelp of pain. It was a signal for retreat, at least for the present. The figures of the attackers faded into the gloom.

Boyce stooped and seized the wounded

man at his feet. He dragged him back into the lumber yard behind a pile of two by fours. Presently Clint could hear again the sound of cautious footsteps, the murmur of voices. They advanced into the lumber yard.

"The fighting fool's lit out, looks like," one said.

"What about Kent? Where's he?"

From a distance a voice shouted.

"What's all the shooting about?"

"Half the town will be here soon," Moss said. "We better make our getaway now."

"Y'betcha!" another answered nervously. "We got to get Steve to a doctor."

Through the chinks of the piled lumber Boyce watched them go.

Within five minutes four men were carrying Kent back to his boarding house on a door. Another had gone for a doctor. Two or three trooped along beside those bearing the improvised stretcher. Boyce brought up the rear. His eyes scanned the shadows of both sides of the road, but evidently the Moss outfit were ready to call it a day.

Clint Boyce was disgusted with himself and with the world at large. He had ridden more than a hundred miles to settle accounts with the murderer of his brother. But he had messed up that simple business by saving the fellow's life instead. Now he had to stick around Redcliff two or three weeks until Kent got well enough to handle a gun.

Nor was that the only complicating factor in the situation. He had been forced to listen to the thanks of Kate Burwell, who had insisted on treating him as a hero. Clint was hard as nails. He intended to carry through. But he wished that since Kent had to drag a woman into this rotten life it had not been necessary for him to meet her.

He was sitting on the porch of the Redcliff House when Miss Burwell came to see him a second time. If he had had a chance he would have escaped, but she was saying "Good morning" before he could rise from the chair.

It annoyed him that a girl as sweet and vivid as this one could throw away her affection on one as worthless as Kent. He could see she was worrying. Her shadowed eyes were filled with unhappiness.

"I've heard something dreadful, Mr. Bierce," she said, breaking at once into the object of her visit. "A little colored boy I know, a friend of mine, heard Lou Moss and Lafe Doan talking at Pete's Place about an hour ago. They're afraid of Ed—of what he knows—afraid he'll talk—so they mean to kill him tonight."

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked harshly. "It's none of my business."

His words were like a blow in the face to her. She stared at him, startled and shaken.

"I thought—that since you had been such a friend to him, Mr. Bierce—"

"My name isn't Bierce. You've got it wrong. It's Boyce. And I'm not his friend but his enemy."

"His enemy!" she gasped. "But—why?"

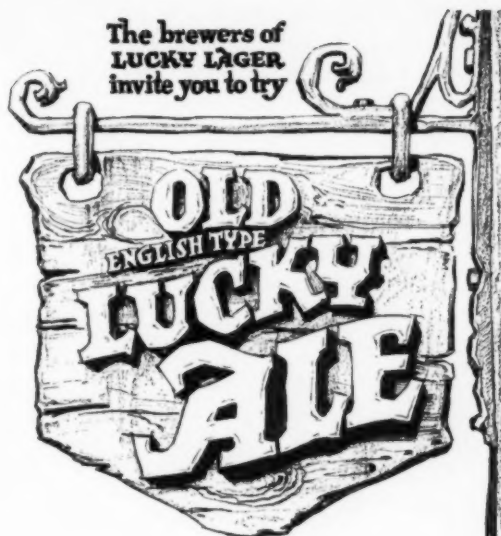
"Because my name is Boyce. You can tell him so. Say I'll be waiting here when he gets well," he said bitterly.

"You're not—a relative of James Boyce," she said, plunging swiftly at a possible explanation of his hostility.

"He was my brother."

She continued to stare at him, aghast. "And you believe that story about Ed—that he shot your brother for five hundred dollars. You came here to—"

"I came here to have a settlement with him," he cried doggedly.



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"But Ed didn't do it," the girl cried. "Oh, Mr. Boyce, he isn't like that, even if he has been wild and trailed with this bad Moss gang. That's why he broke with them. He wouldn't stand for it when he knew what Lou Moss had done. So they gave out the word that Ed killed your brother. He didn't. I can prove it. He was with Jack Finley at the time, and Jack is one of the best men in this country."

Clint listened. He did not believe her story. No doubt that was what Kent had told her, but it was too good to be true. Yet why not? Young Kent did not look like a cold-blooded killer and Moss did.

"That was why Kent was playing cards with them yesterday, was it?" Boyce asked, with a harsh and sceptical laugh. "Because he had broken with them and they were accusing him of a murder he didn't commit?"

But he wasn't playing with them—not at first," she demurred eagerly. "They weren't in the game. When they came and sat in Ed decided to make his public break with them as soon as he got a chance. So he did. Maybe that was silly. But it's the way boys are."

After a long moment's silence Boyce spoke. "Where can I find this man Finley?"

"He runs the O K Corral. I'll take you to him."

"I'll go alone," he said bluntly.

FINLEY was a man in middle life with clear blue humorous eyes. His face was a certificate of truth, though Boyce had taken care before calling on him to check up Kate's assurance of his reputation. He confirmed instantly the girl's story.

"Ed couldn't have killed your brother," he said. "We were fifty miles from the place, driving a bunch of cows to the Bar

M. W. ranch. Two or three of the boys at the ranch will testify we got there about two o'clock in the afternoon. It's an iron-clad alibi. Of course Moss tells another story. He was seen that morning close to the place where your brother's body was found. It's known he has killed for money before. Undoubtedly he did it himself. The bullet would fit the rifle he carries. He is always broke, but he was seen with a fat roll of bills in town next day. He talked too much. So he ribbed up a yarn, backed by his friend, Doan, that Ed had done it. Somehow that story spread everywhere. But there's nothing to it. Ed is not a bad young fellow, if he has been reckless. Make inquiries, Mr. Boyce."

Clint made inquiries and was satisfied. He called at the Burwell house and was shown into Kent's room. The young man had been wounded in the leg. In a couple of weeks he would be as well as ever.

"Your luck sure stood up," Clint told him.

"So far," Kent amended gloomily. He knew Moss. The fellow was not through with him yet. Next time he would be more thorough.

"If you're worried about Moss, forget him," Boyce said. "I've declared myself in."

"Why?" asked Kent. "What have you to do with it?"

"Never mind about that now. Ask Miss Burwell. When I said you were lucky, young fellow, that's only part of it. If a fellow goes into a den of wolves to play with them it takes more than luck to bring him out safely. You've got sand in your craw."

"I was a darn fool," Kent admitted. "Moss used me for a cat's paw—all sorts of ways. Finally he spread the story that I killed Boyce and was aiming to frame me for it if necessary. I'll tell you something. He wasn't cheating yesterday. I

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was calling for a showdown before he got me all tied up in his net. My idea was to start trouble where I'd get an even break."

Kate Burwell intercepted Boyce as he was leaving.

"Well?" she asked.

He could see fear fluttering in her eyes.

"Don't be scared. It'll be all right," he said.

"You mean—?"

"Great for a young fellow like Kent to have a girl like you interested in him even if he doesn't deserve it."

"Yes, but—Lou Moss?"

"Oh, Moss." A brown hand brushed that aside negligently. "He's my business."

"If he comes here—"

"He won't come."

A wave of assurance swept over the girl as she looked into the cold grim eyes. This man was inexorable as fate. It would be as he said.

"I can't tell you how much I thank you."

There was a strange smile on his sardonic face. "It's a pleasure."

Moss came out of Pete's Place followed by his adherents. They trooped toward the horses at the hitch rack.

A drawling voice stopped them. "Just a moment, Moss."

Across the street a man walked. He

was in high-heeled boots and worn leather chaps. He moved with a long easy stride.

"You call me?" Moss asked, impatiently.

He was in a hurry to finish some business at the other end of town.

"I called you."

Moss looked at the man. Ice-cold eyes, arrow-straight, bored into his. An odd quaver of alarm seeped into the consciousness of the killer. He was aware, vaguely, of something about this stranger that stirred an elusive memory. But his answer was a harsh and strident challenge.

"What you want, fellow?"

"You. I'm Clint Boyce."

The words were a shock. Moss made the mistake of letting the other see his consternation. His eyes slid to Doan in a swift, furtive question. Then, with a forced laugh, he got hold of himself. He moved forward to offer his hand.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Boyce. I knew your brother."

"You murdered him." Boyce spaced the words. They came very low and clear.

Moss knew, beyond any shadow of question, that he could not talk himself out of this, could not postpone the issue till he could set the stage for murder. Yet it was in him to face it squarely. He began a suave protest, to deceive the enemy for that fraction of a second which would give him the advantage of the draw.

"Now, Mr. Boyce—"

The guns roared, once. A strange, puzzled look came over the face of Moss.

His knees buckled and he collapsed, the smoking revolver still in his hand.

Clint took one look at him and shifted his gaze to Doan.

"Keep right on going—all of you," he said. "Fork your horses, and burn the wind out of town."

Doan hesitated. In windows and doorways he could see the faces of half a dozen citizens of Redcliff. They were watching and listening. If Doan did as he was told, if he obeyed this man's mandate without fighting, he would be a discredited gunman. He would have to leave this part of the country. Looking down, still uncertain, his eyes fell on the huddled body of his leader.

Boyce had got Moss, who was notably fast on the draw. He would certainly get him, as notably slow. Doan made his choice, and it was not to fight.

"I'm not looking for trouble with you, fellow," he growled, and slouched to his horse.

The other two followed, hurriedly. A moment later the clatter of horses' hoofs beat back to those on the street.

To the nearest man Boyce spoke. "Better get the sheriff," he said quietly.

The red-headed bartender, Fogarty, answered. "What you want the sheriff for? He was a bad egg—Moss. And he started to draw first. Good riddance, I say."

There was a murmur of approval from the others. They had lived too long under the bullying domination of the dead man not to be glad he had reached the end of his last crooked mile. The man who had destroyed him was to them a hero and not a villain.

From the ridge Clint Boyce looked down upon the little town of Redcliff. Darkness had flowed over the hills and filled the valley with a lake of mist that magically softened the garish rawness of the frontier camp. The lights of the main street twinkled out of the pool, like the reflection of a necklace of stars strung on an invisible thread.

He turned the head of his horse away from the town to start the long journey home.

### OUTPOST

By J. M. W. Hurlbut

Far from the campfire's radiant glow  
The lonely sentry stands.  
His bivouacked comrades rest below—  
Their lives are in his hands.

His tiring eyes strain at the wall  
Of stygian jungle night.  
His ears detect the jackal's call,  
The owl's nocturnal flight.

And darkness magnifies each sound,  
Until the forest seems  
To hide on every foot of ground  
A bandit form unseen.

A snapping twig, a rustling leaf,  
Instil a nameless fear;  
He laughs aloud at his relief—  
A camp dog wanders near.

The night grows on by centuries,  
Marked by his restless pace,  
Until the dawn brings up a breeze,  
To fan his anxious face.

Then comes a sound to his regard  
Which fills his heart with cheer;  
The marching cadence of the guard  
That means relief is near.

And so at last his watch is done;  
The vigil is at end.  
The outpost moves in with the sun,  
His earn'd rest to spend.

### IT'S HELL TO BE A SOLDIER

(Continued from page 7)

among them and very few had either shoes or shirts, yet in Napoleon's army deprivations were often so great that suicide was common to avoid suffering which was worse.

But Napoleon had a reckless disregard for his own safety, and his soldiers gave him the sobriquet of "The Little Corporal." It was Plutarch who said, "the soldier does not so much admire those officers who let him share in their honor or their money, as those who will partake with him in labor or danger; and he is more attached to one who will assist him in his work, than to one who will indulge him in idleness." Napoleon knew this: at the Bridge of Lodi he threw himself in the midst of the firing and conflict, and with his own hands pointed two of the guns on the Austrians and checked their advance; in the Battle of Rivoli he had three horses shot under him. Yet the discipline of Napoleon's army was disgraceful. He permitted plundering, and the health of his troops was bad. He believed that the soldier should have freedom, if he would march and fight—but how they had to march!

After the Battle of Rivoli they marched all night and all the next day. The night after this severe march the men were exhausted, but Napoleon slept not. Knowing that utmost watchfulness was important, he patrolled the camp and outposts of his army. Coming upon a sentry who had fallen asleep, Napoleon took his rifle and for half an hour walked his post for him. On waking and recognizing the general, the soldier fell on his knees before him and asked for mercy. Napoleon returned his gun saying: "My friend, you have fought hard and marched long, and your sleep is excusable; but a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time."

There have been leaders who, unlike Napoleon, would run for cover when the fighting got intense. One of these was Ivan of Russia. At one time his army of 300,000 fine soldiers lacked the *esprit de corps* to defeat some 26,000 Poles, mostly mercenaries.

### THE LEATHERNECK



Ivan the Terrible once suspended his most faithful general, Vorotinsky, from a tree and slowly roasted him over two fires. He put his steel-pointed staff in the embers and ran it through the body of the dying general; it was with the weighted handle of this same staff that he later murdered his own son. Imagine having a Commander in Chief like Ivan!

The tsar once sent two soldiers to destroy a family, but their hearts melted when they faced a certain baby boy who was smiling in his crib. They brought the child to Ivan who kissed it and then hurled it through a window to the bears. The soldiers who had shown pity were sliced to death with swords.

Caius Marius of Rome was nearly as bad as Ivan IV. His Bardiacean Guard murdered anyone who saluted Marius in the streets and was not taken notice of. Acharius, a senator and a man of praetorian dignity, saluted Marius and he returned not the salutation; whereupon the guard killed him on the spot. When Marius set out with his army, he trained his soldiers to labor upon the road, accustomed them to long and tedious marches, and compelled every man to carry his own baggage and provide his own victuals. Afterward laborious people, who executed readily and without murmuring whatever they were ordered, were called "Marius's mules."

It was hell to be a soldier in Alexander's army—an army which marched 400 miles in 11 days in pursuit of Darius, and everyone all but died of thirst. Only 60 men could keep beside Alexander on this march, and when a helmetful of water was offered him, he did not drink as there was not enough for all.

Indeed, history is rich with legends of military suffering, of atrocity and destruction, of long marches and calamitous campaigns. We all know of Belleau Wood. Our newspapers have informed us of "Three Human Bombs" who rushed Chinese entanglements fully aware that they would be blown to pieces, and to whose memory a statue was erected by popular subscription. To these soldiers life meant nothing, the national honor was everything.

It is not so with us. In war we are protected. Our officers do not commit suicide when taken prisoner. We have shirts and shoes. "The American automobile knocks over more Americans every year than were killed in action by Germans throughout our participation in the World War," comments Major Thomason. The conscientious objectors should read history and be informed that they are so deep in the forest that they cannot see the trees.

### SHIFTS ARE MADE IN MARINE CORPS

Wash., D. C., Dec. 9—Maj. Gen. James C. Breckinridge, now commanding the headquarters of the Department of the Pacific, at San Francisco, will be the new commanding general of Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., effective next June, Secretary Swanson announced today.

A shift in high-ranking Marine Corps officers will be made with the approval of Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, new commandant. Maj. Gen. Louis McCarthy Little, who has been Assistant Commandant, will become commanding general of the Fleet Marine Force. No successor to General Little in Washington has yet been announced.

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, commanding at Quantico, will become the new commanding general in the Department of the

Pacific. He served with the District of Columbia National Guard during the Spanish-American War.

Brig. Gen. Frederic L. Bradman will become commanding general of the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.

Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, now in charge of Marine Corps Reserves at headquarters, will command the 1st Brigade of the Fleet Marine Force at Quantico.

Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick will become commandant of Marine Corps schools at Quantico. He has been commanding at Parris Island and will take the post vacated by Holcomb when he was appointed commandant on December 1.

Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont, who has been on duty at Marine Corps headquarters here, will command the 2d Brigade of the Fleet Marine Force at San Diego. He now commands the 4th Regiment of Marines at Shanghai, China.

Brig. Gen. James J. Meade, who now commands the 1st Brigade of the Fleet Marine Force at Quantico, will go to the Navy War College at Newport, R. I.

Secretary Swanson said that these changes of the Marine Corps will take place next June.

Washington (D. C.) Star.



Arrow Studio  
J. P. Sproul Receiving Commission as Major in USMC Reserves from Lt. Col. Thomas E. Thrasher, Jr.

### JUDGE SPROUL PROMOTED IN MARINE CORPS RESERVES

Superior Judge Sproul received an Armistice Day present from United States Navy authorities, a promotion from the rank of Captain to Major in the United States Marine Corps Reserves.

The commission, authorized by order of the Major General Commandant's office in Washington, is a reward earned by Judge Sproul's five years of service in the local reserves.

A senior captain in the Thirteenth Battalion for some time and a company commander for the last three years, Judge Sproul met rigid promotional requirements, participating in forty-eight drills a year and engaging in active service six times, Marine officials explained.

Lieut. Col. Thomas E. Thrasher officiated when a brief ceremony marking Judge Sproul's elevation in rank was conducted in the jurist's chambers in the City Hall tower. Majs. Howard N. Stent and John J. Flynn were witnesses.

### FORMER MARINE OFFICER HURT IN CRASH

(Washington, D. C., Dec. 10)

Maj. E. H. Brainard, former Marine officer, now manager of the aviation insurance department of the Aetna Casualty & Surety Co., was injured last night when

two automobiles collided 10 miles south of Alexandria on the Richmond-Washington highway.

Maj. Brainard, who lives at 2205 California Street, and his wife and son, E. H. Brainard, Jr., were taken to the Alexandria Hospital. The former Marine officer suffered an undetermined head injury and may have received a broken shoulder. Mrs. Brainard and the son were treated for cuts and shock.

Sergeant Talmadge S. Madison of the Marine Corps, Quantico, Va., and Pvt. Robert B. Dinger, Fort Belvoir, Va., the occupants of the other machine, were treated for cuts and bruises at the post hospital at Fort Belvoir.—Washington (D. C.) Star.

### CHICAGO SKY GUN REVERBERATIONS

By Jack A. Smith

The curtain is down on the gunnery season of 1936! Long hours of drills; long hours of waiting on firing day for the inevitable "commence firing!" have passed into oblivion to reconnoiter for 1937's season. The *Chicago Marines* raised havoc with the plane-towed sleeve. According to the ship's gunnery officer, after sixty hits had been recorded they stopped counting.

Pfc. Alvin Gray, the initial shell man is commended on his fine work in loading during night firing with a crushed finger. Pfc. "Filbert" Clark claimed to have lost his dandruff during battle practice. Pfc. "Grandma" Munson lost his voice during the firing but seemed to have regained it at the mess table, growling, "Pass down the Chow, if it isn't too much trouble, Shaffer."

Members of the guard have been overheard saying that Pfc. "Paddy" Shaffer resembles the skipper's pet.

Pvt. "Hairbreadth" McKelvie has been transferred to Mare Island. Well, Mac, "it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Sgt. Jones doesn't drink tomato juice any more. We wonder why.

Dmr. "Diddle" Davis has returned from a furlough which he spent back home in Iowa. Davis plans to reside in Long Beach. "Little Iowa."

### RIFLE MATCHES

On Sunday, 22 November, a rifle match was held at the Marine Corps rifle range, La Jolla, under the auspices of the Silvergate Rifle Club of San Diego. This match had special significance since the winner of it would break a three cornered tie between the Marines, the Burbank and 160th infantry teams, and become the permanent possessor of the Storey cup.

The general results of the match together with the individual scores of the winning team were as follows:

Name	Total score
U. S. Marine Corps.....	1181
160th Infantry No. 1.....	1152
Burbank No. 1.....	1151
U. S. S. Melville.....	1140
Silvergate Rifle Club.....	1126
Burbank No. 2.....	1121
West Coast Rifle Club.....	1100
160th Infantry No. 2.....	1059
Burbank No. 3.....	1058
KMA (Pick up team).....	1028
U. S. MARINE CORPS INDIVIDUAL SCORES	
Sgt. De La Hunt, Remes.....	243
Cpl. Jennings, Johnny.....	242
Mgy-Sgt. Jones, Thomas J.....	235
1st-Lt. McDougal, Davis S.....	233
Cpl. Dorsey, James W.....	228

# THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on October 31	17,547
<b>COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT</b> —October 31	1,327
Separations during November	7
Appointments during November	1,320
Total Strength on November 30	1,322
<b>ENLISTED</b> —Total Strength on October 31	16,220
Separations during November	304
Joinings during November	15,916
Total Strength on November 30	16,252
Total Strength Marine Corps on November 30	17,522



## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.  
Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.  
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.  
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.  
Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

### Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.  
Col. Roy S. Geiger.  
Lt. Col. James F. Moriarty.  
Maj. James L. Denham.  
Capt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr.  
1st Lt. Donald W. Fuller.

### Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.  
Col. Roy S. Geiger.  
Lt. Col. James F. Moriarty.  
Maj. Floyd W. Bennett.  
Capt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr.  
1st Lt. Donald W. Fuller.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

NOVEMBER 7, 1936.

Maj. Henry A. Carr, AQM., about 16 November, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego Calif.  
Capt. Edward G. Huefe, on 1 January, 1937, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., and ordered to his home, to retire 1 March, 1937.

1st Lt. Robert O. Bowen, detached MB, SB, New London, Conn., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk 3 Dec., 1936.

2nd Lt. Elmer E. Rowley, resignation accepted to take effect on 30 Nov., 1936.

Ch. QM. Clk. Frederick I. Van Anden, relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, and assigned to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

QM. Clk. James C. Puckett, appointed a Quartermaster Clerk in the Marine Corps and assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Gnr. Ora C. Harter, appointed a Marine Gunner in the Marine Corps and assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Following-named officers were promoted to the grade of major, subject to confirmation, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Maj. Theodore H. Cartwright—1 July, 1936, No. 3.

Maj. Edward G. Hagen—1 Nov., 1936, No. 2.

Maj. James L. Denham—1 Nov., 1936, No. 3.

Maj. Vernon M. Guymon—1 Nov., 1936, No. 1.

NOVEMBER 18, 1936.

Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, on 25 Nov., 1936, detached from duty as Comdt., Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Col. Ralph S. Keyser, on 1 Dec., 1936, detached MB, Wash., D. C., and ordered to his home to retire 1 Feb., 1937.

Lt. Col. William Mcn. Marshall, on 17 Nov., 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 2nd Battalion, FMCR., Boston, Mass.

(Continued on page 68)

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

NOVEMBER 2, 1936.

Plat-Sgt. Edward Conwill, West Coast to Quantico.

Plat-Sgt. Frank Gray, PI to Quantico.

Plat-Sgt. Zack T. Handley, PI to Quantico.

F-Cook Theo. H. Barker, NOB, Norfolk to New York.

NOVEMBER 3, 1936.

Plat-Sgt. Lawrence Kennedy, Quantico to Asiatic Station.

Sgt. David J. McKnight, USS "Fairfax" to Pensacola.

Cpl. Linwood C. Beamer, PI to Quantico.

Cpl. Jesse W. Goodboy, USS "Fairfax" to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Swen S. Patrick, USS "Fairfax" to New York.

NOVEMBER 4, 1936.

Gy-Sgt. Charles D. Heinsch, Norfolk to Asiatics.

Sgt. John J. Kilszes, Quantico to PI.

Sgt. Joseph A. Grober, Quantico to Philadelphia.

Cpl. George F. Frazier, Quantico to Charleston.

Cpl. Alfred C. Cassidy, Quantico to Boston.

NOVEMBER 5, 1936.

1st-Sgt. Dorsie H. Booker, Guam to San Diego.

Cpl. Joe A. Griffin, Newport to PI.

Cpl. Charles J. Campbell, New York to Asiatic Station.

NOVEMBER 7, 1936.

Drm-Maj. James T. Tichacek, Jr., Quantico to MB, Quantico.

NOVEMBER 10, 1936.

PM-Sgt. Donald W. Swanson, APM SF to Mare Island.

PM-Sgt. William A. Steimer, MI to San Diego.

Tech-Sgt. Harold E. Quinn, PM Dept. Hdqrs. to APM SF.

Tech-Sgt. Richard Burgess, Quantico to San Diego.

NOVEMBER 11, 1936.

QM-Sgt. Dewey Lydick, Norfolk to Parris Island.

QM-Sgt. Verner A. Wilson, Parris Island to Cavite.

QM-Sgt. Joseph Straus, Cavite to Quantico.

Cpl. Eugene A. Busche, Parris Island to Asiatic Station.

NOVEMBER 28, 1936.

Staff-Sgt. Ubal L. Rowden, San Diego to San Diego.

NOVEMBER 30, 1936.

MT-Sgt. Horace D. Geer, San Diego to San Diego.

Sgt. Henry C. Armstrong, Chicago to Chicago.

DECEMBER 1, 1936.

Cpl. Felix T. P. Michaelis, Mare Island to Mare Island.

Sgt. Roland F. Root, Bremerton to Bremerton.

DECEMBER 2, 1936.

Sgt. Bert A. Green, San Diego to San Diego.

DECEMBER 3, 1936.

Cpl. Dwight Sulceberger, Philadelphia to Philadelphia.

DECEMBER 6, 1936.

Sgt. William F. Trax, Quantico to Quantico.

M-Sgt. Oscar L. George, Quantico to Quantico.

Sgt. Elmer A. Nagel, Portsmouth to Portsmouth.

Cpl. John F. Eckert, Philadelphia to Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 67)

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

WENZEL, Edmund J., 11-28-36, Phila. for DofS, Phila., Pa.

BARWICK, Rodney E., 11-21-36, Guan. Bay for NS, Guan. Bay.

HOLMES, Sylvester B., 11-23-36, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

REITMEYER, Nicholas, 11-21-36, USS "Omaha" for USS "Omaha."

WARREN, Clyde H., 11-23-36, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

SMITH, John P., 11-26-36, Norfolk for NOB, Norfolk.

BARKER, Charles S., 11-25-36, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

BARTLEY, Harry D., 11-25-36, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

FOX, Frank E., 11-25-36, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

LANG, Arthur J., 11-22-36, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

McMAHON, Edward J., 11-23-36, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

WILSON, James C., 11-23-36, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

WOOD, William W., 11-26-36, Phila. for MB, Phila., Pa.

BAKER, Willard R., 11-18-36, San Francisco for Mare Island.

GRAY, John, 11-19-36, San Francisco for DofS, San Francisco.

LOCKLIN, Eugene D., 11-19-36, San Francisco for NAS, San Diego.

McALLISTER, Wilson H., 11-19-36, Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton.

NELSON, Oscar E., 11-19-36, San Francisco for San Diego.

PETET, Frederick C., 11-18-36, San Diego for San Diego.

ASHBY, Hugh B., 11-24-36, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

EDWARDS, Grammer G., 11-22-36, Phila. for DofS, Phila., Pa.

HARRIS, Roland W., 11-15-36, San Francisco for DofS, San Francisco.

KELLER, Herman D., 11-16-36, Seattle for Rectg., Seattle.

KENNEY, Matthew R., 11-17-36, San Francisco.

KING, Alfred D., 11-19-36, Pensacola for NAS, Pensacola.

TUCKER, Joseph M., 11-15-36, Mare Island, NP, Mare Island.

DAVIS, Joseph P., 11-18-36, Macon for Charleston, S. C.

DAVIS, Joseph P., 11-18-36, Macon for Charleston, S. C.

HALD, Ansgar, 11-18-36, Boston for Phila., Pa.

BRYAN, Robert I., 11-18-36, Quantico for 1st Sig. Co., Quantico.

BRYANT, Luther E., 11-18-36, St. Julien's Cr., for Charleston.

COPELAND, John L., 11-18-36, Norfolk for FMF, Quantico.

BRUBAKER, Roy A., 11-17-36, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

ESPELAND, Clarence T., 11-17-36, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth.

HOLLIS, Clyde F., 11-12-36, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

KUCHARSKI, Edmund, 11-13-36, Mare Island for Mare Island.

ZELNICK, Garry, 11-12-36, MCB, San Diego for San Diego.

GOUTS, Marcus J., 11-15-36, Quantico for Quantico.

KNOFF, Oscar A., 11-14-36, Quantico for Quantico.

PAYNE, Howard M., 11-14-36, PI for MB, Parris Island.

VAN HEITEN, Raymond G., 11-15-36, Washington for Hdqrs., MC, Wash.

(Continued on page 67)

# SENIORITY LISTS AS OF NOV. 11, 1936

## Master Gunnery Sergeants

1. Miller, Lewis	July 8, 1935
2. Finn, Michael T.	May 14, 1936
3. Bailey, Henry M.	May 14, 1936
4. Peters, Leo	May 15, 1936
5. Satterfield, James H.	May 16, 1936
6. Hopp, Gordon	May 18, 1936
7. Gustafson, John A.	Sept. 3, 1936
8. Hicks, Carl	Sept. 8, 1936
9. Buckley, Joseph E.	Sept. 24, 1936
10. Ryckman, Willis L.	Sept. 28, 1936
11. Jones, Thomas J.	Nov., 1936 (authorized)

## Master Technical Sergeants

(Quartermaster Department)

1. Orthober, Frank	Dec. 8, 1916
2. Steinsdoerfer, Joseph G.	Feb. 8, 1919
3. Gill, Reginald H., Sr.	Feb. 23, 1919
4. Webb, Percy	April 17, 1924
5. Kool, Sava	Aug. 5, 1926
6. Burke, William J.	Nov. 27, 1926
7. Barks, Howard C.	Feb. 5, 1927
8. Turner, Fred	April 23, 1927
9. Nilson, Edwin N.	Sept. 19, 1927
10. Adams, James S.	Oct. 18, 1927
11. Foster, Abner E.	March 1, 1932
12. Angus, Rudolph L.	June 3, 1932
13. Freeman, Robert C.	March 13, 1933
14. Niles, Oscar F.	July 24, 1934
15. Powers, Robert W.	Oct. 21, 1935
16. Feltwell, Ernest E.	Dec. 4, 1935
17. Jagiello, Anthony	July 7, 1936 (Mess Branch)

1. Van Rhee, Peter P.	Jan. 18, 1927
2. Jouanillou, Emile P.	July 1, 1936
3. Ferguson, Homer L.	July 1, 1936 (Aviation)

1. Belcher, Benjamin F.	Sept. 1, 1924
2. Henderson, Norman G.	Sept. 1, 1924
3. Esterbrook, Paul B.	Sept. 1, 1924
4. Blackwell, Harry L.	Sept. 1, 1924
5. Kuebel, Edward P.	Sept. 5, 1929
6. Shepard, Millard T.	Oct. 4, 1929
7. Adams, Omer C.	July 1, 1930
8. George, Oscar L.	July 1, 1930
9. Kurtz, Morris K.	July 1, 1930
10. Kyle, Clarence B.	July 1, 1930
11. Morgan, George C.	July 1, 1930
12. Reynolds, Charles	July 1, 1930
13. Thurman, Roscoe V.	July 1, 1930
14. Tobin, Patrick H.	July 1, 1930
15. Turner, John C.	July 1, 1930
16. Zalanka, Earle J. J.	July 1, 1930
17. Bird, William W.	March 12, 1931
18. Elmsblade, Ralph C.	March 12, 1931
19. Geer, Horace D.	March 12, 1931
20. Groves, William G.	March 12, 1931
21. Knittle, Joseph W.	March 12, 1931
22. Meachem, Henry C.	March 14, 1931
23. Schoenfeld, Kurt F. E.	March 14, 1931
24. Weigand, William H.	March 14, 1931
25. Jordan, Harold R.	May 21, 1931
26. Blackford, William C.	June 4, 1931
27. Primm, John W.	June 4, 1931
28. Campbell, Charles C.	June 9, 1931
29. Pardee, Walter W.	June 9, 1931
30. Ryder, Roger F.	Feb. 21, 1932
31. Dogan, Hubert H.	Feb. 23, 1932
32. Baisden, Thomas C.	March 11, 1933
33. Jenkins, Clyde H.	July 20, 1934
34. D'Ariano, Daniel	July 27, 1934
35. Hauschel, Joseph	Feb. 11, 1935
36. Lillie, Robert E. A.	Feb. 11, 1935
37. Hill, James F.	April 27, 1935
38. Deeper, Raymond H.	May 20, 1935
39. Tucker, Arville C.	Oct. 9, 1935
40. Zamberlan, Antonio P.	Oct. 13, 1936 (Signal)

1. Rhinesmith, Samuel	Nov. 5, 1927
2. Kilday, Bernard E.	Jan. 6, 1932
3. Dyer, Lawrence S.	May 4, 1932
4. Gernert, Albert E.	March 14, 1933
5. Petrillo, Charles M.	March 20, 1933
6. Vanderhoff, Judson	July 20, 1934
7. Noell, George, Jr.	Oct. 4, 1934
8. Steinhauer, Frederick M.	Nov. 16, 1935 (Band)
1. Floreau, Hiram H.	Feb. 1, 1935

## Paymaster Sergeants

1. Ford, Edwin C.	Oct. 28, 1916
2. Schneider, Monty I.	April 22, 1918
3. Piltch, Vincent	July 10, 1918
4. Huekels, Frank J., Jr.	Nov. 20, 1918
5. Ward, Hubert N.	Nov. 12, 1919
6. Seifert, John L.	Feb. 26, 1920
7. Long, Albert H.	March 18, 1920
8. Dahlsten, Magnus R.	May 18, 1920
9. Jones, Alfred E.	Aug. 23, 1920
10. Hall, John E.	June 20, 1924
11. Tonnelier, David A.	Jan. 19, 1927
12. Ayres, Joseph J.	July 9, 1928
13. Herron, Joseph P.	April 25, 1928
14. Lundmark, Charles B.	Aug. 17, 1928
15. Greer, Adial P.	Oct. 22, 1928
16. Steimer, William A.	March 8, 1930
17. Wood, Stuard F. B.	April 26, 1930
18. McKay, Robert H. J.	May 1, 1931
19. Parquette, Fred	Dec. 11, 1931

20. Calvert, Vernice S.	April 27, 1932
21. Zehngbot, Herman A.	June 30, 1932
22. Richardson, George C.	Sept. 22, 1932
23. Roberts, Roy C.	March 21, 1933
24. Hines, Swanner J.	March 27, 1933
25. Chandler, Thomas J.	July 19, 1934
26. Mitchell, William E.	Aug. 2, 1934
27. Neff, Paul A.	Nov. 20, 1934
28. Williams, Robert L.	May 1, 1935
29. Fitzgerald, Vernet R.	Oct. 26, 1935
30. Sandusky, Walter	Nov. 1, 1935
31. Swanson, Donald W.	Oct. 21, 1936

## U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 66)

DECEMBER 8, 1936.

Sgt. Laurence G. Granville, Quantico to Quantico.

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 66)

SHARPTON, Owen W.	11-14-36, Macon for MB, Parris Island.
BERNARD, James F.	11-14-36, MBNY, Wash., D. C., for SS, Portsmouth.
CAMPBELL, Keith D.	11-12-36, Dallas for MD, Dallas.
CARTER, Edward J.	11-9-36, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.
MING, Samuel L.	11-7-36, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.
O'NEAL, Lawrence E.	11-8-36, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.
WICKS, Alfred T.	11-13-36, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.
GILD, Ralph H.	11-6-36, San Diego for San Diego.
HALE, Charles H.	11-13-36, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.
KLISZES, John J.	11-13-36, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.
KRAMER, Joseph	11-1-36, Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor, T. H.
McGAREY, McKinley	11-6-36, San Diego for San Diego.
McHANEY, Lawrence E.	11-7-36, Parris Island for Parris Island.
GIBSON, John W.	11-12-36, Phila. for DofS, Phila., Pa.
BAILEY, Robert	11-12-36, Quantico for MCS, Quantico.
MORAN, Roy W.	11-6-36, Seattle for Asiatic Station.
McHUGH, John	11-5-36, San Diego for San Diego.
SMITH, Lester M.	11-10-36, Norfolk for NOB, Norfolk.
MANSFIELD, John C.	11-9-36, Phila. for DofS, Phila., Pa.
SWISHER, William H.	11-9-36, Phila. for DofS, Phila., Pa.
ADALAC, Stephen A.	11-8-36, Phila. for Phila., Pa.
BERICHIA, Maurice	11-7-36, Ft. Mifflin, for RS, NYd., Phila., Pa.
HAWES, Harry F.	11-7-36, Yorktown, Va., for Yorktown, Va.
MARTINEZ, George D.	11-4-36, Keyport, Wash., for Mare Island.
CRIDER, George M.	10-30-36, Bremerton for Bremerton.
DAY, Cecil E.	11-2-36, San Diego for San Diego.
FREDERICK, Glen D.	11-7-36, MBNYd., Wash., D. C., for New York.
HENSON, Everett	11-3-36, San Diego for San Diego.
RICARD, John F.	11-2-36, San Diego for San Diego.
HAGAN, Edward H.	11-2-36, Savannah, for MB, Washington, D. C.
HAMRICK, Mike	10-31-36, San Francisco for Mare Island.
JORGENSEN, George J.	11-1-36, San Francisco for DofS, San Francisco.
POPE, Albert L.	11-5-36, Quantico for Quantico.
CAMOU, Angel	10-29-36, San Diego for San Diego.
MAKUS, Hugo A.	11-1-36, Norfolk for Norfolk.
PETRAS, Theodore A.	11-5-36, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.
LUTZ, Francis J.	11-1-36, Phila. for Phila., Pa.
GRAY, Barzillai M.	11-3-36, Phila. for DofS, Phila., Pa.
ROBERTS, Frederick T.	11-2-36, Chicago for Mare Island.

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CARDIN, Jeffrey, 11-2-36, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.  
LAVOY, Lawrence L., 11-3-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.  
BALDWIN, James F., 10-28-36, Puget Sound for Puget Sound.  
COFFEY, Albert R., 11-2-36, Quantico for Quantico.  
DWYER, Vincent, 11-2-36, Norfolk for NOB, Norfolk.  
ROWOLD, Bernard M., 11-1-36, New York for USS "New Orleans."  
VIGER, Simon, 11-1-36, Boston for Boston.  
WASSERMAN, David, 10-28-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
WESLEY, Leon J., 10-28-36, San Diego for San Diego.  
KEITH, Aaron J., 10-31-36, Parris Island for Parris Island.  
RUIZ, Eugene J., 10-25-36, San Diego for San Diego.

### U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 66)

Maj. William J. Whaling, promoted to Major, subject to confirmation, on 11 Nov., 1936, with rank from 1 August, 1936, No. 2.  
Capt. Con D. Silard, detached 12 Nov., 1936, from 1st Marine Brig., MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Wash., D. C.—will continue treatment at Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colo.

Capt. John M. Greer, on 1 Dec., 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to retire 1 Feb., 1937.

1st Lt. James H. Brower, on reporting at MCB, San Diego, assigned to duty with Base Troops, that Base, instead of to FMF. Upon transfer of Flag from USS "Memphis" to USS "Omaha," Lt. Col. Robert Blake and Marine Detachment, USS "Memphis," under command of Captain Earl S. Piper and with 2nd Lt. John A. Butler, transferred to USS "Omaha."

NOVEMBER 24, 1936.  
Capt. Lucian C. Whitaker, on arrival Guam, assigned to duty with Naval Govt., instead of at MB.

Capt. Arthur H. Butler, about 3 Dec., 1936, relieved from duty at MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener detached MB, NYd., Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President McKinley," sailing Manila, 25 Nov., 1936.

1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen, died as result of aeroplane accident on 20 Nov., 1936.

2nd Lt. Alexander B. Szwedski, about 5 Dec., 1936, detached MB, NYd., Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing Honolulu, 7 Dec., 1936.

DECEMBER 1, 1936.

Maj. General Comdt. John H. Russell, retired as of 1 Dec., 1936.

Maj. General Comdt. Thomas Holcomb, appointed Major General Commandant, subject to confirmation, on 1 December, 1936, for period of four years.

Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, about 1 January, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., and ordered to his home to retire 1 March, 1937.

Brig. Gen. James J. Meade, promoted to Brigadier General, subject to confirmation, with rank from 1 December, 1936.

Col. Roy S. Geiger, promoted to Colonel, subject to confirmation, with rank from 1 December, 1936, No. 1.

Lt. Col. James F. Moriarity, promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, subject to confirmation, with rank from 1 December, 1936, No. 1.

Maj. James W. Flett, about 1 January, 1937, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. Maxwell H. Mizell, about 30 Nov., 1936, detached MD, American Embassy, Peiping, China, to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

Capt. John F. Hough, about 10 Dec., 1936, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, American Embassy, Peiping, China.

Capt. William L. Bales, on arrival at San Francisco, ordered to duty at Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Ch. Pay Clk. Leonard J. Straight, about 15 Dec., 1936, detached MD, American Embassy, Peiping, China, to MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif., via USS "Chaumont," sailing China 17 Dec.

Ch. Pay Clk. Fred S. Parsons, on arrival San Francisco, assigned duty Office of Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Ch. Pay Clk. Edward J. Donnelly, Jr., about 30 Dec., 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Ch. Pay Clk. David R. Porter, about 23 Dec., 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

DECEMBER 8, 1936.

Maj. Galen M. Sturgis, about 18 Dec., 1936, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NYd., Phila., Pa., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco 19 Dec.

Capt. George L. Maynard, about 15 Dec., 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd., New York, N. Y., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 19 Dec.

Capt. Solon C. Kemon, about 18 Dec., 1936, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Wash., D. C., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco 19 Dec.

Capt. Robert A. Olson, about 18 Dec., 1936, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco 19 Dec.

1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener, about 18 Dec., 1936, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco 19 Dec.

1st Lt. Frederick L. Wieseman, on or about 21 Dec., 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., for assignment to MD, USS "Yorktown," when that detachment is organized.

2nd Lt. Louis B. Robertshaw, about 15 Dec., 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Wash., D. C., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 19 Dec.

2nd Lt. Ormond R. Simpson, about 15 Dec., 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd., Phila., Pa. via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 19 Dec.

2nd Lt. Hollis U. Mustain, about 15 Dec., 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd., Phila., Pa., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 19 Dec.

2nd Lt. Wood B. Kyle, about 15 Dec., 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd., Phila., Pa., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 19 Dec.

2nd Lt. Edwin L. Hamilton, about 15 Dec., 1936, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd., Phila., Pa., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 19 Dec.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Otho Wiggs, about 18 Dec., 1936, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 19 Dec. Authorized to proceed overland at own expense.

Ch. Pay Clk. Geo. W. Stahl, orders to MB, Puget Sound NYd., modified—ordered to duty at MD, American Embassy, Peiping, China, via commercial steamer, sailing San Francisco, 24 Dec.

Ch. Pay Clk. Walter J. Sherry, about 2 Jan., 1937, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

### PROMOTIONS

TO QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT:

Reuben C. Collins

TO MASTER GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Thomas J. Jones

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

John A. Burns

Joseph C. Mattie

Charles Klein

Claude A. Mudd

Albert Gordon

Walter A. Flippo

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Samuel Clayton

TO SUPPLY SERGEANT:

Philip Weinberg

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

Charles F. Janacek

Thomas M. Bradley

Frank L. Mason

Robert T. Hartel

Joseph J. Pife

John H. Slusser

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

George J. Jorgenson

Wallace R. Johnson (Mess)

Henry Kane (Mess)

Jessie K. Baze

Paul P. McIntire

Frank J. Cermak

Albert H. Battle

Alvin F. Ehrendreich

Cleo T. Via

Charles M. Kolbert

Charles R. Boyer

Walter A. Olsen

Jesse A. Brown

Orville C. Lambert

Thomas W. Wallace, Jr. (Mess)

Raymond F. Coleman

Eugene G. Wood

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

Dan M. Crosno

Abraham VanR. Smith

John A. Lochner

Joseph E. Bullitt

Samuel Solomon

William H. Doolen

Gulledge E. Curry

Henry H. Anglin

Howard H. Parker

TO CHIEF COOK:  
Holland M. Brown  
Leroy Harman

# TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Samuel J. Potts (Tpr)  
John F. Graves (Mess)  
Kelly L. Gay  
Harry W. Reeves  
Oscar A. Bosma  
Walter M. Sienczak  
Leonard J. Hatling  
Dean F. Witkowski  
Herman S. Tubick  
John J. Paisley  
James C. Musgrove  
James K. Harris  
Leonard A. Young, Jr.  
Ernest C. Kaehler  
Glenn E. Woods (Tpr)  
Clinton E. Haines  
Benjamin F. Cain  
John J. Larson, Jr.  
Fairley A. Hancock  
Paul J. Wells  
James J. McElroy  
John E. Langdon  
Clyde D. Ogburn  
Russel Piel  
John W. Terry, Jr.  
Charles W. Keeton  
Herbert H. Townsend  
Jack H. Fitzgerald  
George V. Gaddis  
Walter P. Ireland  
Robert E. Clark  
Kermit E. Hall  
Leo W. Winn  
John L. Norrop  
Elvio L. Gugliemetti (Dmr)  
Floyd E. Tyler  
Edgar S. Arnn  
Howard F. Berger (Dmr)  
Walter L. Damon (Mess)

# TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

Edward R. Snyder  
Arnold P. Smith  
Walter A. Chesnausk  
Eugene K. Lawlor  
Audley R. Hickey  
Joseph L. Ptasek  
Walter L. Simpson  
William M. Richardson  
Hobert L. George, Jr.  
Leonard O. Bernaur  
Earl R. Hannum  
Francis E. Deckard  
Walter E. Maudlin  
Judson H. Bosler  
James I. Graham, Jr.  
Edward C. Smith  
Robert Stoddard  
Roy F. Hamker  
Richard W. Sinclair  
Louis V. Brooks  
Lewis G. Smith  
Reid W. Bone  
Elmer F. LaBarr  
Charles E. Gillett  
Charles F. Reper  
Roy Lindsay  
Rayford H. Waits  
Louis E. Shipley  
Raymond W. Wilcox  
Olen R. Keith  
Thomas P. Keenan  
James B. Darnell  
Leo M. Ryan  
Lars V. Detton  
Louis E. Brust  
Loren F. Hedderly

# TO FIELD COOK:

Allen W. Delisle  
Inman E. Mallard  
Clayton L. Giese  
Harry W. Glenn  
George L. Baxter  
James B. Hendershot  
Donald A. Edwards  
Leonard E. Surber  
Arvin R. Murphy  
Clyde A. Thompson

## RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

QM-Sgt. Marion W. Perry, FMCR, 1 December, 1936.  
Sgt-Maj. Guy Nater, FMCR, 1 December, 1936.  
Sgt. Ernest Hill, FMCR, 1 December, 1936.  
Plat-Sgt. Vallen W. Vastine, USMC, 1 December, 1936.  
Gy-Sgt. Fred J. Taber, FMCR, 1 December, 1936.

## TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sgt. Maj. William Paul, Class II (d), November 21, 1936. Future address: 2074 Willow Street, San Diego, California.  
Sgt. Maj. Claude Wright, Class II (d), November 16, 1936. Future Address: 727 9th Street, San Pedro, California.  
Sgt. Berny Jarka, Class II (d), November 30, 1936. Future address: 4965 Cape May Street, Ocean Beach, California.

PM-Sgt. Charles B. Lundmark, Class II (d), November 30, 1936. Future address: Not recorded.

Platoon Sgt. Frank Gray, Class II (d), November 30, 1936. Future address: 2073 Somerset Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Sgt. Nick James, Class II (b), December 10, 1936. Future address: 3410 Wetmore Avenue, Everett, Washington.  
Pvt. Harvey Hartman, Class II (b), December 10, 1936. Future address: In care Postmaster, Barberton, Ohio.

QM-Sgt. Charles D'Alton Clayton, Class II (b), December 15, 1936. Future address: General Delivery, Seattle, Washington.

## COMMENDATIONS

Sir:

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the NAVY CROSS to PRIVATE FRANK E. DEYHLE, USMC, for service as set forth in the following:

### CITATION:

"For extraordinary heroism on 1 April, 1936, at the Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada, when a man temporarily crazed, viciously attacked, without provocation or warning, a fellow comrade with a bolo and struck him down. Private Deyhle sprang at the assailant, warding off the second slash upon his comrade with his hand, and in so doing sustained lacerations which resulted in the loss of two fingers and the major portion of his left hand. In spite of his injuries he continued to struggle with the maniac until he was subdued and disarmed, thereby preventing fatal injury to other comrades."

For the President.

CLAUDE A. SWANSON,

(S) Secretary of the Navy.

Private Frank E. Deyhle, USMC,  
Marine Barracks, Navy Yard,  
Mare Island, California.

20 November, 1936.

From: The Secretary of the Navy

To: Second Lieutenant Floyd B. Parks, USMC.

Via: The Major General Commandant.  
Subject: Special letter of commendation.

1. I have read with much gratification the report of the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., relating the circumstances connected with the rescue of Private Archibald F. Hannah, USMC, on 17 June, 1936.

2. It appears that shortly before noon on that day, Private Hannah suddenly became mentally deranged, fled from behind the rifle range butts while rapid fire with automatic rifles was being engaged in, ran through the beaten zone of the bullets, into the Gulf of Mexico, and started swimming directly away from the shore. You immediately signalled "cease firing" and, with Private Robert J. Howard, USMC, swam out into the Gulf a distance of about 1,200 yards where you overtook Private Hannah, persuaded him to return and assisted him from time to time until he reached the beach about a mile and a quarter down shore, there being considerable tide.

3. The report of this incident was forwarded to the Navy Department Board of Awards, which Board has recommended that you be addressed a special letter of commendation. It is a pleasure to comply with the Board's recommendation in this instance.

4. Your presence of mind and prompt and fearless action on this occasion, which probably saved the life of Private Hannah, were in keeping with the best traditions of your Corps and merit and receive my warm commendation.

5. A copy of this letter will be made a part of your official record.

20 November, 1936.

From: The Secretary of the Navy.

To: Private Robert J. Howard, USMC.  
Via: The Major General Commandant.  
Subject: Special letter of commendation.

1. I have read with much gratification the report of the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, relating the circumstances connected with the rescue of Private Archibald F. Hannah, USMC, on 17 June, 1936.

2. It appears that shortly before noon on that day, Private Hannah suddenly became mentally deranged, fled from behind the rifle range butts while rapid fire with automatic rifles was being engaged in, ran through the beaten zone of the bullets, into the Gulf of Mexico, and started swimming directly away from the shore. As soon as "cease firing" was executed you, without orders, voluntarily and at considerable risk of your own personal safety, started after Private Hannah. After swimming about twelve hundred yards into the Gulf with Second Lieutenant Floyd B. Parks, Private Hannah was overtaken and persuaded to return, being assisted from time to time by Lieutenant Parks and yourself, until he reached the beach about a mile and a quar-

ter down shore, there being considerable tide.

3. The report of this incident was forwarded to the Navy Department Board of Awards, which Board has recommended that you be addressed a special letter of commendation. It is a pleasure to comply with the Board's recommendation in this instance.

4. Your quick action, fearlessness and swimming ability probably saved the life of Private Hannah and were in keeping with the best traditions of the Naval Service. I desire to take this opportunity to commend you for your meritorious action.

5. A copy of this letter has been made a part of your official record.

19 November, 1936.

From: The Secretary of the Navy.  
To: Private George Barker, U.S.M.C.  
Via: The Major General Commandant.

Subject: Special letter of commendation.  
Reference: (a) Letter from Captain Frank J. McSherry, 15th Coast Artillery, Fort Weaver, T. H., to CO, MD, Fort Weaver, T. H., Naval Reservation dated May 9, 1936, forwarded through official channels and statements from eyewitnesses relative to distinguished conduct of Private George Barker, U.S. M.C., with endorsements thereon.

1. The Secretary of the Navy has read with pleasure the contents of reference (a) reporting your conduct on April 12, 1935, when you saved Private First Class James W. Wentz, U. S. Army, at Fort Weaver Beach, T. H., from drowning.

2. It appears that while you were working in the mess hall, located at the U. S. Navy, Rifle Range, Pualoa Point, T. H., you heard some faint calls for help. Looking out you saw a small boat about 400 yards off-shore which had capsized. Two men were in the water, one man had started to swim ashore but when he reached the beach he was completely exhausted. The second man, Private Wentz, was still in the water, and seemed to be having difficulty in swimming. The sea was rough and a heavy surf was running. While others were going after a boat you decided to swim out and render assistance. You reached him about 200 yards off-shore and from that point assisted him ashore. Private Wentz was in an exhausted condition when you reached him and in all probability would have drowned had you not gone to his aid.

3. This report was forwarded by the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps to the Board of Awards in the Navy for consideration, which Board has recommended that you be addressed a Special Letter of Commendation by the Secretary of the Navy in recognition of your action in rescuing Private First Class James W. Wentz, U. S. Army, from drowning at Fort Weaver Beach, Hawaii, on 12 April, 1935. It is a pleasure to comply with the Board's recommendation in this instance.

4. Your prompt and courageous action in this case, especially in view of the fact that you are not an expert swimmer, and that the sea was rough, with heavy breakers, is a source of gratification to me. I desire to take this opportunity to commend you for your meritorious action, which is in keeping with the best traditions of the Naval Service.

5. In compliance with the Board's further recommendation your case has been referred to the Treasury Department for consideration of the award of the Silver Life Saving Medal.

6. A copy of this letter has been made a part of your official record.

## DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of November, 1936:

### Officers

BROWN, Paul, Major, USMC, retired, died November 4, 1936, of disease at Denver, Colorado. Next of kin: Mrs. Edith Brown, wife, 440 Steele St., Denver, Colo.  
KEEN, Cleo R., 1st Lieut., USMC, died November 20, 1936, as the result of an airplane crash near Mt. Zion, Md. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Keen, parents, 902 Franklin St., Moberly, Mo.  
MacCRONE, William C., Major, USMC, retired, died November 15, 1936, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Annapolis, Maryland. Next of kin: Mrs. Pearl W. MacCrone, wife, 2625 North Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.  
MALONEY, Frank J., Captain, USMC, retired, died October 22, 1936, of disease at Norfolk, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Frank J. Maloney, wife, 1816 Willoughby Ave., Norfolk, Virginia.

## Remember

Wherever you are, our F.T.D. representatives throughout the world guarantee delivery of flowers within 2 or 3 hours of your order.



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Office in  
Marine Pharmacy Building  
Telephone 6  
Daily Service

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## "SAVINGS"

A byword for those who think of the future.  
Are you one of them?  
If so, then ACT TODAY.  
Have your First Sergeant make out an allotment for a small part of your monthly pay to

**The First National Bank**  
of Quantico, Va.

Member of the  
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

### Enlisted Men

EAGAN, Frank P. M., Sgt., USMC, died November 20, 1936, as the result of an airplane crash near Mt. Zion, Md. Next of kin: Mrs. Emily A. Eagan, wife, 23 Dorchester St., South Boston, Mass.  
JENSEN, Leo J., Pfc., USMC, died November 25, 1936, of disease at Concordia, Kansas. Next of kin: Mrs. Julia Jensen, mother, 938 E. 75th St., Chicago, Ill.  
POWERS, Glen R., Cpl., USMC, died November 10, 1936, of injuries received in an automobile accident at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. Next of kin: Mrs. Bertha E. Powers, mother, 1259 W. 45th St., Norfolk, Va.  
FLEMING, Charles, Pfc., Cl. II (b) FMCR, inactive, died November 2, 1936, of disease at the U. S. Naval Home, Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Louise Fleming, wife, 1311 S. Hollywood St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
GRAY, George, Pvt., Cl. VI, USMCR, inactive, died November 23, 1936, at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Marion Gray, wife, 5100 Seventh St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
McCUNE, Harry W., Sgt., Major, USMC, retired, died August 17, 1936, of disease at Aspinwall, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Norma G. McCune, wife, P. O. Box 117, New Galilee, Pa.  
METCALF, Robert, QM. Sgt., USMC, retired, died October 4, 1936, at Kirkham, England. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Metcalf, wife, "Gresha," Norbreck Road, Little Bisham, Blackpool, England.  
O'SHEA, John, Gy. Sgt., USMC, retired, died October 20, 1936, at Los Angeles, Calif. Next of kin: Miss Minnie O'Shea, sister, Ballinagoul, Charleville, County Cork, Ireland.

### TENTATIVE SAILINGS

Vessels of the Naval Transportation Service

CHAUMONT—Leave Guam 1 December; arrive Manila 7 December, leave 10 December; arrive Woosung 14 December, leave 14 December; arrive Chinwagtao 16 December, leave 17 December; arrive Shanghai 19 December, leave 28 December; arrive Hongkong 31 December, leave 4 January, 1937; arrive Manila 6 January, 1937, leave 9 January; arrive Guam 15 January, leave 16 January; arrive Honolulu 27 January, leave 30 January; arrive San Francisco Area 6 February, leave 20 February for East Coast.

HENDERSON—Leave N. O. B. Norfolk 3 December; arrive Guantanamo 7 December, leave 7 December; arrive Canal Zone 10 December, leave 12 December; arrive San Diego 24 December, leave 28 December; arrive San Pedro 28 December, leave 29 December; arrive San Francisco Area 31 December, leave 14 January; arrive Honolulu, 22 January, leave 25 January; arrive Guam 7 February, leave 8 February; arrive Manila 14 February, leave 18 March; arrive Guam 24 March, leave 25 March; arrive Honolulu 7 April, leave 10 April; arrive San Francisco Area 18 April.

NITRO—Leave Norfolk 5 December; arrive Boston 7 December, leave 10 December; arrive Newport 11 December, leave 12 December; arrive Iona Island 13 December, leave 19 December; arrive Philadelphia 20 December, leave 23 December; arrive Norfolk 24 December, leave 11 January, 1937; arrive Guantanamo 15 January, leave 15 January; arrive Canal Zone 18 January, leave 22 January; arrive San Diego 1 February, leave 3 February; arrive San Pedro 3 February, leave 5 February; arrive Mare Island 7 February, leave 20 February; arrive Puget Sound 23 February, leave 5 March; arrive Mare Island 9 March.

RAMAPO—Arrive Manila 18 December, leave 2 January, 1937; arrive San Pedro-San Diego 2 February. Will proceed to Navy Yard, Mare Island, for overhaul 9 February-30 March, 1937.

SALINAS—Leave Trinidad 11 December; arrive Texas City 20 December, leave 21 December; arrive N. O. B. Norfolk 23 December.

SIRIUS—Arrive Puget Sound 8 December. Orders for Sirius to be issued at a later date.

VEGA—Leave Boston 5 December; arrive New York 7 December, leave 12 December; arrive Philadelphia 13 December, leave 18 December; arrive N. O. B. Norfolk 19 December, leave 13 January, 1937; arrive Guantanamo 18 January, leave 18 January; arrive Canal Zone 21 January, leave 23 January; arrive San Diego 4 February, leave 10 February; arrive San Pedro 10 February, leave 13 February; arrive San Francisco Area 15 February.

### RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

The following have been appointed Naval Aviation Cadets, Marine Corps Reserve, on 6 November, 1936, and assigned to duty at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida:

Robert B. Cox.  
George E. Dorn.  
Joseph J. Kelly.  
Burnette A. Kempson, Jr.  
Edward Miller.  
Robert D. Miller.  
Winton H. Miller.  
Edward J. Moore.  
Warren A. Phillips.  
William A. Rygg.

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

First Lieutenant Curtis E. Smith, Jr., FMCR, 872 Hickman Road, Augusta, Ga. Rank from 30 October, 1936, No. 1.  
Second Lieutenant John S. Messer, FMCR, 1657 31st St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Rank from 30 October, 1936.

The following promotion has been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Captain Thomas A. Pace, VMCR, 1502 North Glebe Road, Arlington, Va.

The following separation has occurred from the Marine Corps Reserve:

RESIGNED:  
Second Lieutenant William P. Uhlmann, VMCR, Effective 14 November, 1936.

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Captain Nicholas J. Busch, VMCR, 878 44th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 2.  
First Lieutenant Charles D. Sylvester, FMCR, 756 Board Street, Augusta, Ga. Rank from 30 October, 1936, No. 2.  
First Lieutenant Clarence F. Terry, VMCR, 1128 West Lewis Street, San Diego, Calif. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 2.

Second Lieutenant Thomas C. Kerrigan, VMCR, 1222 East 9th Street, Pueblo, Colorado. Rank from 1 July, 1936, No. 48.

Second Lieutenant Walter S. McIlhenny, VMCR, 828 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 2.

Second Lieutenant William A. Simpson, FMCR, 268 King George Street, Annapolis, Md. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 6.

The following promotion has been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Captain Lloyd W. Nickerson, FMCR, Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 1.

The commission of Second Lieutenant Ralph R. Yeaman, was withdrawn to permit him to accept appointment as an Aviation Cadet, Marine Corps Reserve, which latter appointment was announced in memorandum from this office, dated 19 October, 1936.

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Lieutenant Colonel James Roosevelt, VMCR, 90 Broad Street, N. Y., N. Y. Rank from 13 November, 1936, No. 1.  
Major James McB. Sellers, VMCR, Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Missouri. Rank from 20 November, 1936.

Captain Walter W. Barr, VMCR, 713 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga. Rank from 20 November, 1936.

First Lieutenant William D. Harden, FMCR, 1215 Southern Finance Building, Augusta, Ga. Rank from 23 October, 1936.

First Lieutenant Henderson A. Melville, FMCR, 2025 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Rank from 25 November, 1936, No. 1.

First Lieutenant Aquila J. Dyess, FMCR, 1304 Monte Sano Avenue, Augusta, Georgia. Rank from 30 October, 1936, No. 3.

Second Lieutenant Charles H. Asher, VMCR, 418 Kentucky Avenue, Pineville, Kentucky. Rank from 1 July, 1936, No. 21.

Second Lieutenant Dow L. Nelson, VMCR, The Plains, Ohio. Rank from 1 July, 1936, No. 24.

Second Lieutenant William O. Wall, Jr., VMCR, 215 Greene Street, Augusta, Georgia. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 3.

Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Stafford, Jr., VMCR, care of Fenner & Beane, 711 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 4.

Second Lieutenant Harry C. Stefani, FMCR, 1728 23rd St., Galveston, Texas. Rank from 6 November, 1936, No. 5.

Second Lieutenant John P. McGuinness, FMCR, 15110 Winthrop Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. Rank from 20 November, 1936, No. 1.

Second Lieutenant Frank C. Bevington, FMCR, 510 West Fourth Avenue, Spokane, Washington. Rank from 20 November, 1936, No. 2.

Second Lieutenant Thomas E. Gurnett, VMCR, 9 James Street, Brookline, Mass. Rank from 25 November, 1936, No. 1.



The following promotions have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

First Lieutenant Melvin M. Smith, FMCR. Rank from 20 November, 1936.  
First Lieutenant Edwin D. Partridge, FMCR. Rank from 25 November, 1936, No. 2.

The following separations have occurred from the Marine Corps Reserve:

#### DISCHARGED:

Second Lieutenant Bruce G. Buckley, VMCR. Effective 3 December, 1936.  
Second Lieutenant Frank K. Clements, Jr., VMCR. Effective 3 December, 1936.

#### DATES OF PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS

The following named Captains will be examined for promotion to the next higher grade on or about 22 March, 1937:

John K. Martenstein.  
John Kaluf.  
Albert W. Paul.  
Arthur D. Challacombe.  
William F. Brown.  
Ralph W. Culpepper.  
Paul R. Cowley.  
George D. Hamilton.  
Norman E. True.  
Carl W. Meigs.  
Paul A. Lesser.  
William D. Bassett.  
James D. Waller.  
Cyril W. Martyr.  
Frank S. Gilman.

The Second Lieutenants completing three years' commissioned service on 2 March, 1937, will be examined for promotion on or about 1 February, 1937.

The Second Lieutenants completing three years' commissioned service on 31 May, 1937, will be examined for promotion on or about 1 April, 1937.

#### EXAMINATIONS OF SECOND LIEUTENANTS AT EXPIRATION OF TWO-YEAR REVOCABLE COMMISSION PERIOD

A change in the Marine Corps Manual eliminating the written professional examination in the case of second lieutenants appointed from the Naval Academy, now required at the expiration of the two-year revocable commission period, has been submitted to the Secretary of the Navy for approval, and it is expected that it will receive his approval within the next few days.

When this change is approved, in determining the final standing on completion of the two-year revocable commission period, second lieutenants appointed from the Naval Academy will be graded on a scale of 100 with the weights assigned in the following proportions:

Naval Academy multiple..... 80  
Fitness Reports..... 20

The written professional examinations in the cases of the three second lieutenants completing two years' commissioned service on 6 June, 1937, and all of the second lieutenants completing two years' commissioned service on 1 July, 1937, will be conducted on or about 22 March, 1937.

#### EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN

November 1, 1936

##### Graduates for the Month of November

2nd Lt. Herbert R. Amey—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. George B. Bell—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Wade H. Britt, Jr.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. William A. Kengla—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Maynard M. Nohrden—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Paul R. Tyler—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Chevey S. White—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Joseph L. Winecoff—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

Gy-Sgt. Paul Woysner—Special Poultry.

Sgt. Paul E. Fike—Poultry Farming.

Cpl. Maxie W. Booker—Air Pilot's.

Cpl. Noble B. Coffinbarger—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Cpl. Jacob W. Nigg—Reading Architect's Blueprints.

Cpl. John M. Picarski—Immigration Inspector.

Cpl. Theron E. Pierce—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Cpl. Clyde W. Shealy—Civil Service Post Office.

Cpl. Douglas Thompson—Practical Telephony.

Pfc. William T. Cunningham—Aviation Engines.

Pfc. David R. Dingwall—Inspector of Customs.

Pfc. George A. Goulette—First Lessons in English.

Pfc. Gordon D. Haines—Poultry Farming.  
Pfc. Gordon D. Haines—Soil Improvement.

Pfc. Donald E. Ney—Civil Service Clerical.

Pfc. Donald E. Ney—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. John R. Barr, Jr.—Immigration Inspector.

Pvt. Jack L. Crawford—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Baylus B. Davis—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. William W. Easley—Poultry Breeding.

Pvt. Fred A. East—Airplane Maintenance.

Pvt. Julie B. Fain—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. Frederick L. Fisher—Selected High School Subjects.

Pvt. Norton L. Goodwin—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Charlie J. Hancock—Immigration Inspector.

Pvt. Charlie J. Hancock—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Charlie J. Hancock—Civil Service Clerical.

Pvt. Bertil J. Hammar—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Edward S. Hanlon—Pharmacy.

Pvt. Aubrey R. Jones—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Robert W. Knapp—Livestock.

Pvt. Edward B. Knox—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Watson E. Latham—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. William J. McKernan—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. John L. McNally—Aviator's.

Pvt. James R. Montgomery—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. James Newby, Jr.—Diesel Engines.

Pvt. William C. Perry—Service Station Salesmanship.

Pvt. Joseph N. Picard—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Daniel Rizzuti—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Albert J. Rubin—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. James E. Sanders—Civil Service Combination.

Pvt. Charles B. Seckinger—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Kenneth L. Shaw—Salesmanship and Life Insurance Salesmanship.

Pvt. Walter M. Slusser—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. John C. Spivey—Civil Service Post Office.

Pvt. Robert B. Sidney—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Glenn K. Tolle—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. Wilson R. Walker—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. Claude L. Whitlock—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. Victor L. V. Wynes—Diesel Engines.

HA 1/c Elford B. Ray—Short Chemistry.

PhM 3/c Desmond W. Coffelt—Pharmacy.

#### U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE ACTIVITY

Total number of students enrolled November, 1936	5,416
Students enrolled during November, 1936	403
Students enrolled during October, 1936	724
Students disenrolled during November, 1936	252
Lesson papers received during September, 1936	5,089
Lesson papers received during October, 1936	4,981
Lesson papers received during November, 1936	4,917
Total lesson papers received since establishment	674,502
Graduates during month of November, 1936	61
Graduates since establishment	7,643
ICS diplomas awarded since establishment	7,247
Graduates of Post Exchange Bookkeeping and Accounting	396

#### CLASSIFICATION

Commissioned, U. S. Marine Corps	209
Enlisted U. S. Marine Corps	4,329
Navy Commissioned	15
Navy Enlisted	70
Commissioned Fleet Marine Corps Reserve	3
Enlisted Fleet Marine Corps Reserve	777
Dependents	9
Miscellaneous	4
TOTAL	5,416

#### TARGET PRACTICE

##### RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1936

Ranges	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified Qual.
Camp W. Harris	148—21%	293—43%	207—30%	46—6% 82%
Cape May	89—13%	230—33%	273—40%	97—14% 86%
International	57—12%	148—32%	193—42%	59—13% 87%
Hongkew	89—16%	294—32%	410—44%	135—14% 86%
Maquinaya	43—14%	88—29%	131—42%	47—15% 85%
Mare Island	58—13%	147—32%	197—43%	53—12% 88%
Parris Island	104—30%	120—34%	98—28%	28—8% 92%
Puuloa Point	71—15%	170—36%	183—38%	55—11% 89%
Quantico	427—13%	1,105—33%	1,359—41%	428—13% 87%
San Diego	537—21%	940—38%	862—35%	162—6% 94%
Wakefield	77—19%	124—32%	149—38%	44—11% 89%
Miscellaneous Ranges	197—14%	405—29%	545—39%	247—18% 82%
	1,892—15.8%	4,064—34%	4,607—38.5%	1,395—11.7% 88.3%
Recruits				
Parris Island	67—5%	402—31%	685—52%	158—12% 88%
San Diego	36—4%	208—26%	448—55%	118—15% 85%
Marine Corps	1,995—14.2%	4,674—33.2%	5,740—40.8%	1,671—11.8% 88.2%

#### HIGH SCORE (Rifle)

330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1936 since publication of the October Bulletin:

Sgt. Remes E. DeLaHunt..... 335  
MGun. Ray A. Trevelyn..... 331  
Pfc. Owen W. Haley..... 331  
1st Sgt. Paul Kerns..... 330  
Gy-Sgt. Eugene M. Martin..... 330

#### SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Gy-Sgt. William F. Pulver..... 340  
Pl-Sgt. Frederick V. Osborn..... 340

#### HIGH SCORE (Pistol)

95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1936 since publication of the October Bulletin:

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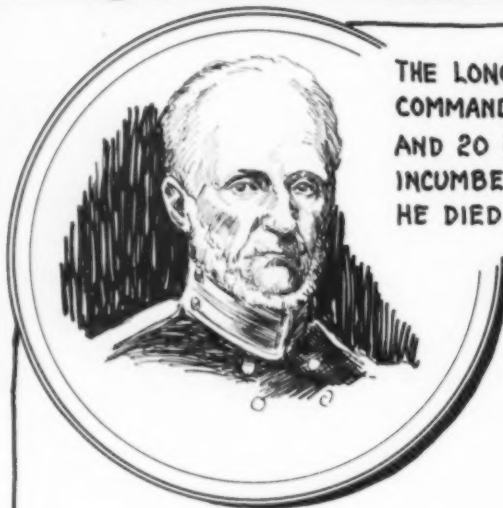
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**FAMOUS MOVIE FIGURES TALK OF WAR DAYS.**  
OCCASIONALLY BOB BURNS, JOHN MILJAN, ACTORS GET TOGETHER WITH PAUL GERARD SMITH, SCREEN WRITER AND W.S. VAN DYKE, DIRECTOR TO TALK OF THE OLD DAYS WHEN THEY WERE IN THE U.S. MARINES. BURNS WAS A GUNNERY SERGEANT IN HQ CO., 11th MARINES. MILJAN, A SERGEANT, WAS ALSO IN THIS OUTFIT. SMITH WAS A PRIVATE IN THE 74th CO., 6th MARINES.



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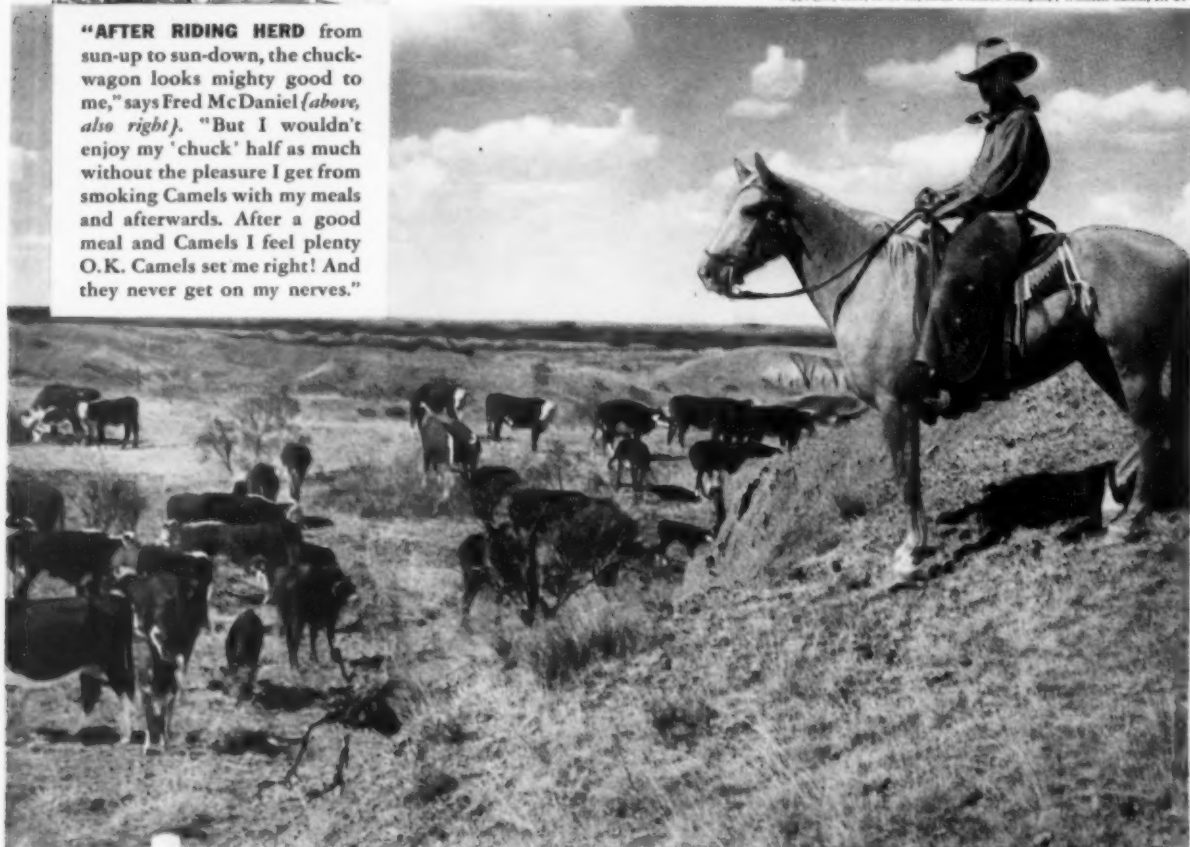


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